PHOTOPLAY

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

HE REVEALING TRUE STORY OF MYRNA LOY by DIXIE WILLSON

THE SAGA OF A BELOVED REDHEAD

CAN THE GABLE-LOMBARD LOVE STORY HAVE A HAPPY ENDING?

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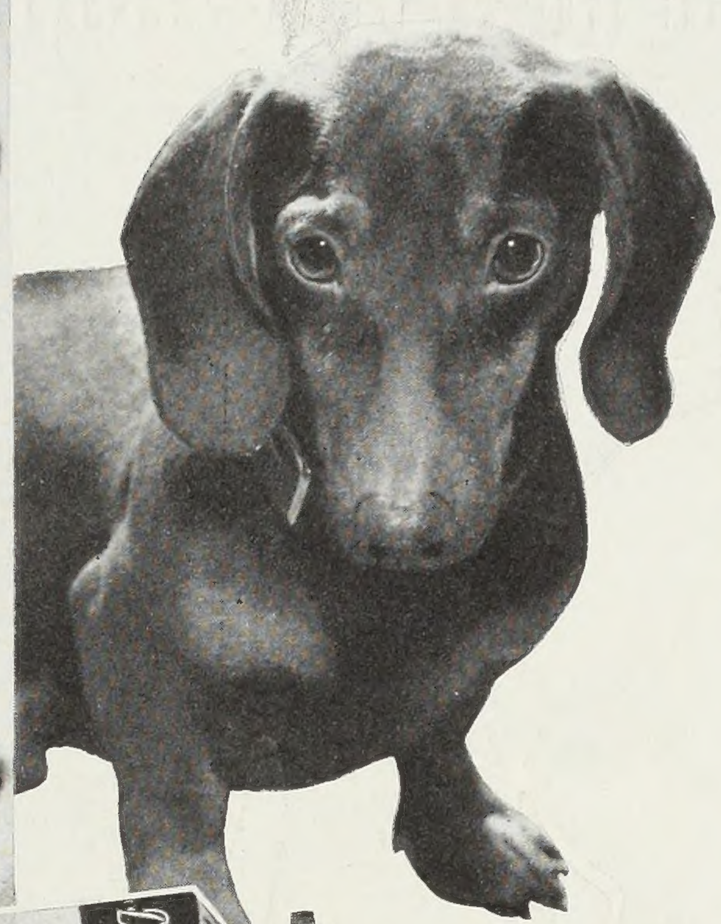

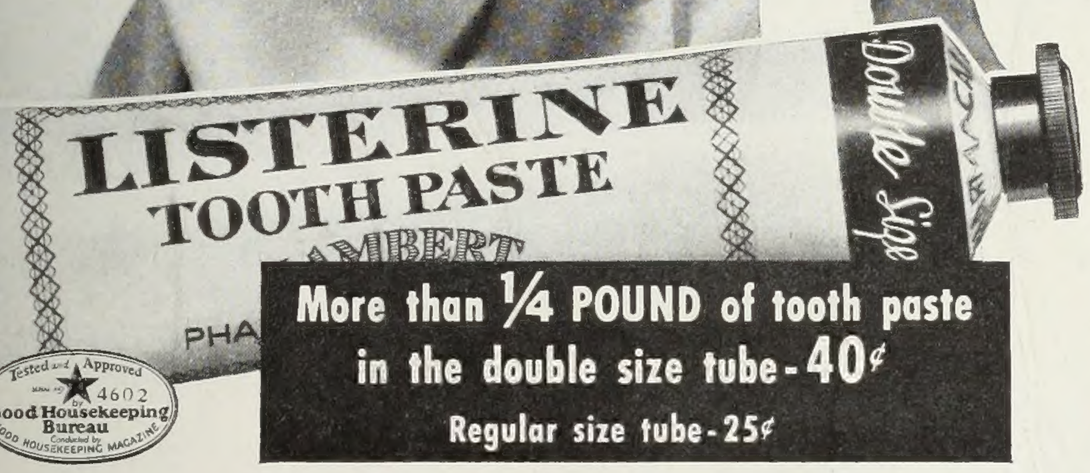

MAXIE LOOKS WISE but he has no wisdom teeth, even though 26 of his 42 teeth are molars. Of the 32 adult teeth in humans, 12 are molars. The tooth farthest back on each side of both jaws is the third molar, or wisdom tooth. Save these teeth if you possibly can. Give them extra care by brushing thoroughly with Listerine Tooth Paste.

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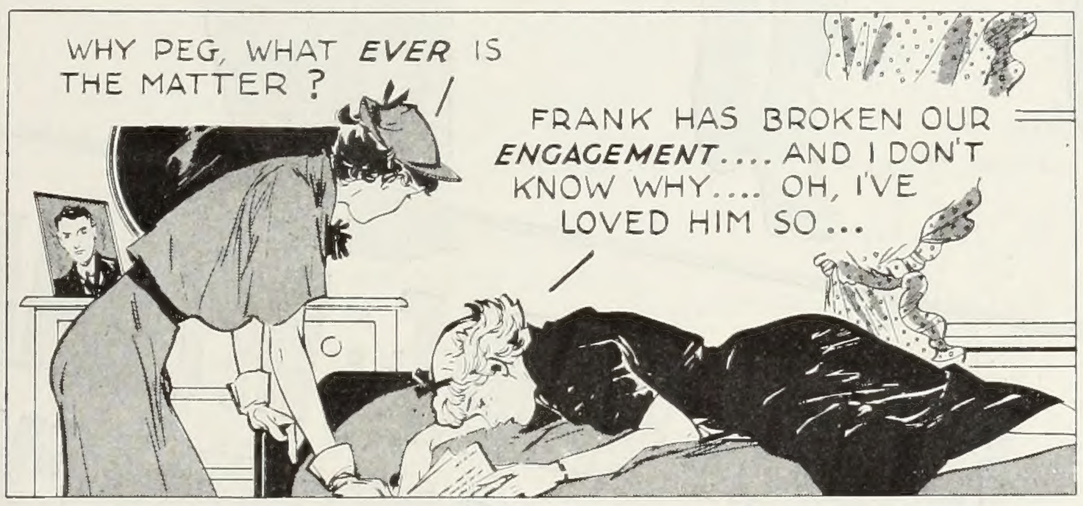

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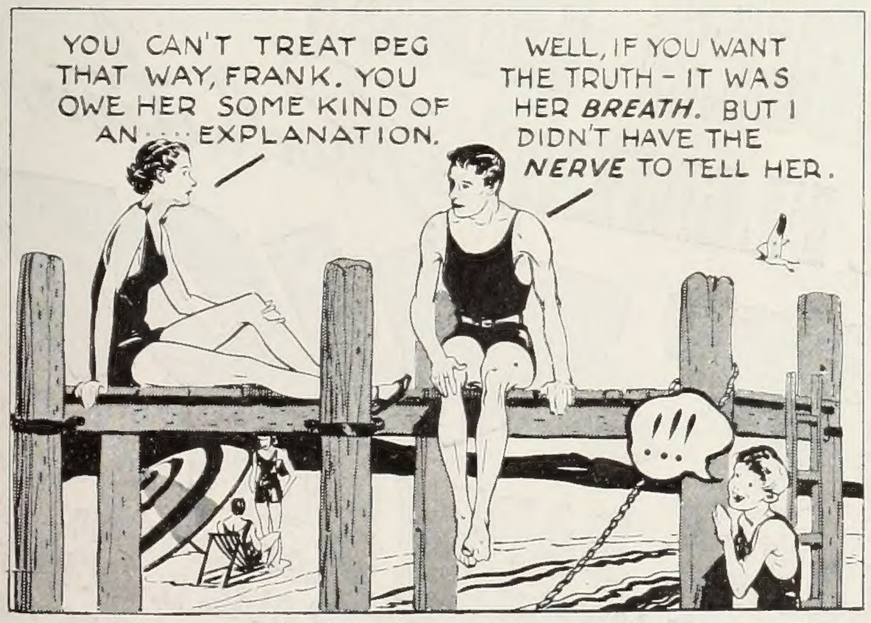

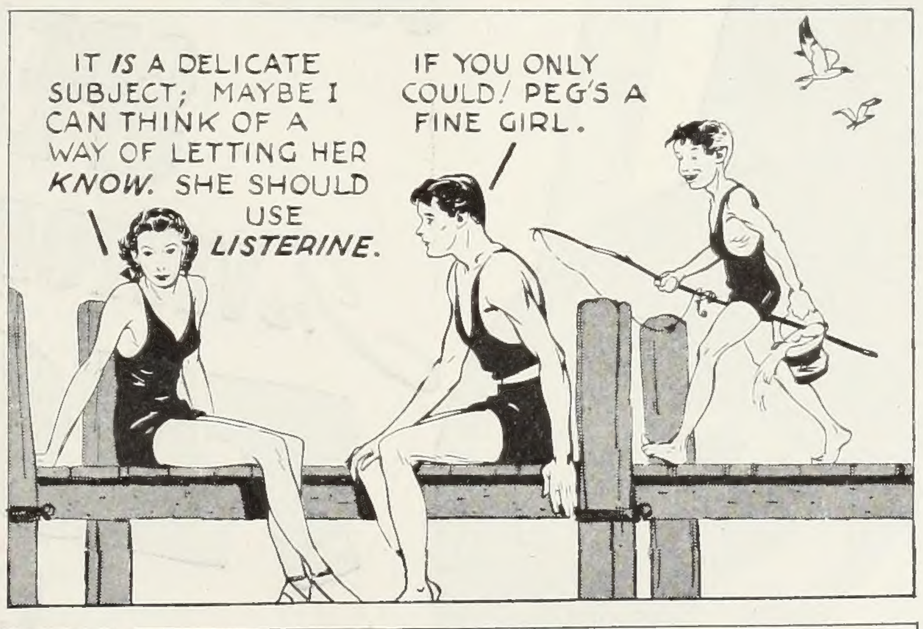

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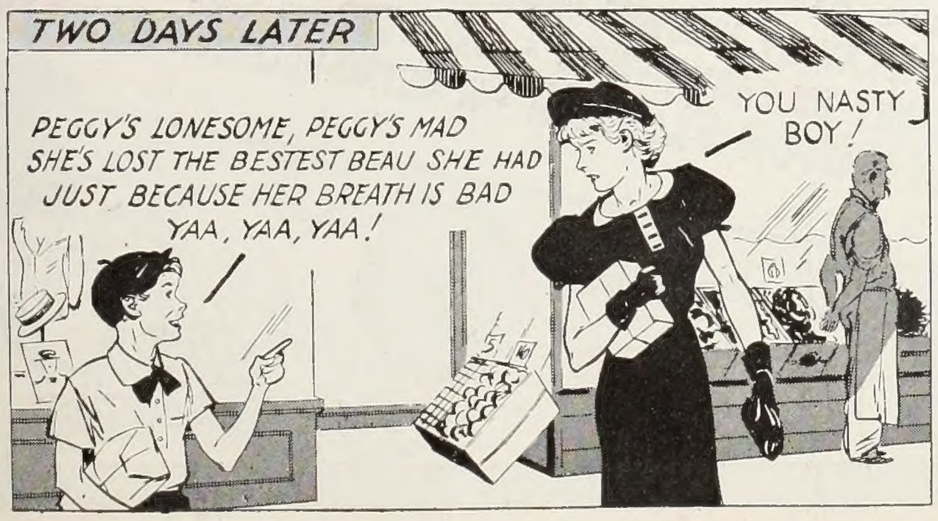

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Laughter too... as Clark makes Spencer act as Myrna's stand-in! Spencer's willing but not able... if you get what we mean.

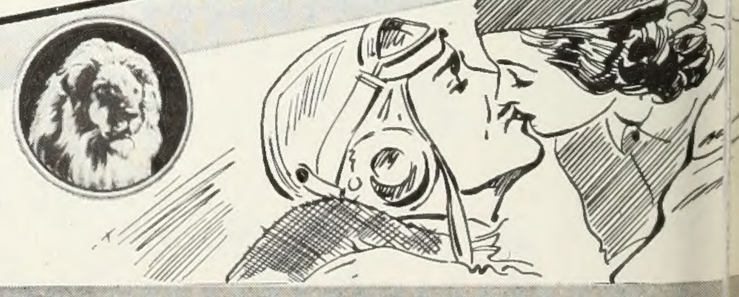
CLARK GABLE · MYRNA LOY
SPENCER TRACY

In VICTOR FLEMING'S *Production*

TEST PILOT

WITH **LIONEL BARRYMORE**

SCREEN PLAY BY VINCENT LAWRENCE AND WALDEMAR YOUNG
ORIGINAL STORY BY FRANK WEAD · PRODUCED BY LOUIS D. LIGHTON
DIRECTED BY VICTOR FLEMING · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



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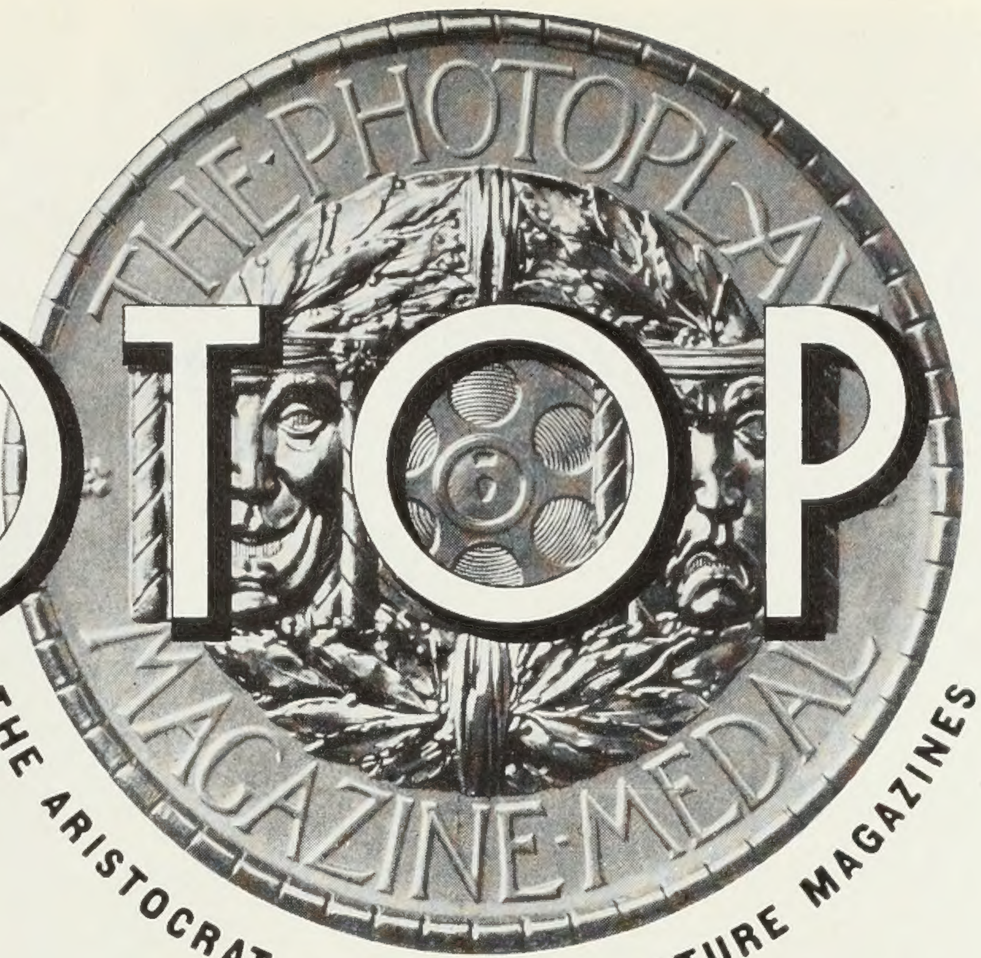

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

ERNEST V. HEYN
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ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

On the Cover—Shirley Temple, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

A Goddess Grows Up . . . . . **Drawing by Vincentini** 13
An interpretation of the Shirley Temple of the future—and today **Poem by Faith Baldwin** 13
Story by Kirtley Baskette 14
The Revealing True Story of Myrna Loy . . . . . **Dixie Willson** 16
Beginning the saga of a beloved redhead
Can the Gable-Lombard Love Story Have a Happy Ending? . **Edward Doherty** 18
Roundup of Characters . . . . . **Sara Hamilton** 20
Facts, famous and funny, about the bit players
How Grant Took Hollywood . . . . . **Virginia T. Lane** 22
The awful truth about Cary's notorious conquest
The Kid Speaks His Mind about Marriage . . . . . **Kent Bailey** 23
Wayne Morris answers a very personal question
It's Romance Again for Kay Francis . . . . . **Elsa Maxwell** 24
Forbidden Great Loves of Hollywood . . . . . **Adela Rogers St. Johns** 26
A tragic romance never revealed before—second in a series
Happy Hellion . . . . . **Howard Sharpe** 62
Concluding the daring life story of Don Ameche
What Do you Know about Dubbing . . . . . **Eugen Scharin** 84
An inside glimpse at an amazing new film industry

The Camera Speaks:—

Winchell's Hollywood 30
PHOTOPLAY'S pictorial check-up on a noted columnist
Love's Old Sweet Song—In Swing Time, In Waltz Time 32
Interpreted by four famous stars
The Kiss 34
A burning history of the time-honored movie "clinch"
Caught Napping 36
A "forty winks" view of the stars
True Hollywood Love Story in Pictures 38
Presenting the Crosbys, Mr., Mrs. and Company
Famous Sons and Daughters 42
How well do you know the stars' children?

NEWS VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Boos and Bouquets 4
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures 6
PHOTOPLAY'S Own Beauty Shop . . . . . **Carolyn Van Wyck** 8
Close Ups and Long Shots 10
PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal Winner 28
Announcing our readers' choice of the best picture of 1937
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood 45
The Shadow Stage 48
We Cover the Studios . . . . . **Jack Wade** 50
Fashion Letter . . . . . **Gwenn Walters** 66
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue 93

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PHOTOPLAY *awards the following prizes for the best letters received each month: $25 first prize, $10 second, $5 third, and $1 for every other letter published.* PHOTOPLAY *reserves the right to edit all letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Letters submitted to this magazine should not be submitted to any other publication. Address: Boos & Bouquets,* PHOTOPLAY, *122 East 42nd St., New York City.*

Court etiquette ignored, Queen Norma Shearer and Director Van Dyke relax on M-G-M's "Marie Antoinette" set

THE WINNER!

FIRST PRIZE—$25.00

I HAVE just returned from that supposedly glorious and glamorous town called Hollywood.

Before I went to Hollywood I thought (as probably everybody thinks) that those who lived in Hollywood and were connected with the movies lived the "life of Reilly." Easy and fast-living. All play and no work.

How differently I learned.

Most people think of the stars only, when one mentions Hollywood. It rarely occurs to them that there are other people who play in pictures. The people who act as a background. The extras.

I lived with three boys who possessed an abundance of talent plus good looks. They were working as extras, hoping and praying for that break that would get them into the charmed circle of stardom.

For six months I watched their struggle. A story filled with sufferance, pathos and heartaches.

Let me describe an everyday occurrence:

In the morning one of the boys would dial the Central Casting Office for work. All extras had to call Central to obtain work. Garfield 3711. Imagine ten thousand extras calling in practically every day with only eight operators to take the calls. Busy signal after busy signal would buzz through the earphone. Without a letup he would dial the number for what seemed like hours without getting a direct line. Maybe he would be lucky and get an answer. Then, "Central" would come to his ear. "John Doe," he would answer, giving his name. A few seconds later he would get the reply, most likely "Try again." And so every ten minutes he would sit at the phone and dial and dial until Central closed for the day.

No work. No meals. No meals meant a couple of tighter notches in the belt and a prayer for work the next day. I could write a book on how they washed their own clothes, cleaned their apartments, cooked what food they could get and avoided the apartment manager on rent day.

I asked them if they weren't tired of the struggle, and if they didn't want to go home.

Their replies were no. I looked at their faces. Each one had a courageous tilt to his head, a wistful smile and shining eyes that spoke more eloquently than words, "I'll get a break one of these days."

Yes, I have found that stars do not always shine in Hollywood. There are clouds there, too. Success and fame do not come easily. The path is strewn with bitter grief and hard strife.

Only the stars shine and twinkle and are remembered.

BOB ABEL,
Philadelphia, Penna.

SECOND PRIZE—$10.00

VERY SANG-FROID INDEED

Speaking of the men stars for a minute, (and why not?) what about Cary Grant?—I mean why doesn't someone write a story or give us a little information on him? He may not have the Taylor profile or the Gable Ummphy-ummph, but along with Tyrone Power (of course) and Thomas Beck, he hits the top.

On second thought, perhaps it's just as well that they leave him alone, because they (the writers) might make him into a mystery man—or maybe into a disappointed lover, and that would be just a little too much for me to bear. Can't the reporters ease up on the camouflage?

For instance, about Grant. Is his personality as delightfully breezy and sang-froid as "Topper" and "The Awful Truth" reveal? How did he get started in the movies? And yes, I will admit, we'd like to know whether he's single, married or how many times he's been divorced. We don't care what his favorite color is, or that the unhappy glint in his eye has been there since his childhood sweetheart turned him down. Please! More concise, definite knowledge of the stars such as "Roundup of Youth" in the January PHOTOPLAY.

MISS GENE WALTMAN,
Butler, Penna.

On Page 22 Reader Waltman can find out all the latest dope (and more) on that gay, gallant, glib and good-looking Grant, no camouflage at all, and nary a line about unhappy glints in his brown eyes. Concise—that's what we are!

P. S.—We think you'll like "Roundup of Characters," too. It's by Sara Hamilton, who wrote "Roundup of Youth." It's on page 20. You see, it pays to write and tell us what stories you like in PHOTOPLAY!

(Continued on page 74)

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UMPHS!

THE GREAT AMERICAN MOTION PICTURE!

The year's spectacular hit now comes to you! Old Chicago reborn in all its turbulent glory! The heart-warming, human drama of the magnificent O'Learys...loving tempestuously, hating fiercely . . . fighting valiantly! A family turned against itself by one kiss stolen from the lips of alluring Belle Fawcett! But when disaster overtakes the flaming city...once again it is *the O'Learys against the world*"!

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RRYL F. ZANUCK'S
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IN OLD CHICAGO

TYRONE POWER · *with* ALICE FAYE · DON AMECHE

ALICE BRADY · ANDY DEVINE · BRIAN DONLEVY

Phyllis BROOKS · Tom BROWN · Sidney BLACKMER
Berton CHURCHILL · June STOREY · Paul HURST

Directed by HENRY KING

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan · Screen play by Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien · Based on a story by Niven Busch · Music & Lyrics by Gordon & Revel, Pollack & Mitchell

Watch for it soon at your favorite motion picture theatre.

20th CENTURY FOX

Brief Reviews

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

"Vivacious Lady" Ginger Rogers proves her monicker, while costar Jimmy Stewart registers his approval

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

PICTURES REVIEWED IN

SHADOW STAGE

THIS ISSUE

	Page
BARONESS AND THE BUTLER, THE—20th Century-Fox	48
BELOVED BRAT, THE—Warners	92
BIG BROADCAST OF 1938, THE—Paramount	48
BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount	49
BRINGING UP BABY—RKO-Radio	49
HAWAII CALLS-PRINCIPAL—RKO-Radio	92
HER JUNGLE LOVE—Paramount	92
JEZEBEL—Warners	49
JURY'S SECRET, THE—Universal	92
LOVE, HONOR AND BEHAVE—Warners	92
MAD ABOUT MUSIC—Universal	48
MERRILY WE LIVE—Hal Roach-M-G-M	48
PENITENTIARY—Columbia	92
RADIO CITY REVELS—RKO-Radio	92
RANGERS ROUNDUP, THE—Stan Laurel Prod.	92
REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM—20th Century-Fox	48
ROMANCE IN THE DARK—Paramount	49
SALLY, IRENE AND MARY—20th Century-Fox	49
START CHEERING—Columbia	92
TELEPHONE OPERATOR—Monogram	92
WALKING DOWN BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox	92

★ ACTION FOR SLANDER—Korda-United Artists

This is Clive Brook's best picture in years. Playing an English army man, he falls in love with a brother officer's wife, is accused of being a card shark, tries to vindicate himself in court. Fine direction allows exceptional suspense and a superlative cast assists. Buy British and go. (*April*)

★ ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO, THE—Goldwyn-United Artists

The travels and romantic mishaps of the Venetian stalwart who opened the trade routes from Europe to Asia in the 13th Century. Gary Cooper is ably supported by Sigrid Gurie (a newcomer), Basil Rathbone, Alan Hale, Binnie Barnes and others. Humor and excitement in settings of incredible beauty. Distinguished. (*April*)

★ ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER, THE—Selznick-United Artists

Two little stars, Tommy Kelly and Ann Gillis, once more prove David Selznick (discoverer of Freddie Bartholomew) a genius in choosing new talent. Mark Twain's loved classic of Mississippi village life in 1845 is faithfully and beautifully reproduced in Technicolor, and *Muff Potter* (Walter Brennan), *Aunt Polly* (May Robson), and *Huckleberry Finn* (Jackie Moran), are all here. Need we say more? (*April*)

ARSENE LUPIN RETURNS—M-G-M

The polish of Melvyn Douglas as the renowned French *Raffles* overcomes the lackluster of this antiquated story of missing "jools." With the aid of Warren William, Douglas convinces the gem of his heart, Virginia Bruce, that he is innocent of stealing her baubles. Average. (*April*)

★ BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE—M-G-M

Utah's beautiful scenery forms the background for this equally rugged tale of the early Western bad man. Wally Beery hasn't been so good since "Viva Villa" and Dennis O'Keefe, as the son who never recognized his father in the killer, will give Gary Cooper a run for his money some day. Virginia Bruce, Guy Kibbee, Lewis Stone and Bruce Cabot are superior. Good. (*March*)

BEG, BORROW OR STEAL—M-G-M

A merry mix-up with Frank Morgan as the lovable scamp who lives by his wits. He invites daughter Florence Rice to be married in his French château, then discovers that he can't use buttons for money to pay the rent. John Beal steps in to take charge of both daughter and papa. George Givot, Herman Bing and Erik Rhodes aid in the hilarity. (*Feb.*)

BIG TOWN GIRL—20th Century-Fox

A happy tale of an overzealous press agent, Alan Dinehart, who makes a great radio star out of Claire Trevor, a small-town plugger. Donald Woods, as Claire's beau, turns in a gratifying performance, as do Miss Trevor and Dinehart. A cosy little picture you'll like. (*Feb.*)

BLACK DOLL, THE—Universal

Mystery and lowdown comedy abound in this, the latest of the Crime Club series. It deals with the attempt of C. Henry Gordon to conceal a murder and his own extermination by *The Doll*. Nan Grey is lyrical, Donald Woods is lackadaisical, Edgar Kennedy is simply hysterical. (*April*)

BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY—Paramount

There will be no bouquets for "Blossoms." The plot was nipped in the bud. Edward Arnold is a likeable rogue who keeps within the law only to find the heiress he was promoting is a phony, too. Weber and Fields are well presented; Shirley Ross sings well; Bill Frawley gets all the laughs. (*Feb.*)

BOY OF THE STREETS—Monogram

Parents will approve the moral lesson in this little tidbit, and children will love the exciting action provided entirely by young-

sters. Maureen O'Connor (a newcomer) sings nicely; Jac Cooper is splendid; and Guy Usher and Marjorie Main turn in f performances as the parents. (*Feb.*)

★ BUCCANEER, THE—Paramount

With a stirring story woven from American history, an exc tional cast, lavish production and some dazzling photograp C. B. De Mille has achieved a masterpiece. The plot revol around pirate Jean Lafitte's love life and patriotic efforts on beh of the U. S. during the War of 1812. Freddie March, Francis Gaal (Paramount's new little Hungarian star), and notably Hu Sothern as *Andrew Jackson* are knockouts. Don't miss this for an thing. (*March*)

CHANGE OF HEART—20th Century-Fox

Love here finds a novel way to take the conceit out of a misguid executive; the result is mildly entertaining. Gloria Stuart is the who uses Cupid as Bergen uses McCarthy; Michael Whalen is one who profits by the experiment. Two-bit material. (*April*)

CHECKERS—20th Century-Fox

Jane Withers clicks again in this story of a race horse that dangers the romance between Una Merkel and Stuart Erw When the horse breaks a leg, and Una listens to the blandishme of the town banker, Miss Fix-It Withers steps in and does her st (*March*)

★ CONQUEST—M-G-M

History, pageantry and romance brought to unparalleled heig of beauty by the peerless acting of Greta Garbo and Charles Bo in one of the loveliest of love stories—that of Napoleon and Ma Walewska, the patriotic Polish countess who bore him a son. T production, photography and direction are of the finest, the hu cast including Dame May Whitty, Henry Stephenson, Regin Owen and Maria Ouspenskaya is exceptionally brilliant. It c $3,000,000 and it's worth it. (*Jan.*)

★ DAMSEL IN DISTRESS, A—RKO-Radio

Aided by those zanies, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Fr Astaire overcomes a top-heavy plot about a titled heiress (Jo Fontaine) who falls for a London dancer, and turns on his fin rhythmic gymnastics to enchant you. George Gershwin's last sc enlivens the entire piece. (*Feb.*)

DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI—Paramount

Anna May Wong enlists in the U. S. Government's campaign capture leaders in the smuggling racket on the Pacific coast, a contributes considerably to a tame picture. Snarling Char Bickford, J. Carrol Naish and barrel-chested Larry Crabbe ha outstanding rôles. Just another movie. (*March*)

★ DIVORCE OF LADY X, THE—Korda-United Artists

Merle Oberon's lusciousness, the enticements of the Engl countryside in Technicolor, and a side-splitting characterization a drunken nobleman by Ralph Richardson, are well worth yo admission. The silly story involving mistaken identity will b you, but pay no attention and go anyway. (*April*)

DOUBLE DANGER—RKO-Radio

This might be labeled "On the Trail of the Missing Prest Foster," for it is he, in the guise of a gentleman crook, who kee policemen late for their chicken stew. Whitney Bourne is an tractive accomplice. Vapid. (*April*)

★ EVERYBODY SING—M-G-M

More pictures like this and the recession would be over! I funny, bright with music, the cast happily chosen, the producti good. It concerns a mad family with Billie Burke (mother), Regin Owen (father), Judy Garland (daughter), Fanny Brice (maid) a Allan Jones (chef). Their antics will delight you. (*April*)

EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY—Paramount

They'll all be holidays for Mae if this little number is any indic tion. This is a lavish story of a female crook who dabbles in polit at the end of the century. Edmund Lowe, Charles Butterwor Lloyd Nolan and Charles Winninger try hard but the picture dra like the West inflection. (*March*)

★ GIRL WAS YOUNG, THE—GB

One always expects a deft handling of suspense, sane dialog and expert delineation of character in Director Alfred Hitchcoc pictures and this one is no disappointment. Nova Pilbeam, swee grown-up, is the constable's daughter; Derrick De Marney, the m suspected of murder with whom she falls in love. You will like th (*March*)

★ GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT—Warners

Based on the battle between farmers and miners in the lowlan of California's Sacramento Valley, this is rugged, gripping dran its scenic beauties enhanced by Technicolor. George Brent, Oli de Havilland and Claude Rains are extremely competent in th respective rôles. Highly recommended. (*April*)

★ GOLDWYN FOLLIES, THE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

This incredibly beautiful musical has a dizzy story of Hollywoo original "no" girl (Andrea Leeds) and the producer whom nobo "noes" (Adolphe Menjou). The "Follies" are glorified by B anchine's lovely American ballet, Metropolitan Helen Jepso soprano, Phil Baker's wit, Charlie McCarthy's deadly sallies, t Ritz Brothers' clowning, Ella Logan and Kenny Baker's tune tuning and the poignant music of George and Ira Gershwin—t whole wrapped in Technicolor. A $2,000,000 picture you'll ne forget. (*Feb.*)

★ HAPPY LANDING—20th Century-Fox

Here are prime requisites for good cinema—spectacle, fine mu comedy and, first and last, Sonja Henie on ice. The thin st concerns Cesar Romero's dalliance with a little Norwegian who, course, manages to become A-1 skater of the world under D Ameche's tutelage. Hot swing by Raymond Scott; Ethel Merma voice; a ballet on ice—swell! (*April*)

(*Continued on page 89*)

Sh-Sh-h-h-! DON'T TELL A SOUL! . . .

CAROLE **LOMBARD** *and* FERNAND **GRAVET**

ARE SIMPLY

"FOOLS FOR SCANDAL"

AND SO ARE

RALPH BELLAMY

ALLEN JENKINS • ISABEL JEANS
MARIE WILSON • MARCIA RALSTON

A Mervyn LeRoy Production

Screen Play by Herbert Fields and Joseph Fields
Additional Dialogue by Irv Brecher
From the Play, "Return Engagement," by Nancy Hamilton, James Shute and Rosemary Casey
Music and Lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart

'heir romance is
candalicious,
candalovely,
candalirious!

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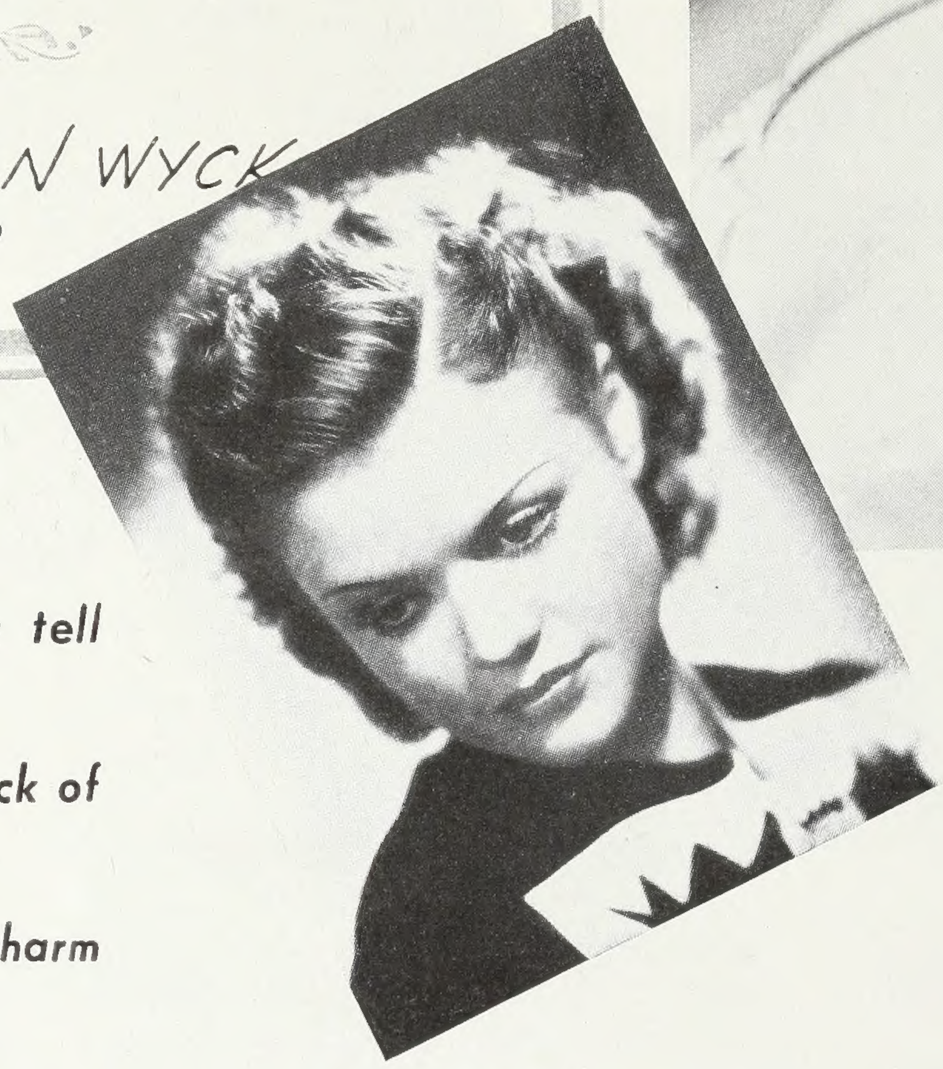
CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.



The demure young miss at the left came to Hollywood very set in her ways. Then she met up with studio make-up experts. They didn't change the famous Simone Simon personality, but they did help to produce the alluring creature above

Hollywood's imported lovelies tell some of the beauty secrets back of their distinctive Continental charm

FOREIGN FANCIES—There's no doubt about it. The girls from the Continent have a very definite glamour and charm all their own. And after seeing Annabella in "The Baroness and the Butler" I decided to find out what she's got that we haven't got, and to see if I couldn't acquire some good tips on beauty from her. Annabella's creed is naturalness in make-up both on and off the screen. She is particularly insistent on this rule in eye make-up, and also says that a slightly crooked mouth, for example, should be left that way and not be changed, because it adds individuality to one's face.

Annabella's eyebrows aren't even. The line of one brow varies quite a lot from the other, but she insists that it be left unchanged, and accents her brows along their natural lines. The two varying lines give her a definite individuality and charm. She applies her eyebrow pencil along both brows, just as they are naturally arched, but she draws the pencil rather heavily in the center of the brow in a fine line and shades it in with a tiny brush. To make her lashes appear longer and more silky, she brushes them with a special oil, then applies her mascara after she has removed the oil with tissues. It does away with the harsh look mascara gives the eyes when it isn't applied properly.

Annabella follows the same naturalness in the way she does her hair by parting it in the middle and brushing it in soft loose waves off her face to give a charming and youthful appearance.

DELLA LIND, the Continental singing star, has very few beauty secrets, but they are amazingly effective ones. Della says that charm is more important than beauty because perfect features without a charming personality lack appeal. This star insists upon plenty of sleep and rest, for a tired girl is a nervous, easily irritated girl, and nervousness and irritation destroy charm and poise.

In the morning, after rinsing her face, Della adds lemon juice to the water to bleach her skin slightly and keep it smooth and white. Her arms and shoulders are as soft as her face, and she told me that starch is one of her favorite beauty agents. She uses it in the bath because she finds that it's a grand water softener and, in addition, leaves a velvety film on her body that keeps her skin smooth and soft.

Starch makes a very effective beauty mask, too, because its stimulating action encourages the blood stream to throw off waste matter. If your skin is normal, you mix the starch with cold cream and milk; if it's oily, you mix it with egg white and milk to tighten your pores; if your skin is dry you stir it up with buttermilk. Apply it to your face after your skin is thoroughly clean and then relax for fifteen minutes to give it time to stimulate your skin and encourage the circulation. Then you rinse it off with tepid water and you'll find your skin is much softer and smoother.

Simone Simon, before she came to Hollywood, had definitely made up her mind that she wouldn't be made over in any way at all, that she liked herself the way she was. But when she found out that the make-up experts at the studio sought only to enhance her personality instead of changing it, she finally allowed them to rearrange her hair. She did away with the schoolgirl coiffure of hair brushed off the forehead and pushed behind the ears, and now she's wearing soft, deep waves and loose curls that frame her face. Simone has deep blue-grey eyes, and the make-up experts suggested that a subtle lightening of the color of her hair would add allure to her eyes. Now her hair glints with a coppery gold that decidedly enhances her piquant charm.

She has allowed her brows to grow in more heavily because a too-thin line takes characte away from the face, and she wears a touch o soft eye shadow on her lids to bring out th color of her eyes and make them appear deeper

Danielle Darrieux looks lazy here, but actually she's energy personified when it comes to obeying rules for beauty

ANOTHER foreign beauty is Danielle Darrieux who has one of the loveliest skins you've eve seen. Danielle supplements her regular nightl cleansing with cream by using olive oil abou once a week to clean her face. Every two week she scrubs her face with a soft brush and soa and water to reach down deep in her pore She feels that her particular skin doesn't nee this treatment any more frequently.

Her luscious figure is kept supple and grace ful by calisthenics, such as touching the floo with the palms of the hands and keeping th knees stiff. She can also touch the back of he head with her toes, which, I can tell you in ad vance, takes loads of practice. Even if you can' ever quite accomplish this achievement, th practicing does wonders for your whole body

aielle's brows are arched in natural line and her lipstick s the contour of her lips be- she, too, feels that by empha- the natural in make-up in- of going in for exotic effects sult is more pleasing. She ac- her eyes by drawing a fine ose to the lashes of her upper l carrying it out and up a trifle d the outside corner of her

very effective, and you might when you want to look espe- glamorous.

ONIZING MAKE-UP—Helen is one of the smartest and alluring women in pictures. ecret of her perfectly groomed rance is that she firmly be- that one's rouge and lipstick blend with the color of the e you are wearing. She has different shades of rouge and k that she uses with her vary- stumes, and she believes that woman, to be truly smart, harmonize her make-up with othes.

internationally famous make- thority says, "A woman may ny color if her make-up com- nts her clothes. So many n destroy the illusion of loveli- y wearing the wrong maquil- nd cosmetics should be care- chosen to blend with your te ensembles."

if you have always loved grey, xample, but have been con-

The velvety smoothness of Della Lind's skin testifies to the effectiveness of the Viennese singer's beauty secrets. Its texture can easily be yours, too

vinced that it makes your skin look sallow, you can dash right out and buy yourself a grey dress in the full assurance that if you use the right make-up, grey can be exceedingly becoming to you.

Miss Vinson applies her make-up with little make-up brushes. She has one brush to blend her powder smoothly and another smaller brush to apply her rouge so that it goes on evenly and not in streaks. Incidentally, if you would like to use cream rouge but have never been quite able to apply it smoothly, Marie Wilson has a trick that might help you. Here it is: Use a cream powder foundation first. Dip the tip of your finger into cold cream and then into the cream rouge, and you'll find that the color blends more easily into your skin.

POWDER TRICK—I was terribly surprised the other day when one of the make-up men told me that many women unnecessarily add to their apparent age by not applying powder properly.

Of course, I immediately demanded to know what he meant. He said that he had seen so many women unconsciously wrinkle up their faces just before they begin wielding the powder puff. That means that the powder can't get into the little wrinkles and crevices around the eyes and mouth that are formed when you frown, and when the face is relaxed those lines have received no powder at all so that they stand out with unfortunate emphasis and thus destroy all vestige of beauty.

You must relax your face when you powder and keep the surface of the skin flat. After you have applied your powder liberally all over your face, press the powder lightly into the area around your eyes and mouth. Draw the skin away from your eyes with two fingers as you powder, to be sure it gets into every faint crevice.

Then, of course, you use your little powder brush all over your face in order to dust off superfluous powder and assure a smooth, evenly covered surface.

Most proposals happen in the *Spring!*

Be especially careful about daintiness NOW

Romance is in the air now! So be careful to avoid the fault that *kills* romance . . . perspiration odor from underthings.

Everybody perspires, especially in warm weather. Underthings absorb the odor . . . but we *needn't* offend.

AVOID OFFENDING: Lux lingerie (including girdles) after *every* wearing. Lux whisks away every trace of perspiration odor. Keeps colors new looking, too! Avoid soaps with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing.
Lux has no harmful alkali.
Safe in water, safe in Lux.
Buy the economical big box.

removes odor—keeps colors lovely

FULL SAIL AHEAD

Here comes the Eye-filling, Hi-de-hi-thrilling

Jessie

MATTHEWS

with

ROLAND YOUNG
JACK WHITING
BARRY MACKAY

Directed by SONNIE HALE • Music & Lyrics by ARTHUR JOHNSTON and MAURICE SIGLER

A GB Production

CLOSE UPS

Producers had an odd idea about Wally Beery; they changed their minds after seeing him in "Bad Man of Brimstone." On the other hand, a Photoplay reader wrote an unusual letter about foreign stars like Luise Rainer; the answer, in this editorial, will probably make him change his mind on the subject!

LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

BECAUSE I love nice things it is very pleasant to get a letter from a thoughtful reader like Lloyd C. Armour of Chicago, Illinois, for instance . . . Mr. Armour writes:

". . . During the past year Hollywood has imported and exploited a great number of foreign stars. The amount of money expended for this plan is, to put it mildly, terrific. Give me one good reason why these very clever producers should go traipsing all over Europe "discovering" these unknown foreign stars . . . There are plenty of talented American actresses struggling for a place on the stage and screen and starving to death to do it, too."

Okay, Mr. Armour . . . I'll give you not only one reason, but five good reasons. . . .

(1) It doesn't seem to be easy to find those talented American actors and actresses and that is because there aren't many definite places to look for them. . . . Broadway is constantly raided . . . we haven't vaudeville or stock companies any more . . . the colleges and little theaters have been pretty well combed out without yielding much . . . and we have a habit of overlooking our own "discoveries" anyhow . . . after all, Martha Raye was "discovered" . . . and Dorothy Lamour . . . and Marjorie Weaver . . . and Tyrone Power . . . and Bob Hope . . . and John Trent . . . and Wayne Morris . . . to mention just a few of the last season or so. . . .

(2) The main reason in back of hunting for foreign stars, however, is economic . . . if a foreign star can click with the American public, the profits on the picture abroad will be doubled . . . Garbo is a perfect example . . . her pictures no longer earn very much here but the foreign take on them is enormous. . . .

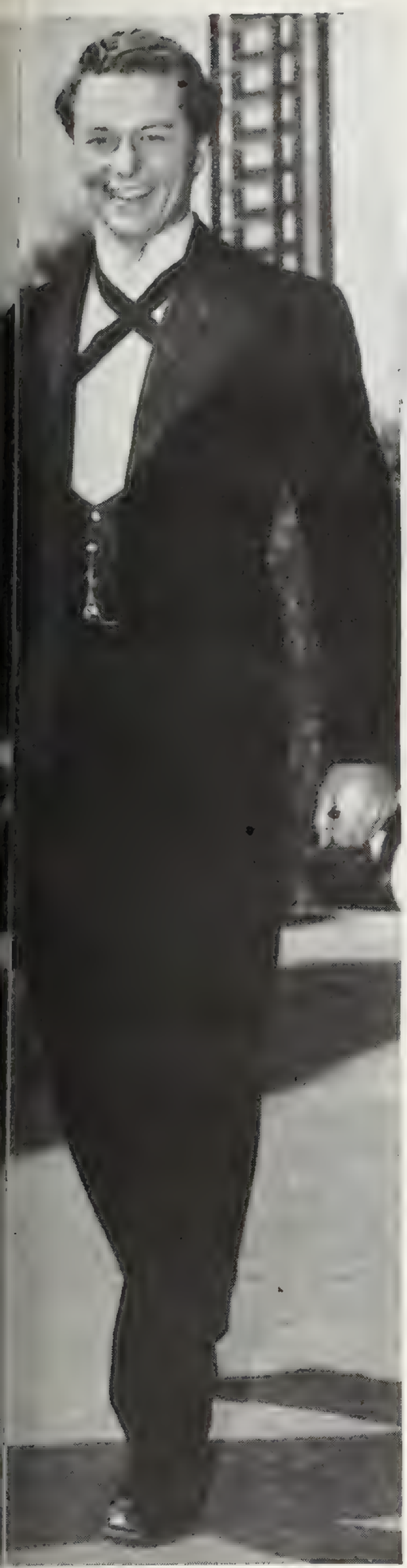
(3) The foreign star, though unknown to us, is usually a highly trained performer . . . for example Franciska Gaal came to the screen after long training at Budapest under the greatest masters of stagecraft . . . Luise Rainer had worked many seasons tutored by Max Reinhardt . . . Ilona Massey, under the jawbreaking name of Hajmassy, was the sensation of the Viennese operatic stage . . . in other words these "unknowns" have served their acting apprenticeship. . . .

(4) Nevertheless, the foreign idea of money is still modest . . . stars they may be of the European stage, but most of them will grab the first salary Hollywood offers . . . believe it or not, but the majority start at one hundred and fifty dollars a week . . . contrast that on your balance sheet against Miss MacDonald's approximate five thousand weekly . . . the imports gamble, you see, on themselves as much as the producer gambles on them. . . .

The gamble doesn't always win . . . Anna Sten, as you point out in your letter, was an awful flop . . . Annabella, brought over for "The Baroness and the Butler," will probably be looking up sailing schedules any day now . . . Luise Rainer, for all her great ability, doesn't progress much . . . I however, that Franciska Gaal wil hit . . . Simone is doing all righ and there is always the miraculo tle Henie. . . .

(5) And the big reason . . . pr ers like to go to Europe anyhow.

FAVORITE Moments Recently O Movie-goer . . . John Boles and Barrymore looking very highbro playing ticktacktoe while C Swarthout sings the Berceuse "Jocelyn" in "Romance in the . . . every scene of Tommy Kelly enchanting "Adventures of Tom yer" . . . Walter Brennan in the film giving a magnificently to performance right on the heels amusing *Mr. Peavey* last month in Buccaneer . . . Bob Hope dueting Shirley Ross in "Thanks for the ory" in "The Big Broadcast of . . . and if you'll listen closely notice what a naughty song that moments . . . Gary Cooper te Sigrid Gurie, lucky girl, how t and making a very finished job too, in "The Adventures of Marco . . . Beulah Bondi breaking your as the mother in "Of Human H and Charles Coburn, distinguished actor, making an equally distingu debut as the doctor therein . . charmingly childlike face of grand prima donna Kirsten Flagstad in Big Broadcast of 1938" . . . with a like that you'd never expect her t like a larger Sonja Henie . .



reason why you should see
d Is Where You Find It": Tim,
of Jack Holt, who carries on
family tradition of good looks,
acting, good horsemanship

Ruth Waterbury, by Lazlo Willinger

looks like a larger Shirley Tem-
. . and Shirley looks like a grown-
ngel . . . and angels look like . . .
ell, you get the idea . . . they hon-
nd truly all do look alike. . . .

GS An Editor Thinks About (on
boss' time, that is) . . . now that
ice Joy Gilbert has made her de-
n movies, will Susan Ann Gilbert
r behind . . . and will the future
aps see those two . . . one so dark
the other so fair . . . as rival
. . .

the second generation, gradually
ing up in pictures, I select young
Holt in "Gold Is Where You Find
s one of the most promising . . .
looking and a very tidy actor, too
if Jane Withers keeps right on as
s, gaining in box-office popularity,
she even surpass Shirley Temple
and if she does what will Twen-
Century-Fox do then, poor things
I wish somebody would define ex-
what a star is, anyhow . . . for
nple, not so long ago his studio was
ng Wallace Beery was box-office
on . . . they moaned that Wally
dn't drag the cash customers in
e . . . hadn't been able to do a
g since the loss of his costar, Marie Dressler . . . recently Wally was supposed to be all washed up . . . they put him in "Bad Man of Brimstone" and it is wowing the crowds all over the country . . . so what does that add up to . . . is any actor any bigger than the part he is in . . . or can a star be made, with proper handling, from anyone . . . a girl ice skater or a man tap dancer or an animated cartoon or a ventriloquist's dummy . . . personally, I do not wonder that stars have the jazzy nerves and unstable temperaments many of them possess . . . imagine never knowing where your next rival is coming from . . . incidentally Metro dropping Bruce Cabot off the contract list lets out the final remaining "second Gable" in the business with the original one still doing nicely, thank you. . . .

Our Favorite Actor of the Month . . . Alan Mowbray . . . we met him at a tea . . . he told five stories . . . all funny . . . two of them racy . . . and not one about himself. . . .

DON'T get the illusion that all the letters I get are pleasant . . . comes the following from Publisher Alfred A. Knopf's office:

"Dear Miss Waterbury:

Since you make your living editing a movie fan magazine, you probably won't like Horace McCoy's new novel, 'I Should Have Stayed Home,' which we are issuing . . . It knocks the phony gilt off Hollywood and shows the pure tin underneath, and does it very effectively . . . You may not like this book, but it ought to interest you anyway. Perhaps it will interest some of your readers too—if any of them are sufficiently tough-minded to stand a little truth along with the pap."

As it turns out, it is an exciting novel . . . for Horace McCoy knows how to write . . . and I did enjoy it . . . but if telling the story of a stupid boy who didn't have brains enough to make a living anywhere, and of two girls who fail, one committing suicide and the other marrying a farmer, is knocking the phony gilt off Hollywood and showing the tin underneath, I'll eat it. . . .

I will never understand why that which is dreary and tragic and defeatist is regarded as being more "true" than the things which are colorful and amusing and successful . . . each is in the world, not, unfortunately, in equal parts, but each exists and because Hollywood is composed of those individuals who have wrested from life the high rewards is the reason the world continues to worship it, since it gives hope to their dreams and color to their days . . . that's PHOTOPLAY'S story . . . and it will always stick to it. . . .

MUNSINGWEAR glorifies Cordura!

THE SENSATIONAL RAYON FABRIC CREATION OF 1938

LUXURIOUS slips, tailored and fashioned of *Cordura* by Munsingwear in Smart Fifth-Avenue styles. This new chiffon-textured fabric is of almost unbelievable durability. Easy-to-launder, yet retains its beautiful luster.

Many styles in *Cordura* slips for your new Summer dresses, are now available at your favorite store. You'll be so thrilled with these, that you'll complete your entire Underlovelies wardrobe with *Munsingwear Cordura* panties, briefs, bandeaux, sleeping and lounging garments! They'rereallyThe SensationOfThe Year! And, so reasonably priced!

MUNSINGWEAR, MINNEAPOLIS.

MUNSING Wear

"I CALL IT MY 'TWO-TIMING FUR'

because I'll wear it now over formals, and later with Autumn street frocks"

For smart, young women, who "go places and do things"—glamorous FEDERAL Fox! Beautifully silvered . . . luxuriously furred . . . it tops spring's evening dresses with soft, flattering loveliness; it makes dashing successes of fall's street frocks. It follows the calendar—a social triumph and a practical asset, too . . . for these fine skins are selected for *lasting* beauty.

You can be sure of your silver fox, in better stores everywhere, by the FEDERAL name clipped to an ear and stamped on the leather side of the pelt.

FEDERAL
Silver Foxes
HAMBURG • WISCONSIN

lollowing pages, Kirtley Baskette brings Photoplay readers an unusual word
of the Shirley Temple of today—a little girl who has suddenly grown up. On
—a glimpse into the future, the moment when Shirley Temple becomes en-
isualized in picture form by artist Vincentini, in verse by the popular novelist
t story writer, Faith Baldwin—both well-known contributors to this magazine

A Goddess Grows Up

BY FAITH BALDWIN

DRAWING BY VINCENTINI

This is the dream which shall come true
The rose which shall unfold;
The world made young so gay and new,
The rainbow's gift of gold;

The rising star, the fount unsealed
The magic love time makes;
Bright secret, not to be revealed
Until her heart awakes.

A GODDESS GROWS UP

Publicly, the No. 1 box-office siren; privately (by her own admission), saint and sinner supreme

The proof? Tucked-up curls—and some observations on Beaus and Bows by the pert young lady herself

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

THE other day, a little girl with eager eyes stood before a mirror on a Hollywood motion-picture set. The image that bounced back showed, instead of the shako of curls that usually crowned her golden top, a coiffure—parted, pulled back and tied.

Shirley Temple of Sunnybrook Farm put her firm little hand behind her neck and stroked it thoughtfully. Then, she showed her new front row of second teeth in a wide white grin.

"It feels funny," said Shirley, "no hair back there." And added, "I like it."

The little group of set people watching her smiled back, because Shirley was thrilled and they were happy. But a few turned away, cleared their throats suspiciously, and sighed ever so faintly. They knew they were watching the most beloved babyhood since the world began pass, dimpling bravely, into memory.

They knew Shirley Temple's chubby little legs had stepped finally into the bright new land of Little Girlhood. They heard the soft, friendly summons of Father Time and they saw the happy answer on Shirley's face. And they knew that something was gone and something new arrived. The baby had grown up.

Shirley Temple will be nine this month. Standing on the bathroom scales she weighs seventy-one; she measures fifty-one inches from toes to top. Her body is firm, taking form; her muscles are rounding, and her face lengthening. She can ride a saddle horse and drive a cart. She can play the piano, dance ballet and speak conversational French. She writes her own letters and reads her own books. She keeps up with the daily newspapers, scribbles daily in a diary and runs her own parties. She's stepped out to two big Hollywood premières this season and had her say about the special evening frock for both.

And she has a steady beau.

Yes, Shirley Temple is growing up.

She entered the Fifth Grade this February. She knows her geography, English, history and current events. She can spiel out the multiplication table all the way, can add, subtract and divide. Frances Klamt, her teacher, calls her "bright." The last Intelligence Quotient she had scored 155, dangerously close to genius.

The world, seeing Shirley every few months, takes the added inches and proportionate pounds for granted. Every mail pouring into Hollywood still brings baby presents for Shirley. But the personality that has grown along with them escapes unnoticed.

The Shirley Temple of today is not just a cute, dimpled, darling child. She is a person—and a pretty swell one at that.

E other day I dropped into Shirley's bunga- on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. Shirley s expecting company—a crowd of Swiss do- stics and their children. The only time they ld come was on Thursday, maid's day off.

As the hour set for their arrival neared, Mrs. nple was called away. Before she left she d, "Now these are your guests, Shirley. I'll e to leave for a while and they may get here en I'm gone. You'll have to entertain them."

hey came right after that—a mob of bashful, lazzled kids and their grinning parents. Shir- took charge with the poise and presence of adult. She seated them, led the conversation, ught in toys and objects of interest, moved ong the crowd with complete assurance, was rming, gracious and in complete command of situation. Not with a precocious cockiness; t smooth responsibility.

You might call that a number of things—man- s, poise, tact, a social consciousness. What- r it is, Shirley has grown into it with a natu- grace that befits the crown princess of the een.

Not long ago, at Shirley's own urging, Mrs. mple took her to the Los Angeles Orthopedic spital where lie hundreds of little crippled ls, doomed to long days of bedfastness or mpering braces. Once inside, Shirley broke ay from her mother's side. Alone, she passed m bed to bed, chatting with the little wide- d inmates. There was no cute, coy, kid-star ff to it. The fact that scores of pain-polished es focused wonderingly on her seemed only to press Shirley—not delight her. She was lost her deep interest in what she saw. For eks afterwards, worries for the crippled kids essed on her mind.

This last Christmas, the first thing she asked do was to go over to the Assistance League d help put up baskets. This despite the fact at this Christmas, for the first time, Shirley de out her own gift list, did her own shopping, apped her own presents.

Her consideration for others is a natural de- lopment of a part of her make-up revealed en she was much younger. She has always en sensitive, to the point of anxiety, over other ople's feelings. You've probably heard the ry of the guest who spilled some water into r lap one day at luncheon with the Temples. irley, only a tot, quickly sensed the embar- ssment. "That's all right," she declared. "I st spilled some peas on my dress, too."

A more grown-up version took place the other y. A woman, calling on the Temples, brought irley a popular toy. She was thanked effu- vely and made to feel her gift was the one thing in life Shirley wanted most. She left very happy and entirely ignorant of the fact that Shirley already had five toys exactly like the one she had brought.

The new Miss T's coworkers (as, for instance, Gloria Stuart, above left) see her as a grand little trouper; her pals know her as the tough skipper of the Shirley Temple Police Force; her several swains see her as their glamour girl ideal. But that's not what matters. It's how Mrs. Temple sees her own darling daughter—and that is a revelation!

SHIRLEY extends her growing sense of responsibility to all around her. She doesn't mind reminding others of what she considers their responsibilities, too. There's the Shirley Temple Police Force, for example. Shirley has passed somewhat out of the doll stage. Now everything is organization. She belongs to all the kid clubs on the juvenile air programs—the Lone Rangers, the Little Orphan Annies, and so on. She writes in for the badges and buttons and secret codes. So it was natural that the Shirley Temple Police should sprout and flourish.

They started when a cameraman gave her a Junior G-Man badge, probably lifted from his own kid. Then Allan Dwan, the director, had one made inscribed with "Shirley Temple Police." Now every member of Shirley's picture company and plenty more people around the lot are duly sworn in and be-badged.

Shirley's the chief, of course, and a tough skipper. The force flourishes on a system of five-cent fines, collectible when Shirley catches a member without his badge, which she does with a fervent zeal. Bigger fish pay bigger fines. Bill Robinson was fined ten *(Continued on page 70)*

THE REVEALING TRUE STORY OF MYRNA LOY

At six months (top), ruler of the family ranch in Crow Creek Valley; at six years (middle), the freckled-nose belle of Helena. Below: a family portrait of the "W 3": the Williams, Della, daughter Myrna and Dave

BY DIXIE WILLSON

HERE, for a world which is demandin it. is the story of Myrna Loy, from her 's memories of the Montana ranch w re she was born, until *your* memories of her as he lovely star of "The Great Ziegfeld," "The ' in Man," "To Mary—With Love," "Libeled La ," "Man-Proof" . . . and now "Test Pilot."

The girl from Dead Man's Gulch. For at indeed, was what they called the straggling in between two mountains, when, in the day of '49, men were men and a rough hilarious l of them made a gold camp, which became a t n, which became the city of Helena, "Dead M 's Gulch" emerging as just plain "Main Stree

Some twenty years after that first passio of gold, there came a wagon train across the d ty prairies of Nebraska and Kansas; with a Welshman named Thomas Williams, and the irl who was his wife, Williams coming west t an open range of lonely miles which he had bo ht from the government.

Upon it he and Ann built a cabin, put in r- chards, wheat and timothy, Ann as gay a

e daughter of the house is at the right. Today, being Myrna, she remembers "tall cakes on high dishes!"

Beginning—
THE SAGA OF A BELOVED REDHEAD

ring morning, as sunny as the chipmunks attering at her from the newly turned soil. er eyes were the blue-green of a summer lake, r nose impertinently tilted and generously rinkled with freckles, her hair, a coronet of ndy auburn braids. From dawn till sundown ross wide new fields, tracked her heavy shoes, e clanking of harness and plow, and a eadow lark's occasional trill; no other sounds break an endless stillness. But Ann Williams as so lovely to look at, that all the valley eard about it!

Meanwhile, down through the lake country me another wagon train, bringing the less urdy, less "pioneer" Johnsons. An artist was hnson, a painter and woodcarver, his girl ife a lassie from Scotland, little used to hardip, but eager for adventure. In the frontier wn of Radersburg, Mr. Johnson saw opportuity to work profitably at the cabinet maker's ade, so here they settled . . . and here, some irty years later, their daughter Della, returng from Chicago with a Ziegfeld diploma in usic, and about to embark on a concert career, ell in love instead, and married young Dave Villiams, the son of Thomas and Ann.

Amid a shower of good wishes, kisses and rice, ride and groom set out for Crow Creek Valley, nd the new five hundred acre ranch which was o be their home. And here, on a still August norning, was born the little girl whose name of Myrna" was given her by her proud young Dad, a name he had seen on a railroad flag stop nd had thought too pretty to forget.

Granddaughter of Ann Williams, eyes the lue-green of a summer lake, hair red, small ose tilted. And four years later when, with er own memories, our story actually begins, hat small nose belonging to little Miss Myrna Williams, bore as many freckles as a lively pattern of peppered calico!

HER first memory, then, the endless acres of her father's wheat fields! She remembers watching with peculiar fascination, the rhythm, the beauty, as the scarcely perceptible wind caught it, rolled it, rippled it, like a tide. Then one day came an overwhelming desire to be part of it, to feel the silken touch of it!

She slipped through the lane gate, went gaily on past the barns and cattle tanks, across the near pasture, under its fence, and ran joyously into the tall grain, realizing only very much too late, that she couldn't find her way out, that no one could hear her if she called, that no one knew where she had gone, that when day was over, night would come, and there would *still* be no way out!

She beat blindly through the suffocating wheat heads, calling, crying, but hearing in reply, only the shrill caw of crows mocking her, pursuing her! And night *did* come! It was almost midnight before frightened searchers thought to look in the wheat field. She remembers vividly still, the desperation of those hours, her hands, legs and feet scratched and bleeding, her face streaked with dirt, swollen with tears!

(Continued on page 86)

Right: the ambitious author, director and producer of neighborhood plays: Myrna at the age of ten, when she made her stage debut as the witch of "The Sleeping Beauty." Above: with her brother David

CAN THE GABLE-LOMBARD LOV

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

MOTION pictures have done much to prove the truth of all the old saws concerning love and lovers. Over and over again they have convinced the world that true love never runs smooth, that love laughs at locksmiths, and that all the world loves a lover.

But sometimes the screen stars who bring to attention the verity of these adages must wonder about them—after their work in the studio is done, after the paint has been removed from their faces and the costumes have been laid away for the night, after the lights have gone out on the sound stages, after the players have come to grips again with actualities.

All the world loves a lover?

Yes, perhaps all the world loves Clark Gable, the suave and fascinating hero of the screen. And, no doubt, it loves Carole Lombard, the impish, kinetic, funny darling.

That is, it loves them as it sees them in rôles produced for them by some Hollywood writer. Of the real Carole Lombard, and the real Clark Gable, the world knows little.

And love laughs at locksmiths?

Many times, undoubtedly. And yet—how will love unlock the situation in which Clark Gable and Carole Lombard have become imprisoned?

Here is a typical moving-picture situation. It has been used over and over again. You have seen it developed hundreds of times. You have seen the problem solved in hundreds of different ways.

But this is a situation in real life—a beautiful blonde girl, witty and winsome and wise, in love with a debonair actor who has been married a number of years and whose wife is unwilling to divorce him.

What will happen? How will the characters react? How will the story end?

Will the wife step gracefully aside, someday, and allow her husband to marry the younger woman? Will she wait in patience, knowing that time oft withers infatuation, or feeling that even true love must give way to duty?

Or will the girl, tired of waiting, give the man up?

Will there be tragedy? Or will the last reel of the drama be played to the chimes of wedding bells?

HOLLYWOOD, dealer in love stories of all kinds, is eager to rush into print with the details of synthetic romances among the motion-picture stars.

Strangely enough, it is equally zealous to keep real romances from the knowledge of the press.

It may be that Hollywood feels something of awe, encountering the real thing, the romance it can neither buy nor sell, the love story that is written by Life.

At any rate, Hollywood has been chary of letting news of the romance between Clark Gable and Carole Lombard seep into print. It has, grudgingly, admitted that Mr. and Mrs. Gable have separated, and that Clark has often escorted Miss Lombard here and there. But that is all.

It has given no hint of the heartaches that must exist deep below the surface of the story, the anguish, the yearning, the bitterness, and the tears.

This isn't a springtime love affair; but it has poignancy and beauty for all that. Here are two people in the full splendid summer of their lives, with the sun of fame and fortune shining brightly on them—and autumn coming on apace.

And here is the wife, the charming, cultured, sophisticated Mrs. Rhea Gable, watching the two with what emotions no one knows.

What will the autumn bring her? Restored serenity, or gray despair? Loneliness, or peace?

Perhaps if Carole and Clark had met in the springtime of their lives they would have been merely infatuated with each other. But it is not so now. They have experienced too much of life to trifle with anything so enduring as real love. They have suffered too much, learned too much, to take love lightly.

They have a lot in common, these two stars. They both enjoy informality. They like to be themselves. They welcome anything simple and natural which will give them fun. They like getting into old clothes and going to some out-of-the-way place. Also they like dressing up now and then and visiting some public spot.

You may see them at an amusement park, laughing like a couple of kids at nothing at all, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. You may run across them eating in some obscure little hole in the wall, enjoying the music of a four-piece Mexican orchestra. You might see them at Carole's home, playing bridge with friends. You might see them at the arena on fight nights, yelling with gusto "Sock him in the kish-kish, Abie; he can't take it there!"

BOTH have been unfortunate in their love affairs.

Carole thought that life and all its problems had been solved for her when she first met William Powell. She was twenty-two, and, though he was sixteen years older, there was a gay spirited youthfulness about him that appealed to her intensely, that promised her eternal happiness. There was a lightness, a breeziness, an impish joyousness in him, a tenderness no words could adequately describe.

And yet their marriage ended in divorce.

Carole obtained the decree on the grounds of incompatibility. Powell put no obstacle in her way. He is still her friend. She is still his friend.

But isn't it a major tragedy when marriage deteriorates into mere friendship—a glimpse of each other now and then; a little smile at meeting; a handshake or a pat on the back for old times' sake; a civil "How are you," uttered in the same voice that once thrilled with "Oh, my dear, my dear!"; a calm look in the eyes that once reflected only ecstasy in the presence of the other?

Marriage, made out of love and brightness and joy and singing hope, stifling in misunderstandings, struggling in incompatibilities, yawned and died; and was not greatly mourned.

But it must have left a scar. It must have left a lasting doubt—"Is love like that?"

And there was a second romance that ended not less tragically.

Carole had begun to think better of love. She had met Russ Columbo, the handsome young man with the golden voice. She had become his greatest fan, and then his worshiper. And he died. Accidentally, cleaning his gun, he shot himself.

The death of Russ Columbo made Carole Lombard, Hollywood says, in its cocksure way. When she returned to the screen, after the long absence that followed his death, she was a better actress than she had ever been. She was actually a comedienne! Her comedy was of the highest type, that sort whose roots are planted in the deep, rich soil of sorrow.

Suffering and solitude had mellowed and softened her, shaped her character, enlarged her understanding and her sympathy.

They put her in "20th Century," and gave her free rein for her talents. And even those critics who had said she was little more than a gorgeous clothes horse and a mildly funny foil for bigger stars now admitted she was one of the outstanding personalities of the screen.

CLARK GABLE was ripened through tragedy of another kind, the tragedy of futility and disappointment.

Life, that now denies him little, was more than niggardly to him in his youth. It gave him hard work in various parts of the country. It made him a timekeeper, a lumberjack, a laborer in the oil fields of Oklahoma, an actor of sorts playing unsuitable rôles in one-night stands with theatrical companies that never got anywhere.

He came to Hollywood when he was young and got little but rebuffs, an extra part once in a while, a day's pay, a door slammed in his face. Nobody in the film capital cared if he lived or died.

He married a woman much older than himself, a woman who helped him immeasurably along the rocky road to stardom. She spent hours teaching him, and he spent hours train-

(Continued on page 77)

On one side, Clark's wife, the charming Rhea, who watches this situation with what emotions no one knows

TORY HAVE A HAPPY ENDING?

It's not a glittering Hollywood romance. It's just two human people in love, faced by a problem that might be yours. How will they solve it?

On the other, Carole and Clark, admired, as sophisticated screen hero and heroine, by all the world —for all the world loves a lover. Yet of these two people as they really are the world knows little

Dignified is the word for C. Aubrey Smith in his screen rôles ("Hurricane," for example), but in real life his wife has another name for him

Six-feet-four of English man[illegible] and a microphone chan[illegible] Arthur Treacher ("Pips" to [illegible] pals) from a suave gentle[illegible] to an even suaver "Jee[illegible]

Roundup of CHARACTERS

Not a star in the carload—but facts aplenty (famous and funny) about those modest marvels, the bit players

BY SARA HAMILTON

THERE exists in Hollywood a delightful group of people known as character actors. "Only some of us are completely characterless," one wag grins. "Oh, completely."

Although the names of these chosen few seldom gleam from theater marquees in letters two miles, or even inches high, they do shine—and definitely—in the hearts of movie fans everywhere. "Oh look," thousands of fans may be saying at this very minute, "Funnyface Mowbray is playing tonight. Let's go see *his* picture." Undoubtedly Miss Big Name would melt if she knew. Or does she suspect, one wonders.

Minus the trappings and deliriums of stardom, these performers become something like kinfolk to their fans. They are as cozily familiar as the neighbor next door. And like good neighbors they have made a place for themselves in our hearts that couldn't be filled by anyone else. So, PHOTOPLAY has decided, like the Walrus, that the time has come to talk of many things. Of many things about our old friends, the character actors.

Of course, we can't tell you all about them. That would take books and books. But we can give you some facts about them that we hope modestly will bring you into closer understanding with these friends who have brought you so much downright enjoyment.

And so, dear reader, we give you . . .

Helen Broderick:

"It's the figure, not the face, that counts in this world of mice and men.

"So far, my movie dialogue has seemed to me to be just so much verbal dysentery.

"I'd pay seventy-five dollars for a lamp shade, maybe. But the woman who pays over ten dollars for a hat is a nitwit."

Quoting, if you please, from Hollywood's paradoxical comic—Miss Helen Broderick, who clowned so beautifully in "She's Got Everything." A paradox is Helen, because, of all the things in the world Helen never wanted to be, it was an actress. And of all the things she still doesn't want to be—it's an actress.

"If I thought I'd ever turn out to be one of those old has-been stars with grease paint up their noses so far they sniffle like Bernhardt instead of breathe, I'd end it all now. May I turn into a caterpillar if ever I begin dragging out ancient press notices or telling about the time I stopped the show in Cincinnati.

"From a fate such as that, dear heaven deliver me."

Back in New Jersey some years ago, Helen, just fourteen years of age, decided to run away from home because her mother, a comic opera star, was forever talking stage.

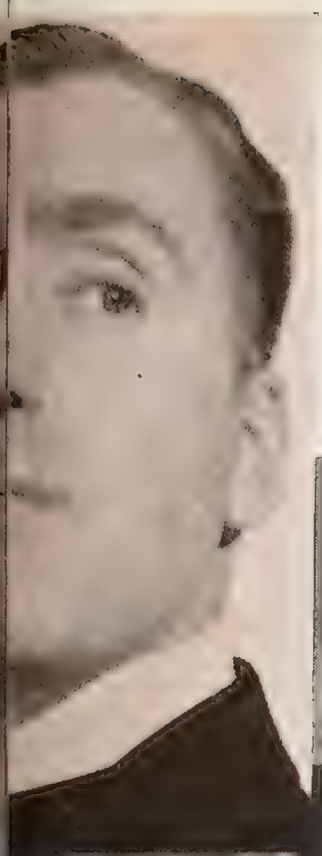
But the catch was that the only people Helen knew were theatrical people, and to them the young vagabond had to turn for help. So they promptly landed Helen, who ran away to get away from it, on the stage. In the chorus. On the stage. And was she awful. Just terrible.

Of course, Broadway didn't think so many years later, when Helen spoke almost the identical lines in exactly that same devastating tone of voice—but that's another story.

Once in a while, they'd throw her a line to say—like throwing a fish to a seal—and she'd think, "Well, here I go." But the next day she'd pop out from the chorus to say her line of "Oh well, bridegrooms are always nervous," only to have the stage director leap back like a wounded mountain lion and moan, "My gawd, who said that?"

And they'd take her line away from her. And such a good line, too, she felt.

Things grew more and more terrible only a little time later. Helen was made understudy to Ina Claire in the play, "Jumping Jupiter," which sounds all right and was all right until one night—and this is really awful—Ina couldn't



Herman Bing has made an asset out of an accent, a hobby out of a habit, more laughs for "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

Do-nuts and coffee on the "Merrily We Live" set made Alan Mowbray forsake his long-standing "no contract" policy

Edward Everett Horton took up college dramatics, Helen Broderick did a pinch-hit for Ina Claire, Eric Blore met Bart Marshall — three innocent events which eventually made them Hollywood's pet rib-ticklers supreme

the lead and Helen gallumped on and tried ingenuish, fluttering butterflyishly about d la Claire, tripping lightly o'er the stage a bay mare with the bewildered leading in dazed pursuit.

zed, because at this point the audience was rolling in the aisles. That's all. Just roll- When Helen began her song, "Cuddle Near ll Day Long," it was the end. People, nice e, had to be led from the place in spasms.

the manager promptly sent Helen out on oad as the permanent lead, and overnight ping Jupiter" became, instead of a roman- usical, a sidesplitting comedy.

len married the leading man who groped stfully after her on that first awful night. still married to him. True, tried and hap-

th her new husband, she then formed a and went into vaudeville. Bad vaudeville st. Then a little better. Then to the cir- where people didn't actually throw things ould have loved to.

en big time, and suddenly Broadway dis- ed, in that voice that once cried from the s, "Oh well, bridegrooms are always nerv- the panic of the year.

fty Million Frenchmen" couldn't be wrong with Helen as its leading comic. For ty-two months she caroused in that laugh 'Stand Up And Cheer," and then migrated vies—which she tolerates a shade less than oes the stage. She's constantly awaiting ay her bankbook says so much, and then to the farm for Helen.

hat people can't understand," she says, "is I'm still the same person I was before lway and success. They seem to think is reason for people becoming artificial and g on a new front or a new personality.

n just me. Exactly the same as I always

t in the valley, she and her husband live on a one-acre ranch—a heaven on earth to Helen. "What's this song, 'Roses in December,' all about?" she keeps asking. "I have roses in December right out in my back yard.

"Working in Hollywood may not be an actor's idea of heaven, but the guy who says he wouldn't rather live here—aside from the work —is plain nuts."

Her lack of any trace of the theatrical in her make-up and her genuine honest humanness enslave all who come to know her. The tone in her voice when she speaks of Broderick, her son, is something that causes people to gulp three times in rapid succession.

"I feel I never want to try anything else on Broadway again. I may not prove worthy to be Broderick's mother. My performance after his marvelous work in 'Of Mice and Men' may shame him. It may be shoddy or half-baked.

"When I read his notices the day after his show opened I thought to myself, 'This is it. This is what you've always wanted to achieve. Not success for yourself—you know, old girl, you haven't cared that much about it—but success through him. And now you've achieved it, Broderick. Through your boy.' "

One other thing—the "hey you lady" of the

(Continued on page 78)

HOW GRANT TOOK HOLLYWOOD

You know how Grant took Richmond? History repeats itself—but in the modern manner. Read the awful truth about Cary

BY VIRGINIA T. LANE

Randolph Scott, his best pal; Phyllis Broc the girl he dates. Both have their views Cary — and, what's more, state the

There's just one thing you could say about the Cary Grant who won the siege of film-town—and it took Mae West to say it!

HE'S the Topic of the Hour in Hollywood — Cary Grant. The changes the last twelve months have made in that man!

It was only a little over a year ago that I sat in on a press conference and heard the "Awful Truth" about Cary.

"Look at this," said the Dean of Hollywood Reporters, thumbing a pile of statistics. "Grant is slacking off at the box office like a stock market report. Looks as if he's just one more leading man—"

That, you see, was the way Cary had been pigeonholed: Leading Man, formula A. For nearly four years he had been stuck with what is known technically as "straight-up-and-down" rôles; the lackluster variety without any ummph. They thought they had him all neatly labeled. They didn't know Cary!

"The worm turns. So does the earth. The trouble is we don't turn with it!" said Cary to me one day when we happened to be talking. He said it lightly enough but he didn't look that way. He looked tense and strained and unhappy. He was going out to the desert for a vacation. Not Palm Springs but farther out, out where a bunch of grizzled old prospectors gathered and told tales that could take his mind off Hollywood.

I don't know what happened out there on the desert. All I know is that when Cary came back he'd left that British reserve of his buried in the cold, cold sands. And that worried look with it. You began to hear amazing things: that he refused to sign a second long-term contract with the studio, for instance.

Folks shook their head and said, *"Zany!"* It's a terrific gamble to free-lance. Only a few top-flight stars dare to do it, and Cary wasn't top-flight then.

"Oh well, I can always go back to doing my act on stilts," he'd grin at inquiring friends. "You're speaking to a new man. A free agent from now on."

The next report concerning Cary was that he had walked into the lead opposite Grace Moore. That was the start. Since then,—well, you've heard how Grant took Richmond? It was nothing compared to the way Grant took Hollywood: in "The Toast of New York"; as the irresistibly mad young man of "Topper"; in "The Awful Truth." He's still taking the town today—by way of Columbia's "Holiday." Producers are singeing each other's hair trying to get him. What that man can do with a screwed-up eyebrow and a line of snappy dialogue!

I found him on stage eleven over at RKO. On the floor with eight mechanical spiders. "Listen—" I began hurriedly.

"Sh," said Cary. "I'm racing 'em."

Katharine Hepburn came to peer over his shoulder. "Baby" was interested too—a little too interested. After all "Baby" may be the sweet thing Katy swears he is, but he's just a spotted leopard to me.

They were going to do a scene in jail—all three of them. Apparently that's part of the technique of "Bringing Up Baby." "My goodnesh," said a drunk staggering in, with the help of the law, to keep them company, "How did *you* get here?"

"Influence," said Cary hollowly.

"Cut!" roared the director, because the sound track was ruined anyway what w everybody roaring with laughter over the set. That line of Cary's had been in the script—but you can l your Easter bonnet they kept it in.

Later, in his stage dressing roo which Katy had carefully inscrib "Grant's Tomb," he slithered that si feet-two of his into an armchair and marked, "The next part I do will serious." Casually, just like that, as he'd never built up fame and fortu as king of the screwballs.

"But that's the secret," he continu "You've got to keep turning. You got to show 'em you're versatile in t business or you're licked. You kn that time I saddled my burro and we out on the desert, I discovered qu a number of things out there. I said myself, 'Cary, my boy, what are you edgy about? Relax. Relax, but ke your hands on the reins.' That's wh I'm doing. And I'm going to get from under these screwy rôles befo they go out from under me." Yes, Ca is zany—like a fox.

OFF-THE-SCREEN Hollywood kno Cary pretty much as a carefree you man-about-town. But it's never hea this story on him. Not so long ago Ca invested in a slinky, fabulous-looki Cord car of special make. He likes f driving. He could skim a hundred that boat and it was the pride of his li Suddenly he turned it in and bough car of standard price, a car that is e actly like two million other cars. "I tired of it," he explained. "Too da much chromium and stuff." And let it go at th

But here is the real story which Randy Sco his pal who has shared a house with him years, told me. Cary sold the car because eve time he drew up for a stop sign he could see t expressions on the people standing at the cu Hungry, envious expressions. It wasn't hard read their thoughts. *My family could live a ye on what he paid for that . . . the food and clot ing it would buy* . . . And Cary remembered the times he had stood on street corners, t broke to buy a jitney hamburger, and watch expensive cars sweep past. Without more del

(Continued on page 9

THE KID SPEAKS HIS MIND ABOUT MARRIAGE

Maybe my ideas are a little old-fashioned," says Wayne Morris. But think he's got something here

KENT BAILEY

What about this "Young Love Blossoms on the Set" romance between Galahad and Priscilla Lane? "I can explain that," says Wayne

GET married?" exploded Wayne Morris. "Not me! Why, I've never even thought about it!"

dumped out my pocketful of newspaper ings on the table right next to Warner hers' very best Green Room luncheon sug-ions. "Well, a lot of other people have," I inded him. "Have a look."

id Galahad fingered the bunch of newsprint the famous Morris grin spread from ear to like an ivory necklace. There it all was: ung Love Blossoms On Movie Set"—"Wayne ris and Priscilla Lane Engaged"—"Kid had to Wed"—with screamers and stream-from the press. Full stories about the ro-tic young film couple and how they grew. ures, too.

ayne picked up one in his huge paws. He k his head and a lock of corn silk popped n over one eye. It was a shot of the Kid self gazing with soulful eyes at pretty little cilla Lane. He picked up another; it showed slipping a ring on her finger, the fatal fin-

can explain these," offered Wayne. ey're a cinch. Stills from our pictures. You w we got married in both of 'em."

hat sounded reasonable. The romance of ne Morris with Lola Lane's cute little baby r, Priscilla, had sparked and flamed, as ev-ne knew, on the set of "Love, Honor and ave." They got married—in the scenario—e. Then the same thing in "Men Are Such ls."

But if it's a phony," I protested, "why didn't give out a denial? I don't see any stories correcting a regrettable error."

ayne frowned a little and the corners of his th dropped. "Aw," he said, "what's the use hat? If you squawk it just stretches it out. best thing to do is forget about it.

Besides, it's not entirely phony. I mean, well, the fact is, you know—uh—I'm pretty crazy about Priscilla," he finally got it out. "She's a swell girl—but we're not going to get married. There's your denial for you. Now if you want the truth—"

"That's what I'm here for," I said.

Wayne Morris sighed and gulped a bracer of coffee.

He's a good-looking young giant, this Morris kid, I thought idly, as Wayne fortified himself with a mouthful of fodder. Knows his way around, too. He's caught on to Hollywood quicker than any youngster I've seen for a long time. He was still raw after "Kid Galahad," but he'd snapped onto his big chance like a bull terrier and now the town is his. In a few short months, too, if you believe the gossip columns,

(Continued on page 75)

IT'S ROMANCE AGAIN FOR

KAY FRANCIS

Lucky man in the case is Baron Eric Barnekow, blond forty-six-year German businessman — and definitely not "that" type of foreign nobleman

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Kay—Hollywood phenomenon—won't talk about herself; so one of her staunchest friends, the famous Elsa, does some fast talking for her

IT does not surprise me at all that Kay Francis should have met Baron Raven Eric Barnekow at the Beverly Hills home of that red-pepper-and-dynamite friend of mine, the one and only Countess Di Frasso. It has always been my contention that Dorothy Di Frasso moved from Rome to California for the purpose of replacing the Hollywood telephone book with the Almanach de Gotha . . .

All joking aside, Baron Raven Eric Barnekow is not "that" type of a foreign nobleman. His title is genuine and he actually works for his living. He is building planes, and he is making money. He is marrying Kay not because she made over two hundred thousand dollars last year, thus gaining the title of Warner Brothers' highest paid employee, but because he loves her. Who told me so? Dorothy Di Frasso, of course, than whom there is no shrewder person on earth.

The baron is forty-six. A stolid German, he cares nothing about night clubs and a great deal about his home life. He is exactly what Kay Francis needs. Not too young. Not too old. But old enough to know what should not be done.

Both he and Kay are to be congratulat Kay—because she tried four times before a deserves real happiness this time. He—becau he is marrying a veritable Hollywood phenomenon.

I call Kay Francis a veritable Hollywo phenomenon not because she is every bit s beautiful off the screen as she is on; not becau being a real lady, she does not have to be tau how to play one; not because she manages remain one of the highest paid performers a community where almost everybody ma one hundred thousand dollars a year for at le a couple of weeks; not because her ankles slim and her fan mail fat; not because her wa robe is extensive and her taste in clothes p fect; not because she feels equally at ease in cafeteria on the Warner Brothers lot and at Colony Restaurant in New York; not beca she counts some of the choicest inhabitants the Social Register and Burke's Peerage am her intimate friends; not because . . .

BUT what's the use? I could go on and on r ing about Kay, whereas the secret of her may described in a single sentence. She is a v itable Hollywood phenomenon because ne

She's every bit as beautiful off screen as on; she's one of the highest paid performers in Hollywood; she's equally at home in a cafeteria and a smart restaurant. But that's not why the Baron is lucky. The author gives that one reason in a single sentence

t for a split second, does she kid herself into lieving that she is the world's greatest star. d this, my friends, is rare indeed, in that part California where egos grow faster than anges and taller than palms.

In all my years of friendship with Kay I have ver heard her say, or even hint, that her emoyers should begin their day by thanking the mighty for having created Kay Francis. To e contrary, it is my distinct impression that e herself starts her day by thanking the Alighty for having created the motion-picture dustry. Not that she worships the screen or madly in love with her work. Far from it. iles and miles from it. She would just as soon ake straw hats or spring mattresses instead of ctures but it so happens that there is more oney for her in pictures.

Money? Is that all she cares about in Hollyood? It is. Exactly all . . .

Other stars may—and some actually do—care lot about their parts, their publicity, their fan ail, their gorgeous castles, their producers, ading men and boy friends; Kay cares only out money. Were she to stop making it toorrow she would be aboard an eastbound ain the day after.

Although imminently successful in Hollyood, Kay never "went Hollywood." She lives a modest house which no guide would bother show to a thrill-seeking tourist. She does t throw spectacular parties. She drives an expensive car. She loathes display. She is t a gambler. (She gave me a very severe cture once when I tried to raise the stakes in friendly game of poker. "I won't play," she id. "I work for my money and I would hate lose it just as much as I would hate to take urs.")

ORN of an excellent family and educated in exclusive private school, Kay had to go to ork while still a very young girl. She became ecretary to Juliana Cutting, that very indusious lady who discovered that while marriages might be made in heaven coming-out parties succeed—or flop—on earth. That Kay would not stay long with Miss Cutting was obvious to everyone. That one of those "eligible" young men would prefer Juliana's beautiful secretary to her homely clients was likewise foreordained.

It is in no ways surprising that she should have become engaged to Allan A. Ryan, Jr., the heir to the millions of old Thomas Fortune. Take a look at the pictures of Allan's first wife —the present Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart, and of his second wife, Eleanor Barry Ryan —and you will realize that a man with Allan's keen eye for beauty was bound to spot Kay in the darkness of Juliana's office. What kept Kay from becoming the first Mrs. Allan Ryan, Jr., I'll never know. I do know, however, that they are still friends and that Kay often goes out of her way to help and advise her former fiancé.

Some people thought it rather strange that he should have taken Kay to the Cotton Club in New York on the very eve of his marriage to Eleanor Barry but I wasn't even mildly surprised. Knowing both as I do, I understood that Allan simply had to talk it over with Kay.

She did marry into Society, however. Her second husband was William Gaston, an extremely handsome young man who later on was to marry the tragic Rosamond Pinchot. As marriages go, it was a brilliant match. Good looks and social position on both sides, plenty of beauty on Kay's side, enough of money on Gaston's side. Why didn't it last? Well, perhaps because there is such a thing as too brilliant a match.

Kay's third marriage lasted even less time than the second one. She married an actor this time, a grave mistake which no actress should commit but almost every one does. Not unlike Ryan and Gaston, Kenneth MacKenna possessed good looks. Not unlike Ryan and Gaston, Kenneth MacKenna loved to listen to Kay's advice. And again not unlike Ryan and Gaston, Kenneth MacKenna walked out of Kay's life while they were still friends.

I know nothing about Kay's fourth husband. She must have thought she loved him, otherwise she would not have married him. When she divorced him, everybody said: "She'll never marry again." I wondered . . . I had to, because just then I thought she was displaying more than a casual interest in our mutual friend Maurice Chevalier.

A few years passed. One summer I invited Kay to come and play with me on the French Riviera, where Maurice invariably spends his summers. She came and she had the opportunity of observing Maurice on his home grounds. She saw a different man from the one she used to know in Hollywood. There was nothing of a matinée idol or a romantic lover about the thrifty shrewd monsieur who presided at the dinner table, over the gathering of his numerous relatives—men, women and children who seemed to care very little about glamour but a great deal about another helping of roasted spring lamb. That was that. Back to America went Kay, carrying with her the memory of a deliciously cooked meal.

TREMENDOUSLY popular among her friends —most of them New Yorkers and people of social standing—Kay is not exactly a goddess in the estimation of autograph collectors, sob sisters and candid camera fiends. Peculiar? Not at all. Her friends adore her because of her loyalty to them. While the others . . . well, they cannot understand and refuse to believe that a star can actually insist on being left to herself the moment she concludes a day's work at the studio.

And this is exactly what Kay insists on. Her argument runs as follows: there is no fundamental difference between a motion-picture actress and, let us say, a seamstress. Both get paid for the work they are doing, according to their ability and the law of supply and demand. So why expect a motion-picture actress to do what a seamstress wouldn't dream of doing—continue working after hours? Were Kay an exhibitionist or a publicity hound, she would probably enjoy being bothered by reporters and columnists who want to know what she thinks of Life, Love and Sex. But she is not an exhibitionist. Neither is she a publicity hound. She confesses readily and frankly that she has been able to maintain her position in the industry for so long mainly because she never attempted to reach "the very top" or become "the Greatest Star in the World."

This sounds paradoxical but it isn't. You can count on the fingers of your right hand those who were able to reach "the very top" and remain there for more than five or six years; but

(Continued on page 71)

FORBIDDEN GREAT LOVE

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

AS I write this untold love story of Hollywood, I hope that among those who read it will be one particular woman and that she alone will recognize it. Her married life has been haunted by ghosts—ghosts of her husband's old love affair, of the girl he once adored. But they are ghosts of a girl who never really existed and of a love affair that never really happened, as you will see. If she could see that, the little sadness which has cast a shadow from the past over her happiness might fade away, for all women know that shadows from the past are not pleasant house guests.

* * *

This is a story that could have happened only in Hollywood because the girl was a movie star. Being a movie star was more important to her than anything else in the world.

In those days, not so very long ago, beauty, alone, was enough to make a movie star and this girl—we'll call her Rosalie because I don't remember a movie star named Rosalie—had a dazzling radiance of beauty. The poet who wrote, "There is a garden in her face," might have visioned her. Young and fair was Rosalie and on the screen there was something luminous and shining about her that stirred pure romance in the hearts of those who saw her smile.

VERY often, men and women are different from their faces, and then strange things come to pass. Sometimes a man with a funny face has the delicacy of an artist—a woman with the face of a wanton has a mother heart—the big, burly guy with the bulldog jaw is flooded with gentle friendliness, and honest blue eyes are the windows of a mean and chiseling soul. These things are manifestly unfair and drama results.

Rosalie looked like an angel. She was the embodiment of every man's first sweetheart as he conceived her in his own innocence and long-

"Evil Goddess," the story of Rosalie, whom all men worshiped, is a strange compound of passion and tragedy. Second in a noted series

ing. Her lashes made shadows on her cheek and there were two small dimples in the left hand corner of her mouth and her hair grew i ringlets at the back of her slim neck.

Nothing there to let you know that Rosali was clever beyond most women, and shrewd a a pawnbroker, and ruthlessly determined.

She was Hollywood's "good girl." Devoted t her mother. Never had the slightest breath c scandal touched her name. She had never eve married. There wasn't the smallest smudg upon the white robes of her reputation.

That was because Rosalie was very smart in deed. She looked into her mirror a great man times every day and recognized to an eve greater degree than her producer or her pres agent just what sort of a girl the public expecte to go with that angelic face. So that was th kind of a girl she was—most of the time. Whe she wasn't, she was discreet and careful an walked softly.

Every character has a mainspring, I suppos The mainspring of Rosalie's was ambition. N greed—she was enormously generous—the rôl of Lady Bountiful became her and she was fa mous for her charities. Her disposition wa

F HOLLYWOOD

wise famous. "I've never seen Rosalie cross out of temper," her friends said, in awed es. "She never says an unkind word about body. She's really an angel."

he fact of the matter was that she never said thing unkind about people because she n't sufficiently interested to think that much ut them, nor sufficiently aware of their exis- e to regard them as important.

he was a small queen in her own world— red by her mother and aunts and several sins who served as ladies in waiting. She the center of her own universe and she was er shy and modest about it, really, but she pted it as naturally as we accept the fact the earth is round. Her disposition was et when she got her own way. She always

hen she was under twenty, Rosalie achieved ambition to become a movie star and from e on her ambition was to keep on being a er and bigger movie star—idolized, wor- ed, spotlighted, and revered.

len played an important part in Rosalie's life. t of them were worshipers. Their favorite e for her often was "goddess." Sometimes came down from her pedestal to play among mortals but she did it cleverly, discreetly, with perfect finesse. Very few people knew ut it. She realized that her success at this e she was playing depended upon picking your men carefully—and she was a careful girl. Besides, she had an amazing ability to awaken the maternal in other women. Her women friends were legion and loyal and they formed a bodyguard which, when necessary, made her practically invisible. Occasionally they took a fall for her, but they didn't mind in the slightest because a little fall didn't hurt them but it would be fatal to Rosalie.

THEN, at almost the same time, Rosalie met two men and fell in love. And she fell in love with the wrong man. For the first time in her life she lost her head and forgot that the fall from a pedestal is as far as from the top of the Empire State Building and that pure white robes soil easiest.

She fell in love with the wrong man but she became engaged to the right one.

It came about in this fashion: there was Mac Simons. And there was Barry Hayes.

You would remember both men well if I gave you their real names. Of course, you would remember a great deal more about Mac if you happened to be air-minded. Mac was a pilot for one of the big pioneer air lines whose name is now familiar to all the world.

He was a great flyer . . . and handsome

(Continued on page 81)

Barry spoke furiously, "There doesn't seem to be any way out." "Yes," said Rosalie, "there is."

Mac met Rosalie at a tea on one of his flights West. When he saw her he knew immediately that, as far as he was concerned, she was the only girl for him

DRAWINGS BY
WALLACE MORGAN

PHOTOPLAY'S GOLD MEDAL WINNER

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"

WE are proudly sure that the applause which swept over PHOTOPLAY'S editorial office when the last vote for THE BEST PICTURE OF 1937 was counted will be echoed by our thousands of readers when we announce that our annual award for distinguished merit has been won by "Captains Courageous."

In a year of notable films, this tender, dramatic tale of a spoiled boy's regeneration by a sagacious, two-fisted, highhearted Portuguese fisherman stands supreme. It is practically a perfect picture, and, as you know, has been on every critic's list of the ten best pictures of the year.

PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal is always presented to the studio which produced the winning picture, so this year it will go to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Our publisher himself, Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, has graciously consented to make the presentation. He will fly out to Hollywood in his own plane to speak at the ceremonies on Thursday Evening, April 14th over M-G-M's "Good News of 1938" radio program sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee. Some of the most brilliant names in the motion-picture business will be heard on this hour-long program over the Red network of NBC. During the broadcast, Mr. Macfadden, reversing the usual editorial procedure, will be interviewed by Freddie Bartholomew, one of the stars of "Captains Courageous." A scene from the picture will also be acted over the air. We are sure that not one of our readers will want to miss such an outstandingly interesting event. tune in on your radio Thursday evening, A 14th at nine P.M., Eastern Standard time.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are to be congra lated for their courage in contemplating such expensive production (it cost well over $1,000,000); for the outstanding direction of t veteran, Victor Fleming; for the masterly n rine sequences of James Havens (whose cam crew went East to Gloucester, bought a tw masted schooner and sailed her back thro the Panama Canal, to screen the amazing r between the rival vessels); for the exceptio photography of Hal Rosson. Credit must also given to the trio of well-known writers w scripted the film, John Lee Mahin, Marc C nelly and Dale Van Every, and to the spe musical score of Franz Waxman.

First and foremost, of course, when you th of "Captains Courageous," you remember superb acting of Freddie Bartholomew, Spen Tracy and the large cast, but, whether you w interested in boats or humans, you applau the technical perfection of both. It was a d cult picture and took well over a year to ma The scene you recall which showed the schoo going over and over in the trough of the until it seemed as though her masts wo surely carry her under was not faked; it photographed in a raging storm off Cape S Lucas. Most of the other scenes were shot n Catalina. The second boat, the *Jennie Cushr* of the film, was really the *Mariner,* which been rebuilt as a racing yacht by John Bar more and holds the speed record from Honol to the mainland.

You know Rudyard Kipling's simple st the imperious and detestable brat, toppling f the rail of a palatial liner, is picked up by fish men off the Grand Banks in the cold N Atlantic. The crew of the good ship W *Here,* assisted by the dignity of labor and majesty of the sea, give the boy the spirit man.

To Spencer Tracy as *Manuel,* the fighter fish, the fisher for souls, powerful in his s plicity, lovable, brave and tragic, go h honors. You know, of course, that for his m nificent acting in this rôle, he received Award of the Motion Picture Arts and Scie for "the best performance of 1937." As Freddie Bartholomew—no youngster could h been more appealing. The poignancy of scene in which he sees his gallant friend, *M uel,* crushed to death in the sea by a fal mast, will remain a brilliant bit of screen dr for all time.

The rest of the cast must be mentio warmly for their rare performances; Li Barrymore as the wise old *Captain Disko;* M vyn Douglas as Freddie's bewildered fat John Carradine as saturnine *Long Jack;* Mic Rooney as *Dan,* the cabin boy, all brought K ling's well-known characters to vivid life.

We wish to thank all our readers for t overwhelming interest in this year's vot Many other fine pictures ran "Captains Co geous" a good race. "Maytime," "Lost H zon," "A Star is Born," "Stella Dallas," "S at Sea," "100 Men and a Girl," "Stage Doo all had their devoted champions.

We are very happy indeed to add "Capt Courageous," a thrilling, majestic and m orable screen play, to the list of PHOTOPL Gold Medal Winners!

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1920 HUMORESQUE
1921 TOL'ABLE DAVID
1922 ROBIN HOOD
1923 THE COVERED WAGON
1924 ABRAHAM LINCOLN
1925 THE BIG PARADE
1926 BEAU GESTE
1927 7TH HEAVEN
1928 FOUR SONS
1929 DISRAELI
1930 ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT
1931 CIMARRON
1932 SMILIN' THROUGH
1933 LITTLE WOMEN
1934 BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET
1935 NAUGHTY MARIETTA
1936 SAN FRANCISCO

When "Captains Courageous" was reviewed in Photoplay last June, we said, "For a great emotional experience and sheer entertainment, see this." We are proud our judgment was so right. Spencer Tracy and Freddie Bartholomew have another treat in store for you on the night of April 14th. Be sure to turn on your radio!

The CAMERA Speaks

N THIS AND THE
WING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
GS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT
S PICTORIAL BEST

An exposé of ummph by that comedienne par excellence, Joan Blondell, with Melvyn Douglas as a nonchalant bystander. From "There's Always a Woman," Columbia's contribution to the cinematic annual

...Wyler, director of "Jezebel," rides a motorcycle because they took away his motor car license...Di... a handyman...Willie

...There's a piano store built in the shape of a pian...

...West has the smallest, according to Perc Westmore. Shirley Temple has the largest head and Mae West ...

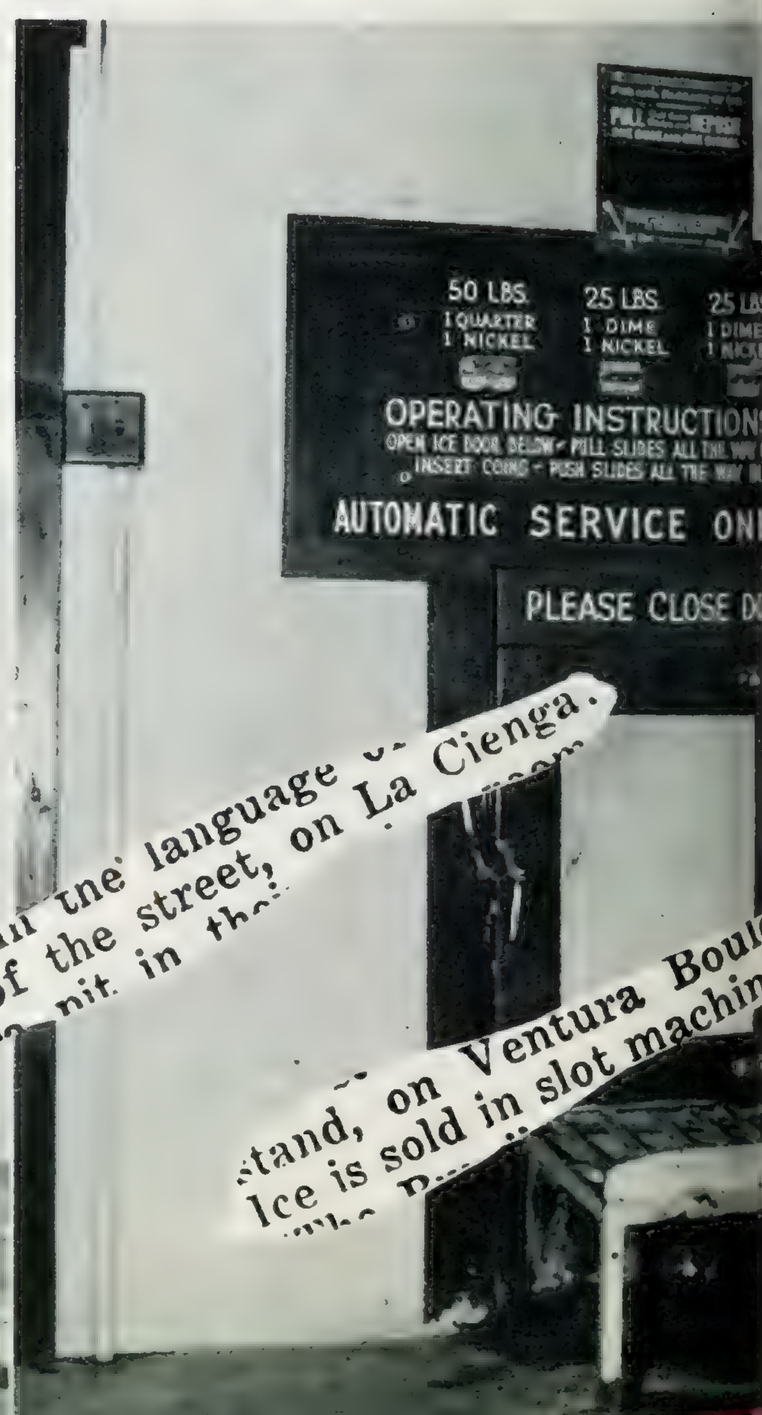
Winchell's HOLL

Orchids to Photoplay, we say, for our pictorial check-up on these items the king of columnists printed about our Alma Mater, Filmtown

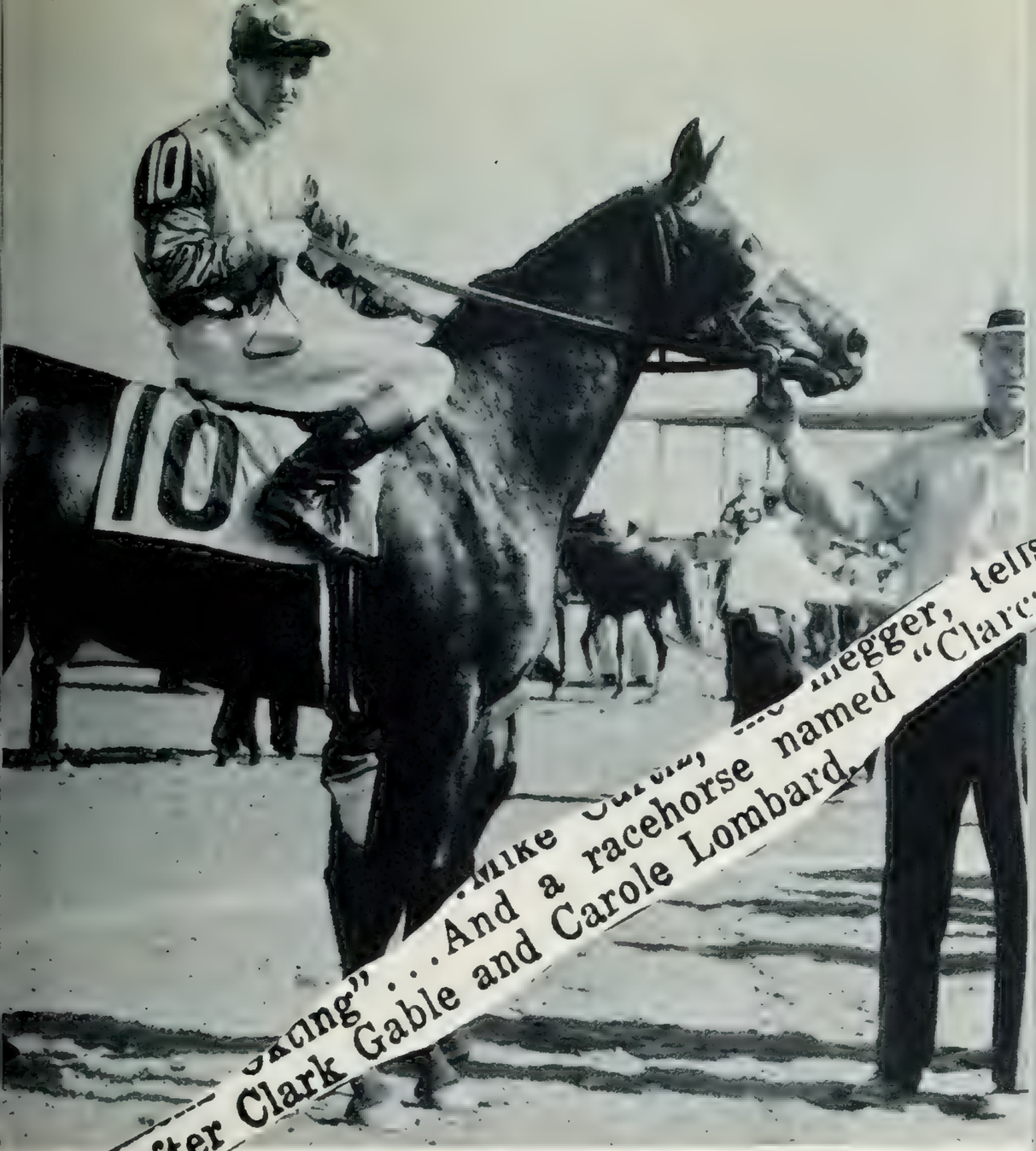
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

...Mrs. Tay Garnett, frau of the director, is mobbed, whenever she goes shopping, by fans who mistake her for Dietrich.

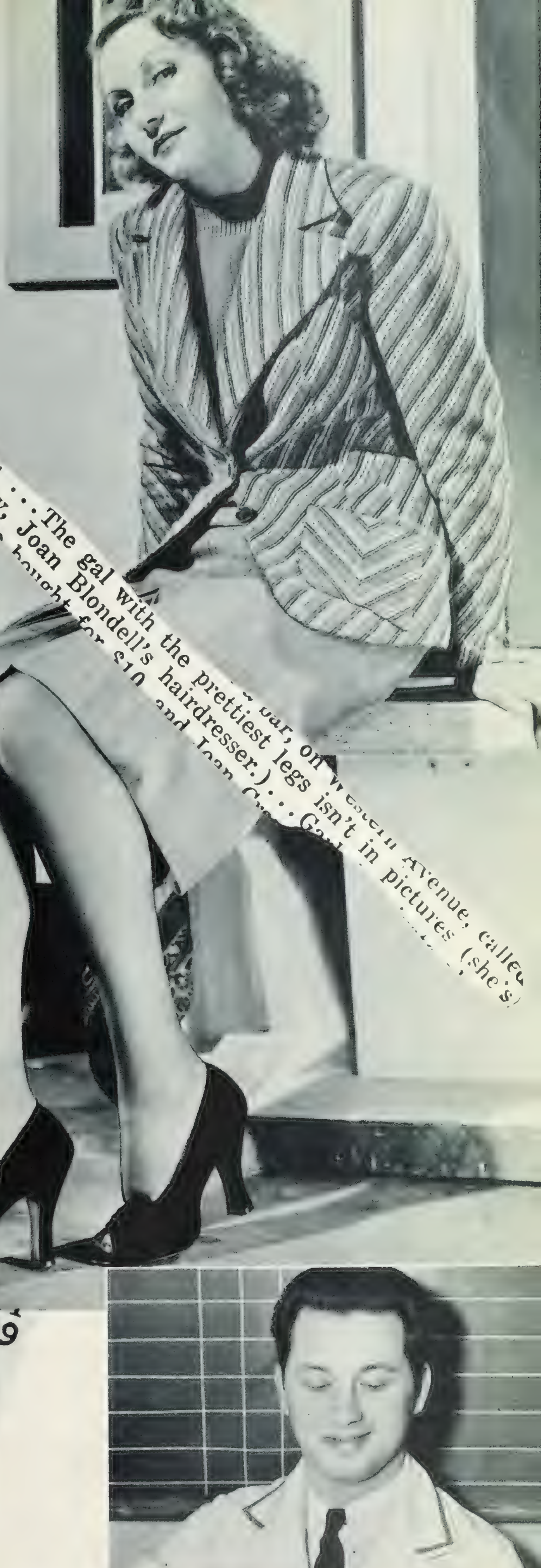
There are oil wells in the middle of the street, on La Cienga. Basil Rathbones have ... communicate with each other in the language of the ...



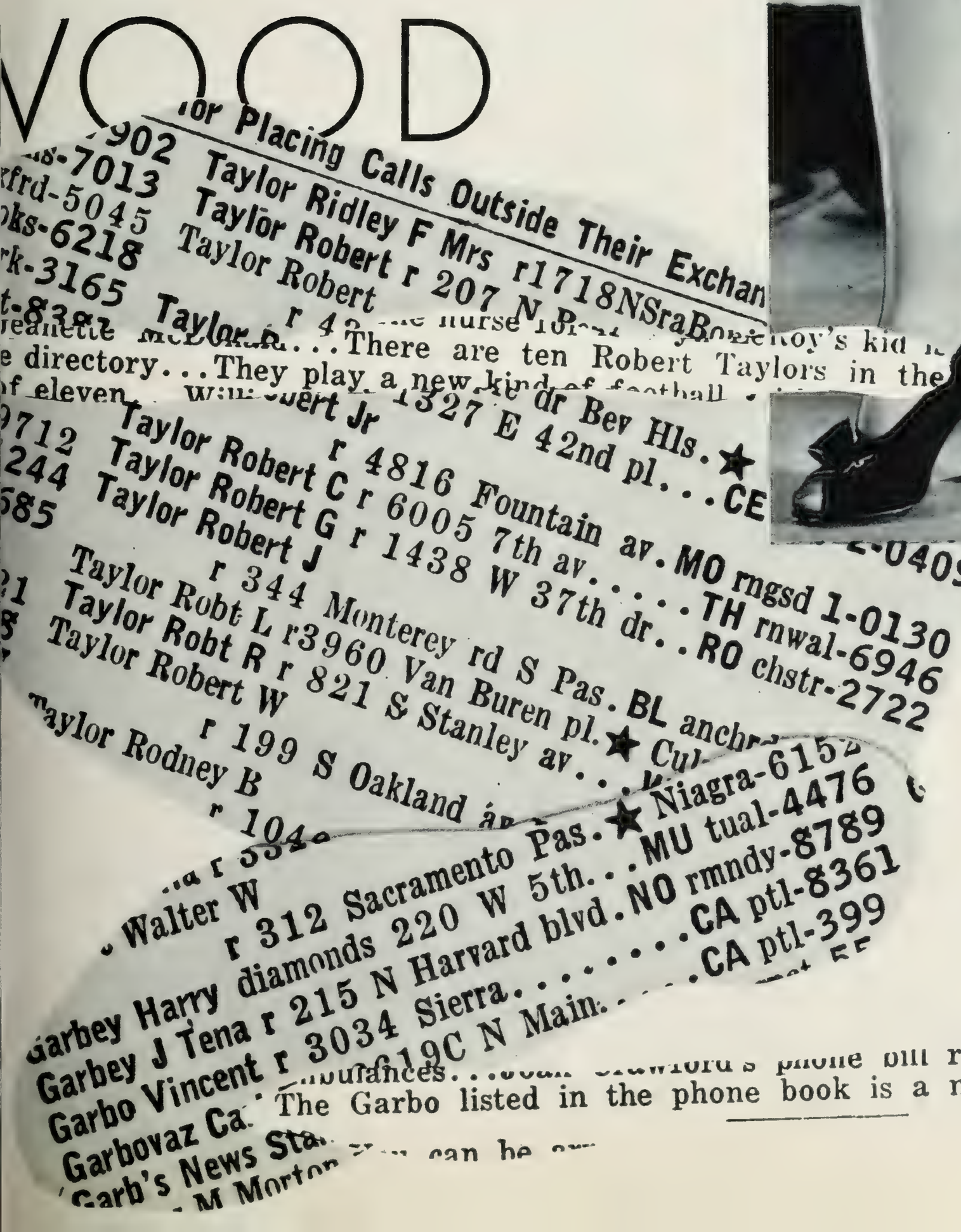
...stand, on Ventura Boul... Ice is sold in slot machines. ...



...Mike Jarvis, ... megger, tells in ...
...ing" ...And a racehorse named "Clarcarole"
...stened after Clark Gable and Carole Lombard.

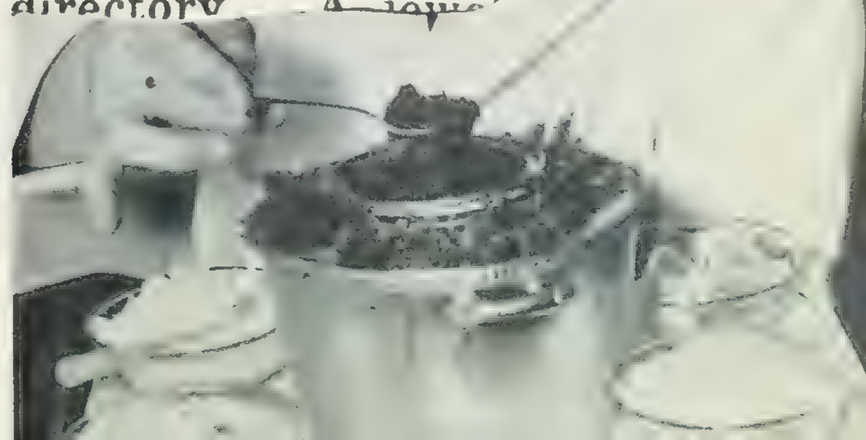


...The gal with the prettiest legs isn't in ...
Ruth Pursley, Joan Blondell's hairdresser.) ...Gar... in pictures (she's ...
...bought for $10 and Joan Cr...



...ambulances...Joan Crawford's phone bill runs ...
The Garbo listed in the phone book is a man!
...can be ...

...well has a bookcase in the ba...
The caviar shown in films is buckshot.
...directory. A jewel...



LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

...IN SWING TIME

A stepped-up version of a theme that is eternal, done in the rhythm of 1938 and in the mood of the moment, by Gene Raymond and Olympe Bradna. Their "Stolen Heaven" forms a new pattern of the gay romance of youth: unsophisticated love in a sophisticated setting

...IN WALTZ TIME

But there are those who care for the old tempo more. To them, then, is dedicated this scene from "Fools for Scandal," an interpretation by Carole Lombard and Fernand Gravet of love in reverie

THE *Kiss*

A brief but burning history of that great movie symbol— the time-honored "clinch"

"The Kiss," by Rodin. Luxembourg Museum, Paris

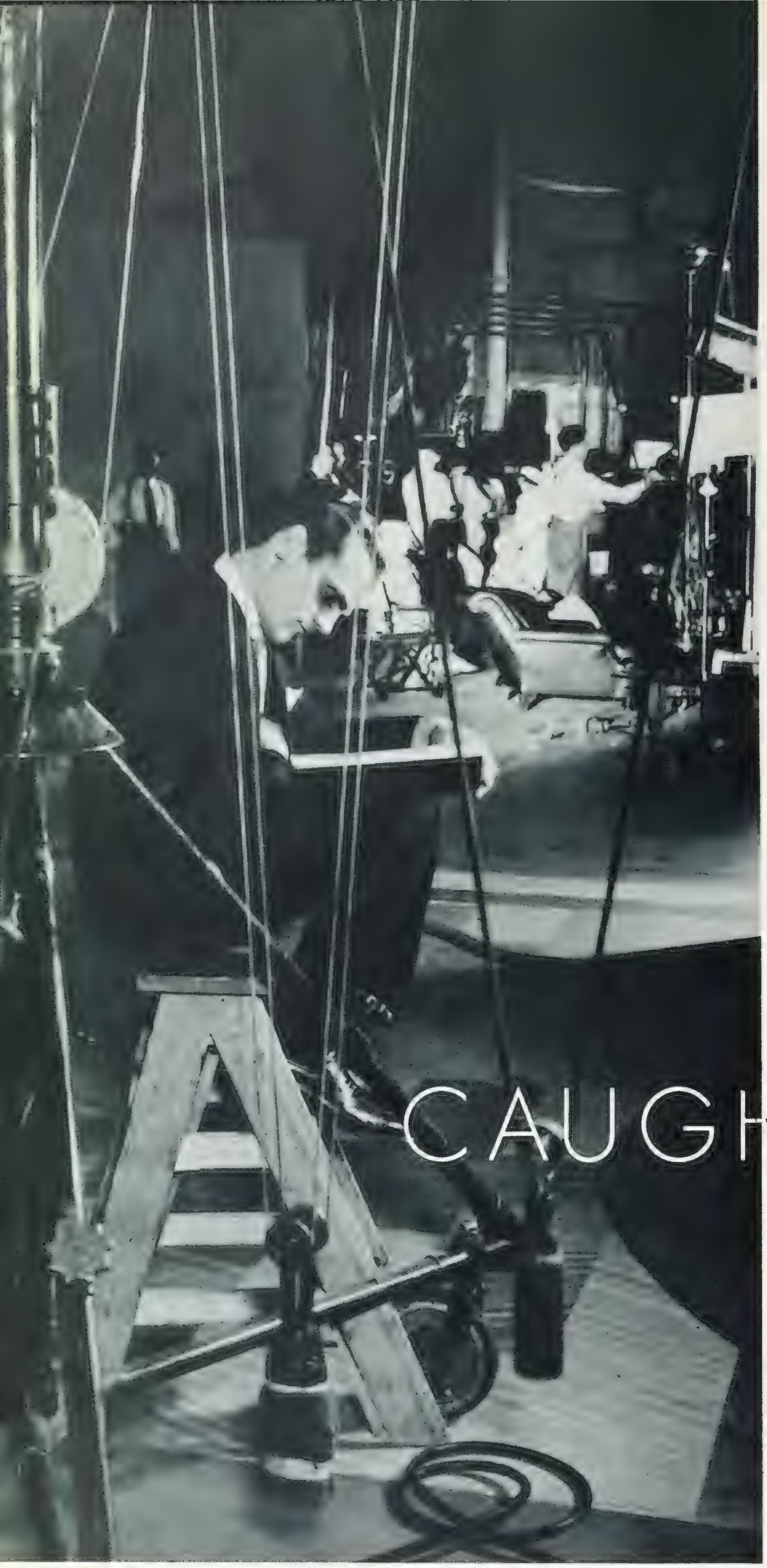
Influence of war hysteria (1918). heroine (Lillian Gish) abandons freely to hero Bobby Harron and

Came the boudoir era, exemplified by Conrad Nagel and Aileen Pringle (right) and Garbo and Gilbert (below). The horizontal method, plus roses and demon liquor, made kiss history; sent the fans' temperature up; produced the "stand up" edict of today

legitimate love, pure and simple, with benefit of wedring (wide). James Murray and Eleanor Boardman

And, in those two poses (top right and far right), we have "reel" romance—in more ways than one. John Barrymore and Dolores Costello were married three days after this enthusiastic take; as for Gable and Lombard —well, that's been going on for years now

Today — the standard caress (left), as approved by every husband and wife in America: Mr. "Thin Man" kisses his wife, and married love triumphs. Yes, 'tis true the kiss has changed in style — or has it!

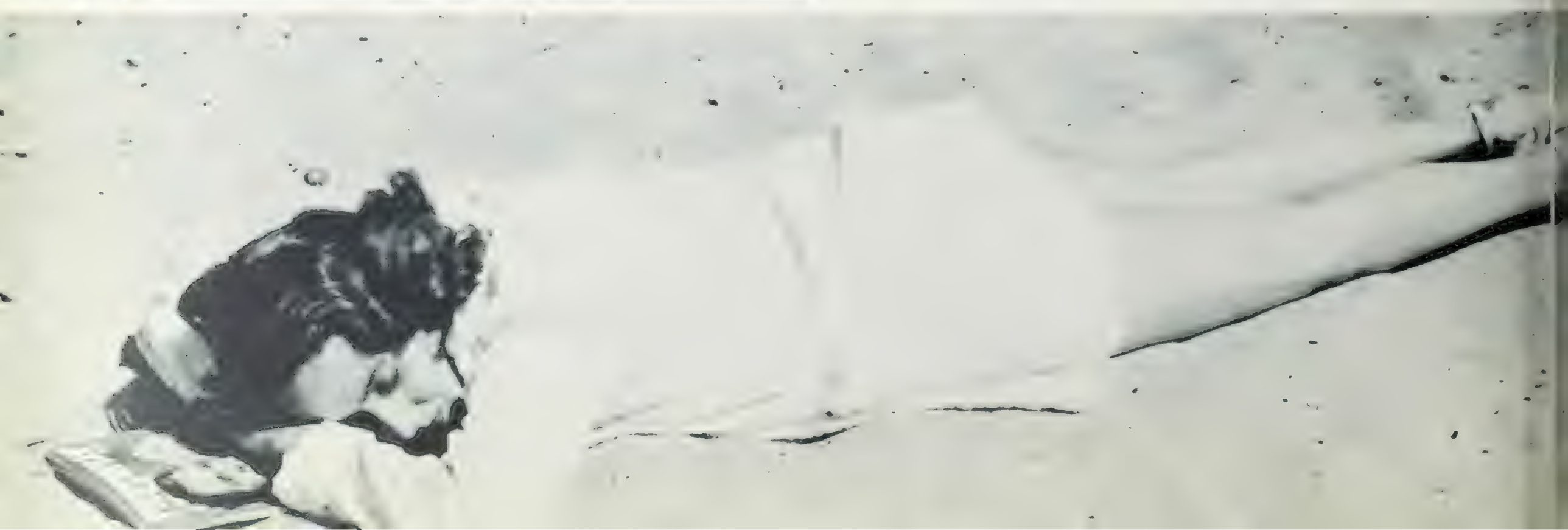


Picture of what happens after an actor hears that final, "It's in the can." Victor Moore, having finished RKO's "She's Got Everything," slides gently into the arms of Morpheus at Palm Springs

CAUGHT NAPPING

Left: the dynamic Mr. James Cagney stealing forty winks. The strain of being back in the harness again for "Boy Meets Girl" seems to be getting him down

It's the hour, not the company—but definitely—that has Merle Oberon laid out horizontally on the sands. For the hour is "time out" between "Over the Moon" takes; the company is Photoplay



Sleepy Time Gal, hy Lamour, who, off, cools off, too, the torrid romance der Jungle Love"

a Mae Jones (first), completely worn the tremendous ad- es of Selznick's "Tom r," just gives up

reverie: that villain e "Tovarich" set, Rathbone (top right), nanages to be smooth he's sound asleep

ully unconscious of two busy bees, Dir- Hawks and Katharine urn, Cary Grant im- s each shining hour spare time on the ging Up Baby" set the joys of slumber

1 This was Harry Lillis Crosby ("Bingo" to his pals) at 16. Misled by his serious expression, his parents sent him to Gonzaga College, where . . .

2 . . . instead of absorbing law, he organized a band; met Paul Whiteman, who took him to Hollywood as a "rhythm boy" (above)

3 About the same time, little Dixie L ex-chorus girl, came West to put o some hot songs for Fox Movietone .

4 . . . who publicized her thus. Bing, now a crooner at the Grove, and a featured player in shorts, saw her picture; thought her a cute little piece; dated her once, twice—"I Surrender Dear" . . .

5 . . . and presto, in 1930, Dixie Lee became the wife of Bing Crosby, Paramount songster. In due time, of course . . .

TRUE HOLLYWOOD LOVE STORY

e Gary Evan Crosby, who responded to his adoring parents' devo- exhibiting a tendency to cry every time he heard his father sing

7 With increase of salary (by 1934, Bing was a star), came increase of family—twins this time, and, believe me, did Bing start to figure!

instigated the Crosby hous- blem. This ranch was elected best site to stake a claim

in 1937 (just for the cam- n's sake), a famous family in Dawned 1938 and a four-star dition, Howard Lindsay, ar- And thus ends the saga of osbys—long may they reign!

"Mr. and Mrs."

ff is passé? Well,

k here, you cynics!

CTURES

DEANNA DURBIN

A Jenny Lind on roller skates, this self-contained young lady has startled Hollywood by her rare combination of genius and normalcy. Born a Canadian, she first entered public life at the age of one, when she was named the loudest crying baby at Winnipeg's state fair; fifteen years later, the same vocal powers brought her world-wide fame. A non-committal person, she foregoes giggles and glamour, small talk and temperament

VIRGINIA B

Champion title holder of filmtown is Virginia Bruc
among the prettiest women, the happiest wives, t
mothers. This all came about quite naturally—by re
her beauty; her recent marriage to J. Walter Rub
competent upbringing of five-year-old Susan. A s
naïve person, she has accepted with ease her success
First Hundred Years"; her trio of titles with comparat

FAMOUS SONS AND DAUGHTE

1

3

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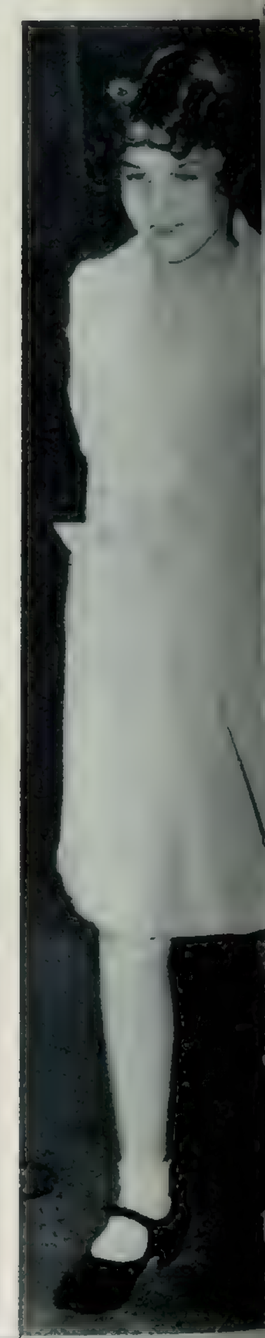
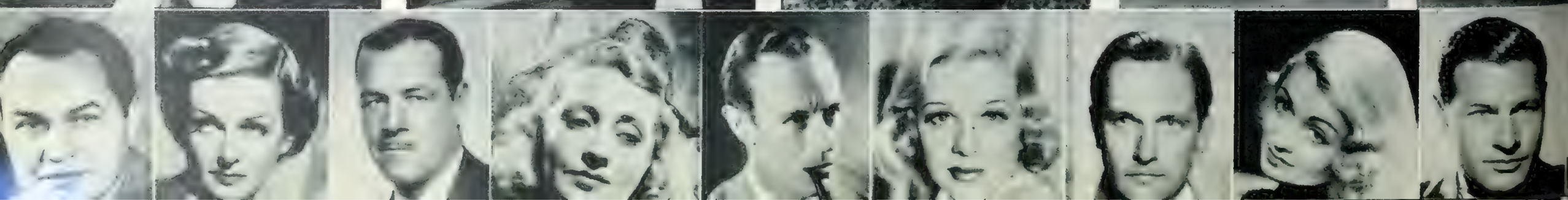
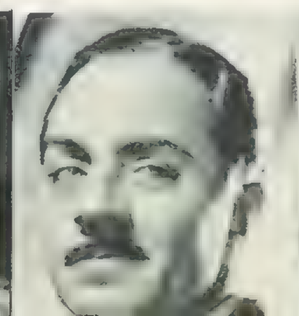




to whom do They Belong?

For each son and daughter, there is a fond parent in the row of stars below. Try matching them up, then check on page 81



Easter

BONNETS

She's versatile — is song-and-dance girl Penny Singleton (right), for she writes nursery rhymes (and gets them published, too!); a New Dealer, for she calls Jim Farley uncle; persistent, for she's spent eight years earning the title of "newcomer." Her next picture? "Men Are Such Fools"

Another smart girl in another smart bonnet is Columbia's Joan Perry. Born to be a "lady" in Pensacola, Florida, she soon showed herself a woman with a mind of her own; embarked upon a career as a photographer's model, which course led her straight to Hollywood. Known as the Flashlighter's Starlet, since she photographs so perfectly, she takes her film work seriously, is never late upon the set. In short, the title of her new film, "Start Cheering," rings true for her

In the public eye, yes, but Bob and Barbara have eyes for no one but each other

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Good to the last word is the keyhole account of the latest prattle and pranks of Sunset Strip's gay society

Behold—the Bridegroom

GENE RAYMOND has changed his personality. His golden hair has now become a dark brown. His waves have given way to straight hair. His cocky walk has become a businesslike stride.

Jeanette MacDonald (Mrs. Raymond) declares it's only for picture purposes, but friends urge the actor to make the change a permanent one.

It does that certain something to Gene.

Mistaken Identity of a Kiss

A THOUSAND fans crowded the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater to watch Deanna Durbin place her footsteps in the cement blocks of the forecourt along with the footprints of Hollywood's greatest.

"I predict Deanna will be the greatest singing star the screen has known," showman Sid Grauman broadcasted during the ceremony.

High above on a constructed platform a small, middle-aged man stood and looked down on the scene. A cameraman standing by glanced at the little man several times.

"Some kid, eh?" he said.

Just then Deanna raised misty blue eyes to the man on the platform above and gently waved him a kiss. The cameraman looked startled. "Hey, was that for me or you?" he asked.

"I think," the man said quietly, "it was for me. You see, I'm her father."

The cameraman opened and shut his mouth twice. "Well, I'm darned," he observed. "That's the first movie star I ever knew that had a father around. Gee, I guess the old place is changing on me."

Use Your Own Judgment

JOAN CRAWFORD will divorce Franchot Tone.

Gossip sheets flung the familiar old story to the breezes again this month with rumors and "I-told-you-sos" going the rounds.

A friend, wishing to verify the item but without offense, phoned Joan the morning the item appeared in print.

"What are you doing?" he began, trying to appear very casual.

"Oh, I'm squeezing icing on a birthday cake," Joan laughed. "Icing bags always fascinate me."

"Is it somebody's birthday?" the friend asked.

"Yes, it's Butch (Cesar) Romero's. Franchot and I are giving him a birthday dinner. Come on over and help us lick the icing pan. The cook always leaves some over."

"Well," said the friend, afterwards, "there goes your divorce story up in smoke."

But Hollywood is still hard to convince. "Remember how Joan denied her intentions to divorce Doug, Jr.? There couldn't be all this smoke without some fire."

And thus the latest Hollywood divorce rumor stands.

Over Went Mickey

"YAW, yaw, Mickey Rooney fainted, Mickey Rooney fainted."

It's the taunt of the Hollywood kids these days and the worst of it is, it's true. Hard-boiled Mickey in a ladylike swoon is hard to imagine but wait, maybe you'd have fainted, too.

It seems Mickey loaned two dollars from his weekly allowance to a friend to bet at Santa Anita. That two dollars just won $673. The news was too much. Over went Mickey.

Concerning John Gilbert's Daughter

VIRGINIA BRUCE and her new hubby, J. Walter Ruben, have reached an important decision concerning the future of Virginia's little daughter by the late John Gilbert. The child will not, come what may, be adopted by Ruben as his legal charge and heir. Miss Bruce wants the child to retain the name of Gilbert, and

Romance in the making: on her first date, Deanna Durbin attends "Tom Sawyer" with Jackie Moran, who's already learned that a corsage is a big item in wooing a fair lady

since John, her father, left a trust fund sufficient to care for the child's future needs, neither Virginia nor Ruben considers it fair to the girl to allow Virginia's recent marriage to raise conflicting legal problems over the child's heritage.

The New Norma Shearer

THEY speak of her in Hollywood as the "new Norma Shearer" and explain that by "new" they mean the actress who has become more woman than actress, even in the midst of a busy motion-picture set.

Undoubtedly, one needs only to look at Norma today to see how her deep sorrow has softened and molded her anew. Her beauty has never been so pronounced. She glows with an inner radiance that shines from her eyes. On the set, she has an ever-ready smile for Director Van Dyke's ready quips. Between takes she'll rush over to greet Clark Gable or some other friend who comes a-visiting to the "Marie Antoinette" set.

It's no trouble between scenes to display her elaborately beautiful costumes to visiting writers.

But the graciousness of Shearer is personified most of all in that daily checker game. Just how it began even Norma isn't sure, but one day she found herself at a checker board on the set with several extras and since then i has become a daily event, with the extras vyin for the chance to become Norma's partner.

"Nothing will ever down Norma in this life, a noted actress who had stolen onto the se remarked. "We thought her a pretty swell per son back in the old days before Irving Thal berg's death. But here she is, rising above blow that would have shattered most of us, blow dealt not only at her private life but als her professional one—and look at her.

"More womanly, more beautiful, more kindl than ever."

Romance fever heat: even the quips of David O. Selznick and Norman Taurog can't seem to divert the attention of Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor from each other

Romance enduring: four years of marriage find the Fred Astaires still "that way" about each other—but definitely—and still one of the more stunning twosomes

Smooth Shylocks

LUCKY break, we calls it, when the extras o the "Joy of Living" set had to clamor for th autographs of Irene Dunne and Douglas Fair banks, Jr. for a scene before the camera. Afte the day's work, the extras took the hurriedl scribbled autographs, given during the scen and sold them to fans for a neat twenty-fiv cents apiece.

Was there rejoicing among the extra rank that night! And a joyful gathering togethe at the near-by beanery!

The High Hat "Kid"

WAYNE MORRIS is one Hollywood actor wh doesn't have to worry about getting too man "dress suit" rôles. He looks—but terrible—i a high hat and tails. Just the same, Wayne ha been elevated to stardom in the new star ratin of his studio. He will have to wear "tails," too but they will be on his coonskin hat. The titl rôle in "Kit Carson," his first starring venture will demand it.

Ho-hum, Here's One on Muni

BY the time you read this, Paul Muni will b returning to Hollywood to plan new screen con quests. But, as we go to press, we can't hel chuckling at the latest reports of the vacation ing actor.

Right now, he's on his way to Monte Carl When he arrives in that famous spot, we lear that he has a "system" up his sleeve with whic he hopes to dent, if not cripple outright, th famous gaming bank of that resort. Ho-hum we've heard that one before! Better forge such pastimes, Paul Muni, and return to you much easier routine of earning Academy award in the movies.

Uxtra—All About Scarlett

WE hope that by the time you read this yo will know more about the casting plans fo "Gone With The Wind" than Hollywood does a present.

However, the latest moves seem to indicat that Fredric March is a sure bet for "Rhett with Katharine Hepburn nominated as the luck "Scarlett." But then, of course, Clark Gabl and Paulette Goddard are also rumored "in th running"—*STILL!*

A Man—and His Dog

WE'VE always respected Humphrey Bogart' artistry in portraying the cynical, tough-gu rôles he takes on the screen. But don't le them fool you. Bogart is one of the most sen sitive souls in Hollywood. For example, hi champion sealyham dog died the other day and Humphrey not only hung a small blac crepe on his front door in honor of the anima but had him buried in an all-steel vault in hi back yard.

Hedy La Marr, the "Ecstasy Girl," Reginald Gardiner and Paulette Goddard wind up at the Troc

HOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

usinessman Bartholomew

REDDIE BARTHOLOMEW has gone into usiness. His family troubles, aired and reired in court, seem to be at an end with the ourt's ultimatum that Freddie need no longer upport his family in England.

With that load off his chest, Freddie is now ree to devote himself to his new printing busiess. With a printing press installed in his ome, the actor is now open to orders. Orders or calling or business cards are being solicited mong his friends and at the studio at a fixed rice of five cents a dozen. Of course, when istakes happen, as they did when Spencer racy's calling cards came out with the Tracy pside down, there is a marked reduction. The ob lot went to Tracy at exactly half price.

Neighborhood kids are given a drastic reducion on handbills announcing all sports events.

"It's all very thrilling," Freddie says. "I hope o be able to print notices for Mickey Rooney's rchestra openings. As soon as he gets any."

Night Club Cut-Uppery

HEY sat across the room at the Trocadero grill; Joan Crawford in her new coal scuttle bonnet and Bill Fields with his spectacles perched atop his petunia-colored nose.

Joan gazed and gazed and then, hastily scribbling a note (a mash note from Joan Crawford, remember), sent it over to the fascinating Mr. Fields.

"Dear Mr. Fields," it read, "I must tell you how much I enjoy your work on the screen and thank you for the pleasure your work has given me. Joan".

Much peering through spectacles by Bill—and then, rising gallantly, the comedian executed as neat a bow from the waist as any Romeo and, with a wafted kiss to "My little potato bug," he sat down again.

(Continued on page 68)

Another trio spends an evening at the Victor Hugo—Claire Owen, John Howard and the blonde beauty from Budapest, Ilona Massey, of whom you'll read on p. 10

THE SHADOW SHOW

A Review of the New Pictures

★ **THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1938—Paramount**

OFFERING a wide diversity of entertainment, this elaborate vaudeville serves to bring back W. C. Fields to the screen after a two years' absence. It also introduces Bob Hope, whose sentimental heart throb, "Thanks for the Memory," sung with Shirley Ross is, next to Fields' sidesplitting golf routine, a highlight of the film.

Presented for the first time on any screen is the grand opera star, Kirsten Flagstad, who wins tremendous applause for her incomparable singing of Brunhild's Battle Cry from "The Valkyrie." Tito Guizar makes a hit with his Spanish ballads and Shep Fields' music deserves bouquets. There is little plot: two ships set out to race across the Atlantic. Among the passengers are Dorothy Lamour, Leif Erikson, Martha Raye and Ben Blue.

★ **THE BARONESS AND THE BUTLER—20th Century-Fox**

BILL POWELL'S first production since his long vacation won't appeal to many people, but those who do like it—the "cultivated" audience—will think it magnificent.

Foreign and attractive Annabella handles her rôle with almost too much finesse. She's the daughter of Hungary's Prime Minister (Henry Stephenson), and Powell's his butler, who also has political aspirations. When Powell is elected to Parliament, Annabella does her best to hate him. He has been working for a place in the world because he loves her; she's married, though, to Joseph Schildkraut, who wants to use Bill's new power to get into the cabinet. Out of a maze of political satire and implications emerges just a hint of warmth at the end. Go if you're sure you're "cultivated."

★ **REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM—20th Century-Fox**

WHEN Shirley Temple's studio dressed her up in costumes, gave her dramatic parts to play, spent huge sums on production—you, the public, were disappointed. You wanted Shirley unencumbered by histrionics, simply dancing and singing. In her latest picture you get just that. Shirley is brought by her stepfather to try out for a radio broadcast, makes a hit, but leaves before Randy Scott, advertising manager, can sign her. The stepfather takes her to Sunnybrook Farm and dumps her on Helen Westley, an aunt with prejudices against show business. Complications are contributed by Gloria Stuart, romantic foil for Scott.

Shirley's songs and dances will enchant you.

★ **MERRILY WE LIVE—Hal Roach—M-G-M**

NOW that Hollywood has discovered there are "My Man Godfrey" type of families in existence, it feels it has an inexhaustable source for comedy. This punch-drunk farce is in line with the others, with the people in it a little crazier and a little richer. But a "mad family" by any other name . . .

Billie Burke is the mother. She must be so tired of those lines by now. This time she likes to give tramps a break, and Brian Aherne comes along. Connie Bennett plays the predatory daughter, probably knowing (wanna bet?) that he is a famous novelist. Bonita Granville, younger sister, fights her stereotyped rôle to the bitter end. Butler by grace of his uniform is Alan Mowbray. You'll laugh.

★ **MAD ABOUT MUSIC—Universal**

UNIVERSAL at this point is unfurling banners in the wind and showering its back lot with confetti, because again Deanna Durbin, that wonder adolescent, has sung and romped her way to a greater height. With her voice retaining its same fine standard, she evinces in this picture a sensitive understanding of character and a clearer finesse in portrayal. Under Norman Taurog's sympathetic, inspired direction the well-conceived story unfolds as a warm and tenderly appealing picture.

Deanna is presented as the daughter of a Hollywood star, played ably by Gail Patrick. In order to appear young and glamorous, Miss Patrick keeps the youngster hidden in a Switzerland school. Deanna's own father is dead; she grows desperately lonely for parental love and finally invents an imaginary father, a brave, daring, big-game hunter who intrigues the imagination of her schoolmates. When at last it's necessary for Deanna to produce him or suffer embarrassment, she chooses the handsomest visitor to the Swiss village, Herbert Marshall. Gallanty he steps into the spirit of the thing, playing the father with great charm and sly humor.

Important, too, is the work of Jackie Moran as Deanna's bashful beau. Arthur Treacher, as usual, is a suppressed cynic as Marshall's secretary. Other noteworthy performances are offered by William Frawley, Marcia Mae Jones, Helen Parrish and Christian Rub. Deanna sings only light and catchy tunes with very happy results.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife
Bringing Up Baby
Mad About Music
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
The Big Broadcast of 1938
Jezebel
The Baroness and the Butler
Merrily We Live
Sally, Irene and Mary
Romance in the Dark
Radio City Revels

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Deanna Durbin in "Mad About Music"

Claudette Colbert in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

W. C. Fields in "The Big Broadcast of 1938"
Kirsten Flagstad in "The Big Broadcast of 1938"

Katharine Hepburn in "Bringing Up Baby"
Cary Grant in "Bringing Up Baby"

Bette Davis in "Jezebel"

Henry Fonda in "Jezebel"

George Brent in "Jezebel"

William Powell in "The Baroness And The Butler"

Shirley Temple in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

Gladys Swarthout in "Romance in the Dark"

John Barrymore in "Romance in the Dark"

★ SALLY, IRENE AND MARY—20th Century-Fox

WHEN too many reproductions are made from the same die, that die eventually must wear thin, and the output loses its fine edge of brilliance. That has happened to this latest musical, cast from the Zanuck mold, which almost, but not *quite*, misses fire. You will laugh at Fred Allen's crisp wit; you will like Alice Fay's singing, Joan Davis' awkward gesticulations and Tony Martin's mustache. The indefinable sense of disappointment you will feel can be attributed to the diluted story. Alice, Joan and Marjorie Weaver are poor singers with ambitions and with Allen as agent. Rich Louise Hovick likes Tony, rich Gregory Ratoff likes Alice, and they angel a show. Jimmy Durante noses back into view as the man who fixes the happy ending. "I Could Use a Dream" and "Who Stole the Jam" are fun

★ ROMANCE IN THE DARK—Paramount

THIS happy combination of music, comedy and romance is singer Gladys Swarthout's best picture so far, but the mimeographed plot and leisured pace keep it from being any kind of a masterpiece. Adapted from the Continental play, "The Yellow Nightingale," it is a gay sophisticated farce with definite emphasis on the musical side.

Gladys, a young voice student, becomes a maid in opera star John Boles' household to attract his attention. He, at that point, is interested in a coquettish countess, Claire Dodd, whom John Barrymore is surreptitiously trying to woo away from Boles. Barrymore, as the amorous, witty impresario gives the rôle his usual enthusiasm; Boles and Gladys sing several solos and three duets together superbly. There is an abundance of light music

★ BRINGING UP BABY—RKO-Radio

THEY say Kate Hepburn is essentially a hoyden at heart and if that is true then she is more nearly fitted to this rôle than to whimpering dramatics. The critics who deplore roistering comedy will brand "Bringing Up Baby" as without finesse; and it is magnificently that. But it is so funny, from first to last reel, that you will ache with laughter—and the end is justification of the means.

The original story has been expanded in so many directions that it would be futile to attempt an accurate description. Hepburn is cast as a young heiress in love with love, and out after a man; Cary Grant, shy collector of bones for a museum, ambles across her path and thenceforth is lost, despite his engagement to another. "Baby" is a lovable and quite silly leopard sent to Kate's aunt, who is eccentric and rich and wants to give away one million dollars. You can carry the plot on from there yourself, since almost any guess would fit. "Baby" escapes, and a zoo and the police step in, and, when you've gotten up out of the aisles, things have straightened themselves out somehow.

May Robson is explosive and perpetually exasperated as the aunt; Charlie Ruggles plays a big-game hunter who gets mixed up in the proceedings; Walter Catlett and Fritz Feld contribute. Cary's being confused and shy about things is highly appealing and Hepburn casts an almost friendly glow.

The real star of the piece is the leopard but Asta of "Thin Man" fame grabs the spotlight, too.

★ JEZEBEL—Warners

THE Jezebel of the Holy Writ, coveting her neighbors' vineyard, and doing evil in the sight of God, is here translated in the person of a southern belle by Bette Davis. It is her best performance in one of the year's finest pictures.

With carte blanche and the services of a superb cast, Director William Wyler has molded an active, brilliant, often shocking story which implies much it does not say. Passion softened by a Louisiana accent blares muted from the screen. Miss Davis' consuming love for Henry Fonda, who subscribes to Northern views, survives quarrels and his marriage to Margaret Lindsay—all to culminate finally in breath-taking sacrifice. Bette is a gentlewoman with slattern instincts. She bedevils Fonda until he goes away and by the time she is ready to apologize, he has married. In her brutal attempt to get him back, she engenders a quarrel between Fonda's young brother and George Brent, a fighting gentleman. One is killed. The yellow fever epidemic of 1853 takes over the situation here, catching Fonda and offering *Jezebel* her chance for self-sacrifice.

With dignity and finesse induced by their excellent rôles, Spring Byington, Richard Cromwell and Janet Shaw contribute glittering performances. Miss Lindsay has greater warmth, Fonda and Brent both realize every iota of appeal and emotion in their characterizations. To Miss Davis must go predominant applause for the piece's greatness.

★ BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount

THIS is pure fun. It contains no preachments; points no moral. Its tempo is reckless and so are many of its gags from the censorship viewpoint. Most important, this story theme is completely original and offers Claudette Colbert and the ineffable Gary Cooper in a comedy of no manners—hapless in misunderstanding of each other, enormously human. Gary is an American multimillionaire who, vacationing on the Riviera, meets Claudette. She's the daughter of E. E. Horton, penniless French marquis. The entire photoplay's tone is established at once when Gary tries to buy only pajama uppers at a store and Miss Colbert offers to purchase the bottoms. Love blooms as loud as the garment's stripes and she agrees to marry him only to discover he's had seven wives before. So she demands guarantee of an enormous settlement in case of a divorce. But, after the ceremony, she refuses him her favors. Remainder of the film portrays Gary's frantic attempts to win his own wife and Claudette's resistance made amusingly pathetic by the fact that she really loves him.

Able coplayers are David Niven, devoted to Claudette and made the goat of her endeavors; Fritz Feld and Horton, whose usual lack of restraint Director Lubitsch has carefully corrected. Miss Colbert, lavishly gowned, has been photographed with superlative skill. Celluloid sex at its best.

(Continued on page 92)

WE COVER THE STUDIOS

BY JACK WADE

Three comrades on the "Three Comrades" set. Bob Young, Director Frank Borzage and Bob Taylor. Bob, by the way, found a unique means of acquiring those dirty dungarees—and a new reputation besides

Official and uncensored—this news of movies in the making by the man who can pass the "No Visitors" signs

"HELLO," smiled Marie Antoinette, Queen of the French, "you're looking well. Have some cinnamon toast."

Strange, we ponder. Always thought Marie Antoinette cracked, "Let 'em eat cake" at the drop of a hat. But here we get cinnamon toast! Thought she was whirling about in Heaven minus her head, too. But here she's bobbing as beautifully a bedecked topknot (see page 4) as we've seen this season.

What do we say now—"Your Majesty is most kind?" Or—

Then we snap out of it.

We're not doing a Berkeley Square back into the French Revolution times at all. We're just making our monthly kibitz around the Hollywood movie sets. This is M-G-M, this is the set of "Marie Antoinette," and this is Norma Shearer. No queen, though, you can bet, ever looked half so beautiful as Norma. She takes our breath away.

We catch her (she has parked her white satin gown—all fifty-two pounds of it—on a tiny stool) sipping tea and nibbling the cinnamon toast—her favorite dish. Norma has to rest while she can because they've been doing the big minuet scene all day in the Versailles palace-set and when you trip around with steel hoops hanging from your shoulders you know you've had a workout.

The rest ends in a few seconds. Woody Van Dyke, who can direct for us any day, sits high above the brilliant-hued mass of marquises (or is it *marquix*), ducs, and comtes swinging it in the Louis Seize manner. He grins wickedly and makes wisecracks into the mike hanging beside his gray jaw.

Then a harsh loud-speakered "playback" grates out music and they do the Bourbon Big Apple. Norma's partner is Joseph Schildkraut, so pretty in lace and powder that we hardly recognize him. At the start he tangles in Norma's ostrich-feather skirt. "Hey," yells Van Dyke, "keep your big feet out of the queen's dress, Joe!"

Anita Louise trips next to Norma. She's beautiful, but she's not in the same league with Shearer. What we didn't know before, until Norma tells us, is that when Anita was a baby, and she was a young girl, they used to pose together for advertising stills in New York.

The dance is over and Woody Van Dyke swears softly. "Why didn't I have a dam' camera on that?" It was perfect. Woody stands on no dignity. To him Norma is often "Kid" or "Baby," in spite of the fact that she's now one of M-G-M's largest single stockholders. Not that she minds. Norma has what Winchell calls a "sensayuma."

Making "Marie Antoinette" is a real dream come true to Norma Shearer. Five years ago she yearned to do it. Irving Thalberg laid the enormous groundwork of the picture before he died. $500,000 went into preparations before a crank was turned.

Norma admits she's terribly happy to be back on the screen. It's her life now, as it has been for a long time. The babies are growing up,

too. "The boy's seven—*seven!*" she remarks incredulously. Years go fast in Hollywood. But Norma Shearer is still its loveliest lady. We leave, impatient to see the whole lavish "Marie Antoinette" when it's finished—and Norma Shearer's long-awaited return to a world that has missed her.

A LOOK-IN on "Beautiful Bob" comes next. But when you say that these days, Brother, put a grin on your pan. The process of de-beautifying Robert is well under way and nobody is happier than the Taylor, our idea of a regular Jo, and no fooling.

The picture is "Three Comrades," another Erich Maria Remarque story of post-war Germany. Bob, Franchot Tone and Bob Young are the three ex-German doughboys who try to rehabilitate themselves after the war.

Something like "The Road Back," but not so grim. Bob falls for Margaret Sullavan, a rather sick little "Camille." When we bust into the scene Bob Young and Franchot are trying to make Robert look halfway decent in a borrowed full-dress suit for his first date with Margaret. It's pretty hopeless, as the darn thing keeps falling apart. But it's funny, and that's the idea Director Frank Borzage wants in the scene.

This is the only fancy suit Bob wears in the film. And it's all for a laugh. The most expensive suit in his wardrobe cost M-G-M twenty bucks. The Taylor wardrobe used to set them back—but plenty.

To show you that Bob approves of the regular-guy switch in his screen stuff, listen to this. They gave him a pair of dungarees, wardrobe ones, to wear for a scene. They looked too nice and clean to Bob. Unknown to anyone, he sneaked down to the studio transportation department and swapped them with a greaseball there for a pair so covered with mechanical corruption that they were about to fall to pieces. He also acquired a grimy skull cap. You'll see them in the picture.

Bob tells us he's living on his ranch now and loving it. He has a bunch of nags galloping all around the valley and says the feeling of country squire-ism is tops. Nice neighbors he has, too. Barbara Stanwyck lives down the road.

Bob's hair is still long and so is Bob Young's. We notice, though, that Franchot sports a pig-bristle haircut.

How come, we ask. Well, it seems all the boys decided to get their locks snippered in the best approved Junker manner and were lined up in the studio barber shop for the operation.

Just when Franchot stepped down all shorn and the barber yelped, "Next!" to Bob Taylor, a frantic call came from Producer Mankiewicz saying, "For gossakes, boys, stop it!"

It was too late for Tone, of course—but you'll never know how close you came to seeing Bob Taylor with a kraut-head hair-do.

"JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN" is right next door so we pop in for a look. It's one of those "series" pictures, like "The Jones Family." Serials are pretty far gone, but the series idea is just starting. Lewis Stone's the "jedge," a kindly, right-doing old man who has his problems with the young folks.

The years bounce off Lewis Stone like baseballs off a backstop, but still he chuckles to us about the oldish characters he's played. "First I was a misunderstood husband," he says, "then they made me a sort of graying Silk-hat Harry, then came the colonels and elderly-though-adventurous fellows. But now—" he points to the script with a grin, "—I'm just an old man!" He's still one of our favorite actors.

Cecilia Parker handles the young girl part in this one, and the irrepressible Mickey Rooney is the boy. We're about to leave for greener fields when the door flies open and in Mickey busts. He's followed by a black boy with a slightly dazed look. "Who in the world is that?" we murmer. The answer floors us. "It's Mickey's valet!" His gentleman's gentleman. Can you take it? We can't, so we stumble out as Mickey croaks, "Hey Sylvester, my make-up kit!"

It's just a hop over the low hills to Twentieth Century-Fox, and the minute we hear Shirley Temple is shooting we hit for the set like a bee to the gum. "Little Miss Broadway" it's called, and it's really a sort of cross between "Curly Top," one of Shirley's best movies, and "Little Miss Marker," the one that started her to what she is today.

The "Broadway" part of this picture takes part mostly in a theatrical boardinghouse where meanie officials are always jerking Shirley away to an orphans' home. Sure she sings—six songs.

Next, get a load of "Kentucky Moonshine" —and three guesses who carry on on this set. You're right—the Ritz Brothers! The Ritz' trailer (parked outside) reaches almost from Westwood to Beverly Hills and has everything but a pipe organ. Over the door is lettered, "Through these portals pass the most beautiful boys in the world." Honest!

Al Ritz hops down and we struggle to keep our sanity while we learn about the picture. It's a radio story, about a bunch of entertainers who get all mixed up in a hillbilly feud. They're in a mountain shack today—the crummiest-looking set you can possibly imagine. Prop cobwebs and trash are all over the place and everything is about to fall down in one big heap.

Then the Ritzes romp in. "My," squeaks Al in falsetto, "it's dirty in here." The rest of them look shocked and grab brooms and things. Before we know it they're doing a Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs and whistling while they work. It's so funny that between our hysterical tears we see the whole crew having them, too. "That's in the picture," yells the director. And it is. We've just watched a Ritz Brothers inspiration.

We dodged Slapsie-Maxie Rosenbloom, the box-fighter, last month, but he catches up with us now. He's in the picture and very worried. He asks a pal, "What's this thing they're gonna make over at Selznick's—something about the 'Wind'? Somebody," confides Slapsie-Maxie, "calls me up and wants me to be a Confederate Soldier—is that a good part?"

"Don't take it," advises the pal. "Hold out for

It all looks like fun and frolic in "Tropic Holiday," with Senator Bob Burns in mad pursuit, as usual, of Whattagal Martha Raye — but some rough-playing Mexican animals had Martha plenty worried

For the sake of amusing the boys "Over there" back in '17, a few strings are pulled backstage, to the stern disapproval of corpulent Corporal Eddie Collins. A scene from 20th Century-Fox's "Alexander's Ragtime Band"

'Rhett Butler'." But Maxie looks like he might swing his haymaker.

"ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND" (what a title!) is Darryl Zanuck's bid for musical fame and shekels this year. The TCF lot, right now, is busy like the beaver, getting pictures finished because Zanuck wants a vacation this spring. Maybe he'll go to India after more big game. Meanwhile, "Alexander's Ragtime Band" is his pet picture.

It's really a sort of cavalcade of Irving Berlin's unforgettable tunes. Thirty of them in all. But it's not his life. The story's an original about three San Francisco entertainers who hit Broadway during the pre-war, war, and post-war days. The three—well, three guesses. Don Ameche, Tyrone Power and Alice Faye. Henry King, who did "In Old Chicago," directs, too, so it's practically Old Home Week.

The scene's at "Dirty Eddie's" in San Francisco, a big bar-café in the Bay City. The joint is full of sailors, molls, sports and demimondaines. Somehow the movies can create a scene like this with more reality—to watch in the flesh—than anything else.

Alice strolls in, flamboyant but beautiful in a flouncy be-boaed get-up. You don't see her beautiful pins in it, we notice wistfully. It's a shame. There ought to be a law that Alice Faye must dress always in tights. They talk about Dietrich's gams—but have you ever noticed La Faye's? If you haven't, you're blind.

Ty Power enters next, grinning from ear to ear, as usual. He hops in and out of the inevitable dressing trailer and says making "Marie Antoinette" with Shearer was swell (the rushes prove he's a sensation, by the way) but it's nice to get back home. Except, says Ty, for one thing. They've been making him learn to finger a violin realistically (he plays the fiddle in the pic) and his fingers are stiff as a headwaiter's shirt.

We hear from him about a little episode that took place a day or so before. They were doing the lavish number that presents one of Berlin's songs, "We're On Our Way To France." Irving, himself, came on the set and watched it silently. When it was over he was told, "That number for your song cost just $100,000."

"And when I wrote it," said Irving Berlin, "I was making twenty-five a week!"

What we wonder—does it thrill him now more than it did then. Or vice versa?

HURRYING on to Warner Brothers-First National, we run into another thrill of a slightly different nature when we talk to Dick Powell on the "Cowboy From Brooklyn" set. This is a dude ranch story, a semi-musical, that puts Richard in a ki-yippee mood, much against his will, all for a gal, Priscilla Lane. "So far," confides Dick to us, "all I've been doing is running from animals. Owls, calves, rabbits, coyotes—even canaries. Not to mention 'Peaches

"The girl?" we want to know.

"The mule," corrects Dick.

"Peaches" is a trained mule who's been cha ing Dick and nipping him in the seat of t pants. Only, objects Dick, Peaches doesn't a ways stick to the pants.

The company's just in from location on t Warner ranch, and Pat O'Brien, Dick Foran a everybody concerned thank their lucky sta Because today it's raining puppies and puss cats. Dick worries about his boat anchor down at San Pedro. It's the pride of his l at this moment and maybe the storm will hurt

What pleases Dick most about the boat, confesses, is the telephone that lets him ta to land. "Imagine," he wonders, "picking up

(Continued on page 8

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions*

BY GWENN WALTERS

New jade green strikingly contrasts Loretta Young's afternoon frock of wood-violet sheer woolen created for her to wear in "Four Men And a Prayer." Two scarves (one of the dress fabric, the other of crepe) pull through two front loops that are cut in one with the bias blouse which has semi-dolman sleeves. The skirt has four gores and the belt is of violet suède. Four rectangular motifs fashioned of violet and green cording trim the front of the dressmaker coat (shown on the chair) that is lined with green crepe and has a zipper closing. Loretta's hat is green suède

PORTRAIT IN COLOR BY GEORGE HURRELL

Imaginative costumes for beach or pool give added zest to the informal mood of summer! Here, Bette Davis, Warner Brothers star of "Jezebel," wears a three-piece pajama suit of Roman-striped crepe. The peasant coat (below) with gathered blouse and skirt and corselet waistline is in unique contrast to the plainly tailored slacks and halter (left) beneath

cotty Welbourne Photography

the opposite page, Bette wears finitely "ultra" peasant play dress. piquant hood that springs from the line of the white silk linen blouse is fully lined with the picturesque of the voluminous skirt—white car- ns splashed on a field of Chinese A wide red leather belt finishes vaistline, and matches Bette's cork- l clogs—a play shoe that will give season's huarache competition!

MURMUR OF SUMMER

Scenes of the coming Frisco e
tion "in print," i.e., in this
worn by Fay Wray whom you
in "The Jury's Secret." The
is beige; the belt, luggag
with green lacings. Below
white hedgerow dress is a "
frock, perfect with a stripe
dle, a gay bolero, a boxy

Photograph

Photography—Gene Korneman

A front blouse of Kelly-green suède gives dash to Simone Simon's white woolen frock designed by Royer for her to wear in "Josette." To give further contrast detail, the blouse is closed with a white zipper; slit pockets are defined by a cord motif fashioned of the white woolen which also styles a tiny underlay collar and sections of the belt. The bias skirt, so smartly short, has four gores

Photoplay's Fashion

"Mayqueen" (left) is a straw bonnet of devastating youthfulness. Worn by Lucille Ball, who appears in "The Joy of Living," this rustic straw model by Roxford is certainly one of the summer's best ideas! Brim and crown combine to give a carefree, nonchalant effect; a grosgrain band is gaily decorated in a new manner by geometric bits of colored wood

Remember the becoming Cloche? Anne Shirley, of "Law of the Underworld," models the Byron "Good Company" (middle left), a wearable, tailored felt that revives the cloche lines. "Good Company" is one of those clever little hats that look well with every costume. You'll like the youthful contrasting color suède band that completes this Byron model

"Fanfare" by Roxford (left, bottom) goes on smart parade! It's a felt of sophisticated line, debonair detail. A corded trim at the side accents its dashing lines. Lucille Ball gives you an idea of its smart possibilities. Most clever young women will include a Roxford like this in their spring wardrobes—and wear the hat right into summer for sports

Anne Shirley makes a fetching picture in "Sunny" (below), a Byron hat of imported straw. The rustic character of this straw is a sophisticated vogue this season. Glance at the photograph a second time and you'll see that "Sunny" boasts brim and crown lines easy to look at and easy to wear. A colorful band lends an all-important color contrast

Pub Styles

New coats for a new season, worn by Martha Raye of "College Swing." The fitted, six-button Kenmar model (far left) has a patent-leather belt, trapunto trimming at the neck. You will love the chic and comfort of Martha's "easy to wear" boxy swagger coat (near left) in beige Kenmar Tweed with Chevron pattern and full-length melon sleeves. Top, left, is a collar-less swagger of crushed strawberry nubby-weave Kenmar Tweed with a Roman-striped chiffon scarf tucked into the neckline and held in place by a leather hook and eye à la Schiaparelli. The princess coat of navy Kenmar Tweed (top, right) has padded shoulders, notched lapels and antique silver buttons

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The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on pages 90-91

2

4

3

TAILOR MADE

Photography—William Walling

5

Give your tailored suit a new "front" with on of these charming blouses worn by Mary Car lisle, Bing Crosby's leading lady in "Docto Rhythm." 1 (far left, bottom): this one is o white batiste with insets of "Val" lace on th collar, jabot and cuff bands. 2 (top, left): als of batiste with trim of "Val" lace, this daint blouse boasts a tucked yoke and collar, an puff sleeves. 3 (left, center): linen in brigh blue is neatly tailored with accent of whit stitching on the front panel, collar and sleeve 4 (top, center): linen again—this time in brow but also trimmed with white stitching. Th frilly jabot gives a touch of femininity. (bottom, center): this sheer blouse is of pa adise-blue georgette with pin-tucked yok stitched collar and crystal buttons. 6 (to right): the perennial white crepe sport blous Pearl studs and rows of stitching on the fron panel, cuffs, collar and pocket are trim deta

ck" your wardrobe to be sure
cludes a jacket like this one
ned by Edward Stevenson for
Fontaine, RKO star, to wear
Maid's Night Out." Of navy
white woolen, with single-
on closing and four bias patch
ets, it is "tops" for a navy skirt
oan combines it here, or for
of white to greet the summer

Photograph by Fred Hendrickson

Don's movie debut in "Sins of Man" was profitable in one way, unprofitable in another

THE DARING LIFE STORY OF DON AMECHE

This is the only way it could end—this story of the boy with so many wrong ideas, and just one right girl

BY HOWARD SHARPE

THE story of Don Ameche is more than merely a history of twenty-nine years in a man's life. He is, personified, a generation—a period.

Born Dominic Felix Ameche the very beginning of 1908's summer in Kenosha, Wisconsin, a first son, he soon turned into the Ameches' problem child and was shipped off, for safekeeping, to St. Berchman's in Marion, Iowa.

From there, at high-school age, he entered Columbia Private High School and College at Dubuque where two things of importance happened to him—he was introduced, by Father Sheehy, to Honore Pandergast, and—in all good faith—he decided on a career. He would become a lawyer.

Marquette University saw him next; followed in quick succession by Georgetown and Madison.

It was at Madison that he got his first taste of the theater when he ran away with a rôle in a show the "Wisconsin Players" were producing.

The next year caught Dominic Felix Ameche up—and luck rode lightly on his shoulders. New York—Chicago—experiences, hilarious and otherwise. By another fall, Radio had heard of Don and he was cast as lead in the Empire Builders' radio program. By spring, he was in the money—and, needless to say, being Don, had spent it. When he took time off to slip a magnificent solitaire on the hand of Honore Pandergast, the first and only girl he'd really loved, h was broke—dead broke.

Now continue his story:

"I DON'T care if we are broke," Don said furi ously, "you gotta have a wedding present He steered Nora through the frozen slush of th Chicago gutters and across icy sidewalks to furrier's window. "There," he said. "Pick out."

Later, in front of his hotel, Nora stood shiver ing by the curb and waited while he reache into the old coupe and pulled out packages, an nouncing each. "Girdle," he said, reaching th box back to her. "Toothbrush, chocolates—"

"My new coat," Nora insisted, "*please.* don't care if you did just buy it for me. I' going to put it on. I'm freezing."

Don explored, muttering. Then he backe out and faced her. "It isn't here. Didn't yo bring it along?"

"You're a lousy actor," she said. "Hurr It's cold."

"I'm not acting." They stood facing eac other, suddenly wordless.

"Maybe," Don said slowly, at last, "when w both went back to get the purse you left on th counter . . ."

That afternoon the phone in his suite ran and Don answered it. After a moment he hun up, crammed on his hat, commanded: "Wa here till I come back!" to Nora and went clat tering out. When he returned, an hour late he tossed the coat on a sofa and sat wearil down by the window.

"That was the thief who phoned," he told he "He said to come to the Central Hospital lobb and bring $250 with me."

"You *didn't!*"

"I got it for $150," he admitted.

She made despairing motions. "But Do honey—every penny we own in the *worl* Why didn't you call the police or something?

He faced her, his eyes troubled. "I couldn take any chances," he said simply. "This gu said if I made trouble I could have the co

(Continued on page 64

"Dainty Girls Win Out"

says DOROTHY LAMOUR

STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION "Her Jungle Love"

Hollywood's beauty bath makes you *sure* of daintiness. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Other lovely screen stars such as Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Joan Blondell tell you that they use Lux Toilet Soap as a bath soap, too, because it leaves skin smooth and fragrant. You'll love this way of insuring daintiness! You'll love Lux Toilet Soap's delicate, clinging fragrance, too.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

back for nothing, but he'd get it again. W you inside it."

When she was through crying Nora wiped t tears from her cheeks and the lipstick sme from his mouth, and told him, laughing a litt "But now you can't pay for the thing anyw How silly."

"I'll pay for it."

When he looked up, her eyes had fou humor once more. "This," she said, "is t auspicious beginning to the wedded life of t Ameches."

THEY were married in June of 1932, with greatest possible pomp. Their personalit demanded it. Both were big people, emotic ally, and in their attitudes. Wherefore the gan must roar a louder triumph, the chu must be as vast as any Dubuque possess there must be more flowers and more peo and more incense and more solemnity than a other wedding had ever had. Perhaps, af the long hurried years of careless reckoni Don and Nora could in this manner show eve body that they meant now what they were sa ing with a rather terrible sincerity.

Since Don had been alternately affluent a beggared throughout his life with fine disreg of national business conditions, he was unaw that a Depression had happened to Amer until he went out to find an apartment. T one he wanted, small but beautifully furnish could be had for only $75 a month and he e gaged it forthwith; as a result of the vari contracts he had signed with almost every ra company in Chicago, his income was set at $ a week, which was wealth. Nora had alre given up her job as a special nurse.

Their honeymoon was an evening's dr along the Lake Shore. He was too busy to away but they said consolingly to each ot that in a few months, somehow, they wo manage a trip to Bermuda. "Where the is blue and warm for swimming," they said

Tonight it was raining, a ceaseless murmur the canvas car top as they sat parked at edge of the road.

"Just for a minute," Don began, "I'm go to be serious. You have to know about m

Nora squirmed comfortably against his sho der. "I came into this with my eyes open.

(Continued on page

And here are the Ameches as they add up today: top, sons Ronnie and Donnie, who succumbed to the candid camera for the first time to pose together in this picture, exclusive to Photoplay; Don, with top hat and grin, exclusive to him; Honore, who made this rollicking last instalment possible

Nourishes as well as Cleanses

"KEEPS MY SKIN FINER . . . Pond's new Cold Cream with the 'skin-vitamin' in it is so much better for my skin. It keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

JOAN BELMONT, now Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey

"SMOOTHS OUT TIRED LINES . . . Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream gives my skin a livelier, more glowing look —smooths out tired lines."

THE COUNTESS DE LA FALAISE

"SKIN YOUNGER . . . The new Pond's Cold Cream with 'skin-vitamin' has made my skin smoother and younger, the colour fresher—within just a few weeks."

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HOME

"WONDERFUL TO HAVE such a grand thing cream and cleansing cream e. Pond's new Cold Cream does ch more for my skin."

MRS. A. J. DREXEL, III

Today—more and more women are using this new cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

first announcement of Pond's "skin-amin" Cold Cream brought almost im-e response. Hundreds of women tried the eam.

steadily your demand has increased for w cream that brings to women such im-t new aid to skin beauty.

years, leading doctors have known how kin-vitamin" heals skin faster when ap-o wounds or burns. And how skin may ough and subject to infections when there enough "skin-vitamin" in the diet!

we tested it in Pond's Creams! In animal kin that had been rough and dry because in-vitamin" deficiency in diet became and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

and more women are using this cream. It nour-well as cleanses skin.

in your regular way for cleansing and before . Pat it in. Leave some on overnight and when-have a chance. Soon you, too, will be agreeing use of the new "skin-vitamin" cream *does* bring skin something active and essential to its health it a livelier, more glowing look!

me jars, same labels, same price

ery jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

"SKIN RESPONDED AT ONCE . . . Pond's is such a grand cleansing cream! Now, I'm so glad it *nourishes*, too. My skin responded at once."

MRS. C. HENRY MELLON, JR.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 15-CS, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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FEMININE HYGIENE *made easy*

NOTHING COULD BE EASIER
Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the dainty, modern, *easy* way to feminine hygiene.

THINK BACK to the awkward old ways of feminine hygiene. Contrast them with the *new* way, the convenient, simple *Norform* way. These easy-to-use suppositories have revolutionized feminine hygiene for millions of women.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing an effective yet non-irritating antiseptic film that remains in prolonged soothing contact. This antiseptic—*anhydro-para-hydroxy-mercuri-meta-cresol*—called *Parahydrecin* for short—is found in no other product for feminine hygiene. *Parahydrecin* is the reason why Norforms are positively antiseptic and non-irritating.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR. Send for the new Norforms booklet, *"Feminine Hygiene Made Easy."* Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York; Toronto, Canada; *makers of Unguentine.*

NORFORMS

Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

Fashion Letter

Yellow suède fashions the jacket, bag and gloves of this sports costume from I. Magnin, Hollywood, which Irene Dunne, star of "The Joy of Living," wears here. The jersey blouse is of apple green; the skirt is plaide in both colors in combination with mauve. The h is of yellow felt and has a novel pie-crust ec

BY GWENN WALTERS

I'VE just returned from a week end at Palm Springs—California's desert resort you've read so much about.

I went there purposely to see the clothes that the stars were wearing so I might relay advance hints for summer trends to you.

I stopped at Del Tahquitz, a charming hotel, "Indian pueblo" style. The first thing I did upon my arrival was to slip into a swim suit and head for the pool, so I'll tell you first about the bathing togs the stars were wearing.

SATIN lastex and wool suits were equally in favor. I saw them both in nearly every color of the rainbow. Many of the suits were patterned—the design printed on the lastex, woven into the wools. These patterns included sea, floral, leaf and geometric motifs. All of the models, one-piece or with front skirts, placed emphasis on the cut of the bustline (watch that detail when purchasing your swim suits).

This year's swim suits were invariably accompanied by robes, all long, mostly styled of prints, and many designed with a "peasantry" feeling. The tailored robe of white piqué was also evident. Ginger Rogers wore one of the latter with a royal blue monogram on the sleeve and a matching front zipper closing that repeated in color the satin lastex suit beneath.

Most unusual of all tops for swim suits was the Bodju—a deceiving and amusing little garment created by Irene Bury of Los Angeles—that, if you please, serves as a public dressing room when you want to slip in and out of your swim suit. Ask to see a Bodju at your favorite shop—you won't hesitate a minute about its purchase.

LAZING in a comfy chair in the patio, I spotted a costume sure to be seen around this summer season—the play dress, full length and extremely flattering (note the one worn by Bette Davis on page 54). Include in your vacation "musts" one of these "sunshine gowns" which are as gay and picturesque any evening garb.

Walking along the village street saw slacks in great abundance. Sla costumes frequently were worn w ensemble coats (such as the one wo by Bette Davis on page 55). Katie He burn, vacationing between scenes "Holiday," was striking in yellow Ce Lona slacks with a blouse of Roma striped silk jersey and a short na woolen jacket.

As the final fillip to your beach co tume, watch your shoes. Clogs (l those worn by Bette Davis on pages and 55) are the rage. Also ever so po ular are the almost heelless, soft-s variety of shoe such as those creat by Joyce which I described in a rece issue of PHOTOPLAY. All play shoes a in vivid hues, and all are in two or mo colors.

"BASIC" white dresses of innumeral fabrics styled as foil for novel acce

(Continued on page 85)

Andrea Leeds

IN SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S PRODUCTION

"THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES"

You, too, will look more attractive with Color Harmony Make-Up

POWDER.....

Max Factor's Powder will enliven the beauty of your skin through the magic of color harmony shades. It creates a satin-smooth make-up that really stays on...$1.

ROUGE.....

Max Factor's Rouge in your color harmony shade will give you an appealing loveliness because the color is actually lifelike. Creamy-smooth, it blends easily.....50¢.

LIPSTICK....

Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in your color harmony shade will dramatize your lips with an alluring color that will look lovely for hours and hours. It's moisture-proof, too...$1.

"HAVE your powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony to accent the natural beauty of your type, then you'll have the real secret of make-up," is the advice of Hollywood's famous screen stars.

Whether you are blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a particular color harmony make-up for you, created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. It consists of harmonized shades of powder, rouge and lipstick that will actually do wonders in making you look more attractive, more beautiful.

So discover this make-up secret of the stars today...share the luxury of color harmony make-up now available at nominal prices. *Note coupon for special make-up test.*

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

★ *New!* *Max Factor's* INVISIBLE *Make-Up Foundation keeps your make-up smooth and lovely from morning till night.*

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*.....FREE

1-5-42

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) Light ☐	
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

ardent color

Yes!

lipstick parching

No!

Every girl knows that bright lips tempt. But some girls forget that *rough* lips repel.

So choose your lipstick for two reasons... its sweet, warm color...and its *protection from Lipstick Parching.*

Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick is enriched with "Theobroma," a special softening ingredient that protects the soft, thin skin of your lips ...encourages a moist, lustrous look. In 5 thrilling shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50¢. "*Air-Spun*" ***Rouge*** is new! Blended by *air* ...its texture is so mellow-smooth, it seems related to your own skin! 50¢.

Eight precious drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb". That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

Cal York's Own Gossip

(Continued from page 47)

Fashion and Lola Lane

WHEN pretty Lola Lane informed her studio that she wanted time off to travel to New York to purchase clothes to uphold her reputation as "one of Hollywood's ten best-dressed young women," she started a minor Hollywood war. West Coast stylists heard of her request and rushed materials and patterns to her, hoping she would select her new wardrobe from exclusive California shops. Lola was discreet, but firm. So it looks as if New York will still get its share of honors from the stars.

More Doggy Gossip

ANN SOTHERN is still trying to figure out whether her champion dog is really ill, or not. A while back, when the canine began to droop his head and utter strange noises about the house, Ann bundled him off to the nearest dog doctor. The man sent him right back, declaring that there was nothing wrong.

Ann wasn't satisfied, and sent the dog to another doctor who gave her the same report. In desperation, Ann called in the best canine specialist in Hollywood who gave her the following report: "X-rays and thorough examinations prove your pet organically sound. His trouble must be mental."

Freddie's Credo

IF you've missed Fred Astaire on the radio since his initial trial with the ether waves, rest assured that it hasn't been because the big radio companies haven't been trying to get Fred back on the air. Last week, for example, Fred turned down a big contract calling for $6500 per week to him, if he would only go back to his job of entertaining people on the radio. But Fred turned it down because he wanted to concentrate on the dance rehearsing he's doing for the next Astaire-Ginger Rogers film. That's loyalty to the movies.

Paging S. S. Van Dine

CLARK GABLE has a mystery all Hollywood is trying to solve. He's secretly grooming a lanky young cowboy for a movie career, but that's all Clark will admit, except to add that he's certain the fellow will be the biggest star in town within two years. We do know, however, that Gable met his "Gary Cooper-ish" young friend while on a recent hunting trip to Montana, and that the lucky individual is being quartered at the Gable ranch until Clark is prepared to present him to the world.

What the Big Ten Are Doing

SHIRLEY TEMPLE: if you've always wanted to see America's box-office champion in person, you may soon have your wish. Shirley is contemplating a personal appearance tour following "Little Miss Broadway." Oh, no! It won't be the usual type of tour, since Shirley's parents have decided that Shirley will never make personal appearances for money. Instead, she will travel across the country by train, waving to her fans from the observation platform at numerous stops. In the larger cities, if the local exhibitors insist, Shirley will leave her train and appear in an auditorium or theater. But the treat will be on the Temples—or the exhibitors.

CLARK GABLE: hunting with a camera is going to furnish the only "shooting" Clark will do on his forthcoming vacation in Mexico. The last time he went to Mexico, he took an English riding horse that shied at every cactus plant. This time, he's taking a rough-riding western pony, trained in the ways of sun and sand. Upon his return, Clark will go into "Idiot's Delight," with Norma Shearer.

ROBERT TAYLOR: despite Bob's heavy studio duties in "Three Comrades" and his weekly radio work, the Stanwyck-Taylor romance is hitting a new high. The lad is simply *in love!* If their wedding beats this in print, or follows shortly after—don't say we didn't warn you!

BING CROSBY: the crooning horseman will be moving his stable of thoroughbreds from Santa Anita to Hollywood's new track at Inglewood for the June meeting. And he vigorously denies that he will part with his Delmar track, despite those rumors. So, it continues to be horses, horses—plus pictures and radio for this busy star.

MYRNA LOY: that long hoped-for honeymoon of Myrna and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., will soon come true. They're leaving for an extended European vacation soon. Nothing but the worst kind of a war can stop it, they vow. Meanwhile, Myrna is the envy of every Metro star. Her redecorated dressing room boasts the grandest combination radio-phonograph built . . . a present from the above-mentioned hubby.

WILLIAM POWELL: since Bill's ne: picture, another Selznick teaming wit Carole Lombard entitled "America Beauty," won't get under way for som months to come, Bill will no doubt b on his South American jaunt by nov He is scheduled for another "Thin Mar film at his old studio (M-G-M), despi the fact that he has not, as yet, attache his name to a contract there.

JANE WITHERS: much has been wri ten about the struggle this little st had in getting into pictures. It has bee mighty interesting reading, too! Per haps that's just the reason Jane's studi has decided she will do a "small-gir conquers-Hollywood" picture on th screen, as her next.

FRED ASTAIRE AND GINGER ROG ERS: as we go to press Fred is swing ing a determined foot in perfecting th difficult dance routines you will see i his forthcoming film with Ginger Rog ers. Poor Ginger will be needing a rea vacation, following this picture. Sh has, for months, been considered Holly wood's busiest actress, what with he work in "Vivacious Lady" and "Havin Wonderful Time."

SONJA HENIE: following the mos successful personal appearance tour an Hollywood star ever had, the little skat ing champion is back in Hollywood t iron out details for her next picture "Winter Garden," in which she will no only skate, but play a bit of tennis an sing.

GARY COOPER: back in Hollywoo after his foreign wanderings. Th Coopers were more than easy to kee track of during that trip—since they ar such doting parents. They phoned twic a week, distance notwithstanding, t check the growth and disposition o their precious four-months-old daughter in Hollywood.

This is not a still from "I Met Him in Paris." That is a real Swiss Alp, and that is really Claudette Colbert in Davos with her skiing instructor, proving that CC can take it in her stride. Remember the story in February Photoplay on Claudette's "second honeymoon?" We always prove our stories—well, nearly always

"It's oh, *so* comfortable"

SAYS

Rochelle Hudson

FEATURED IN THE NEW TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE "RASCALS"

One simple test will tell you more about this new Kroehler furniture than 10,000 words. Just sit down on it. You'll think the new Kroehler Sturdi-flex seat has been tailored to your measure, it is so comfortable.

But that isn't all. New Kroehler 5-Star Construction eliminates all construction materials that wear out easily. You get more durability than ever before, without extra cost. Visit your Kroehler dealer today. Try the new Sturdi-flex seat. See the glorious new styles and coverings—all at pleasing low prices. Watch newspapers for your dealer's announcements.

• • •

Kroehler 5-Star Construction includes

★SCIENTIFICALLY CONSTRUCTED HARDWOOD FRAMES
★NONCOLLAPSIBLE SPRING-FILLED SEAT CUSHIONS
★ONLY CLEAN, SANITARY FILLINGS
★NONSAGGING STEEL WEB SEAT UNDERCONSTRUCTION
★KROEHLER QUALITY CRAFTSMANSHIP

Kroehler Suite **No. 8586,** illustrated. A superbly styled 18th century group with richly carved hardwood frames. Can be had in colorful brocatelle, damask, or velvet coverings. Go see it at your Kroehler dealer's.

KROEHLER FURNITURE

for Living Rooms, Bedrooms, and Dining Rooms

WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER • OPERATING TEN LARGE FACTORIES

KROEHLER *Built*

Look under the cushions for this guide to quality

KEEP YOUR BEAUTY *Fresh!*

DAINTY CLEANSING PADS IN A COMPACT—FOR YOUR PURSE

• Now you can face humid spring and summer temperatures with a light heart. DRESKIN Coolies let you enjoy a clean, cool face—anywhere, any time. They're as easy to use as a powder puff—and twice as important to your appearance . . . Coolies are soft discs of cloth (2 inches in diameter)—scientifically treated with DRESKIN, Campana's famous liquid Skin Cleanser which has won the nation-wide acclaim of women—and the unqualified Approval of Good Housekeeping! . . . Coolies come in a smart-looking, green-and-ivory compact for your purse. And in black-and-green humidor jars for your dressing table. The 25-cent compact gives you a week's supply—the dollar jar lasts the average woman more than two months. Use Coolies in the midst of shopping—at the office—between dances—and *always* before powdering. One Coolie pad removes stale make-up—enlivens your skin with a cool, pleasant invigoration. And acts as a perfect base for face powder. Special Introductory Package now available at drug and department stores—$1.25 value for 98¢! Remember—you owe your skin the caution of asking for DRESKIN Coolies by name. Only Coolies give you DRESKIN the safe cleanser for any type of skin.

Dreskin COOLIES—by The Makers of Italian Balm and Dreskin

Introductory Offer
Large Jar Pads $1.00
Compact 25
$1.25
SPECIAL 98¢

A Goddess Grows Up

(Continued from page 15)

dollars a week, just sort of because. The money, usually doubled by Mrs. Temple, goes to the Milk Fund or some charity.

BUT the growing Miss Temple is not a pack of frowns by any means. In fact, one of the symptoms of her development as an individual is an amazingly subtle sense of humor. Most kids are content to indulge in very obvious jokes and humdrum humor. Shirley's wit is keener.

Next to black Bill Robinson, perhaps the most devoted slave of Shirley's around the lot is Harry Revel, the musical half of that great song hit combine, Gordon and Revel. The other day Shirley and Harry were visiting in her bungalow when a publicity man came in. He had an assignment to get the favorite songs of the Twentieth Century-Fox stars. "What's yours, Shirley?" he asked.

Shirley's eyes sparkled. "'Come And Get Your Happiness'," she answered. Then she laughed and looked at Harry Revel. He laughed. It was evidently a joke, but the publicity man didn't get it. He copied down the title and left. Not until he wrote his copy did the pay-off dawn.

The song was one written by Sam Pokrass, a rival of Harry Revel's. Shirley had been teasing Harry—but with a subtle, adult tickler.

Shirley is showing more and more perception and unerring sense of values, but actually her swelling consciousness includes very little of herself as a star, a universal personality or a famous child. She has come in point-to-point contact with fame—but even now all it means to her is that a lot of people like her, which, of course, is swell. A comprehension of the tremendous thing as a whole is utterly lacking.

At the Hollywood première of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," two little girl friends shared the big event with Shirley. Side by side, they sat and passed judgment by clapping and laughter. Shirley has a hearty laugh, easily distinguishable in a crowd. But what tickled Shirley often left her girl friends cold, nor did they clap and laugh because Shirley did. The kids were relaxed. There was no suspicion of toadying.

Her penchant for directness without any frills is spreading to every fibre of her developing character. Shirley is not emotional, or hysterical. She has met death. While Shirley was in Palm Springs a while ago, "Chingie," her very favorite Peke, got run over. On the way home, Mrs. Temple told Shirley the news. Shirley listened soberly, then turned and looked out the window of the car in silence. She never said a word the rest of the way home. That night only she cried in bed, alone.

It has also bred an elementary taste. Clothes don't concern Shirley greatly as yet, although her new outfit for the "Wee Willie Winkie" première was a terrific thrill. But she has expressed herself stoutly against fancy jewelry and dresses with ruffles and bows.

Uniforms, on the other hand, intrigue her. The Scotch kiltie get-up for "Wee Willie Winkie" was so enchanting that even after the company was dismissed, Shirley begged her mother to stay on the set so she could "drill" in it. She had to wear it home at night.

SHIRLEY'S prim neatness at home leads Mrs. Temple to predict spinstership possibilities for the little girl who doubtless has more sweethearts than any one else in history, including patra.

"She is," admits Mrs. Temple, "a old lady."

Shirley's room is now her resp bility. She dusts it and keeps it i der, puts away her dresses and things so properly that, after yea use, they look as good as when the rived. When she fools around i kitchen, which she loves to do, Sh has taken to donning a trim apron headpiece of spotless sheen, wh she's just shelling peas (a favorite inary pastime) or patting out her meatcake.

Old-maid predictions, however, pretty thoroughly before Shirley's mantic record to date. For a nine-y old girl, she has done all right with men. Her first real "date" took last summer on board the boa Hawaii.

A trembling young swain approa Shirley on the deck. "Can I take y the movie tonight?" he squeaked.

"Sure," smiled Shirley. That's h was.

Shirley showed up lugging pillov sit on so she could see. The s pridefully stretched his neck in m manner minus supports.

Charlie Chaplin's son, Sidney, i course, a veteran swain, dating f Palm Springs vacations of a coupl years ago. But the head man at pre is Robert, last name Tilden. Rober fourteen and a polo player. He l close by and has the inside track on rivals. Robert came across last Chr mas with a gold locket with a place his picture (later, he hopes) and Shir retaliated with a brass horse pap weight which she, herself, picked Some people already have them mar when they grow up. But that's a li far off.

THERE will be much more growing learning and perceiving before Shir Temple develops into a real, grown young lady. Shirley is no longer a ba but she'll be a little girl for quite a s yet.

She still hates to wash her neck ears; she still loves to play "make lieve"; she's very likely to do a f things she's been told not to. In sh the girl Shirley is nice but normal. S can be good, and she can also be b Only when she's bad now, she's a lit more artful about it.

The "Snow White" première, a l event for Shirley, came just befo Christmas. With gift problems and ho day responsibilities whirling in her he along with preparations for the evenir Mrs. Temple faced a busy day. So s told Shirley, "Now I can't bother wi you today. Run along and take care yourself. And don't, for heaven's sak muss yourself up. If you do, you ca go to the première tonight."

Well, Shirley sort of forgot. She r through a rosebush and ripped an ug pattern of red scratches on her whi legs. But that evening Mrs. Templ dressing her, noticed nothing. Nor d the crowd at the première. And Shir ley's innocent face kept her secret.

Two days later her mother took he downtown. On the street she happene to look down. She gasped. A criss cross of red welts covered Shirley's leg.

Shirley bit her lip. "I guess it ju wore off," she confessed.

She had hidden her sin. Shirley Tem ple wasn't going to miss that premièr —not while her mother had some flesh colored powder in the house.

It's Romance Again for Kay Francis

(Continued from page 25)

t ould take a great many fingers on g at many hands to count those wise n who were never publicized as o s Gift to America and who are still n ng from one to two thousand dol- a a week in Hollywood.

S ort is the life of the very best but o is the life of the second best. . . . F y Francis does not say it in so a words but she believes in it r y. She refuses to be photographed g ht clubs and restaurants, not be- e she hates the photographers but c use she does not want to get in the p ic's hair. She refuses to be inter- e ed and air her views on everything o r the sun, not because she wants m ake it more difficult for the inter- e ers but because she is trying to i l up her bank account. Some day h that bank account of hers reaches h ever mark she is shooting at, she i make her exit. And she will leave e studio with a smile when it would b illing still to pay her four figures w ek.

T not easy to write about one's dear i d but I hope I have managed to e any bias out of this thumbnail s h of Kay Francis. You who watch e on the screen playing those dan- e us sirens and fatal women may not a ze that there is nothing sirenish or m erous about this delightful woman. F -groomed, beautifully but dis- e tly dressed, she does not look like a ctress, least of all like a Hollywood a when she walks into a restaurant i New York or sits on the beach in e ice. You would easily take her for a ung society matron when encount- r g her in a shop or at a concert. h does not raise her voice or wear a t le collection of bracelets. She does o go for crazy hats or exotic coiffures. h does not hire a liveried chauffeur. h does not attach three hundred dol- a worth of white orchids to her h lder. She does not travel in a pri- a car or especially chartered plane. n short—she does none of the things which a "Great Star" is supposed to do and so many of them do.

What I like most about her is her gorgeous sense of humor. Once—it happened in Hollywood—she rescued me from a real disaster. I was giving a party, my first party in Hollywood. Everybody who is anybody in the industry was there, meaning that the poorest guest present was getting fifteen hundred dollars a week. The Goldwyns, the Selznicks, the Louis B. Mayers, the Leslie Howards, the Gary Coopers, the Fredric Marches, etc., etc. Considering the people present and the amount of preparations, the party should have been a howling success. It wasn't. By midnight it became clear to me that I had a flop on my hands.

What can I do? What can I do? I wondered.

I tried everything. To no avail. Just then Kay arrived. She took in the situation at a glance.

"Elsa," she said, "your party is a dismal failure. . . ."

"Don't I know it," I sighed. "Don't I know it . . . but whose fault is it?"

"Yours, of course," answered Kay. "You forgot to invite the photographers."

"The photographers . . . you must be crazy . . . imagine these people being bothered by photographers after having spent a whole day in front of the camera!"

"You'd be surprised," said Kay. "Call up Hyman Fink immediately and plead with him to come right away. That's what those people came to your party for. To be photographed by Hyman Fink and see their faces in tomorrow's newspapers. The 'Among Those Present' stuff. . . ."

Hyman Fink—God bless him—got out of bed and arrived half an hour later. Thirty-five minutes later things began looking up. By one in the morning everybody was beaming and laughing. At 2 A. M., I discovered that I had given the greatest party of my career.

ideleine Carroll's experience in the California od was more exciting than her new picture, e Adventuress," could ever be. Isolated by dslides for four days in her Malibu beach se with no telephone, gas or lights, she ally struggled with her neighbor, Director orge Marshall, through mud and water for ee miles to meet a studio rescue party

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer . . . more radiant and alluring!

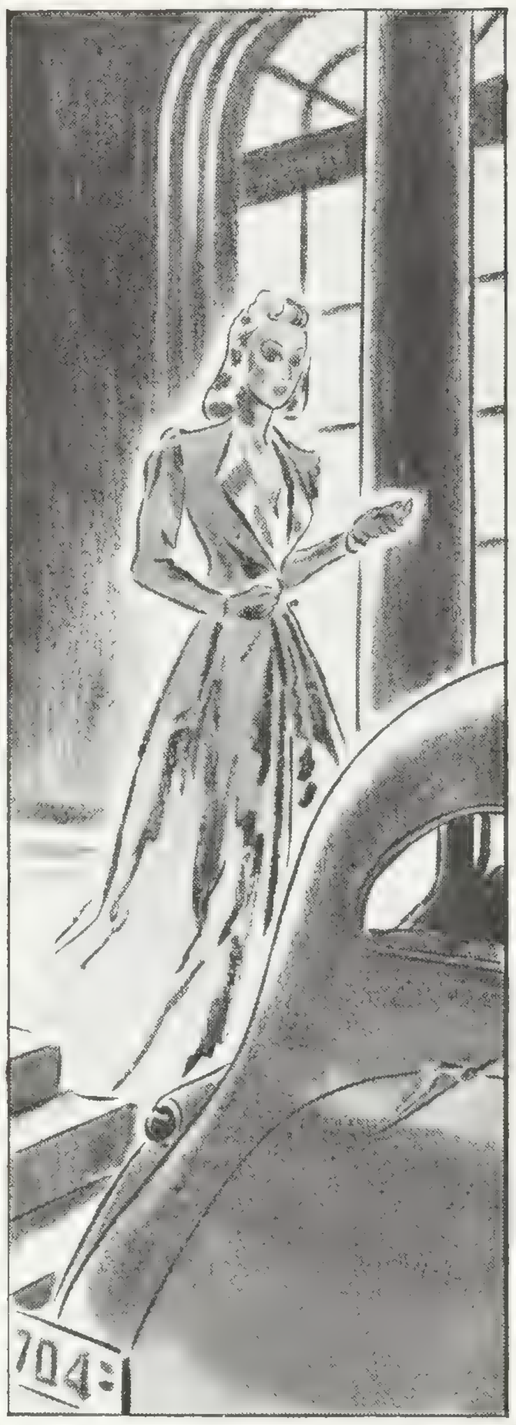
NOW ONLY 10¢

at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

THEY BEGGED FOR INTRODUCTIONS BUT NOBODY TOOK HER HOME



Girls whose popularity lasts never let underarm odor rob them of charm!

"Just the girl that I've been waiting for!" men thought when they first saw Marion. They'd cluster around for introductions, but they'd rarely dance more than one dance.

For though Marion carefully bathed and dressed, she neglected one simple precaution—and trusted her *bath alone* to keep her safe from underarm odor.

Fatal error! For underarms always perspire, and underarm *odor* robs a girl of charm! No *bath* can prevent this odor! Underarms need Mum's sure care to keep them always fresh! Remember, you can't be safe from embarrassing underarm odor unless you make offense *impossible*. To be *sure* you're sweet always use Mum—every day and after every bath.

MUM IS QUICK! A dab under each arm takes only half a minute—protects all day or all evening long.

MUM IS SAFE! Even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes the skin. And you can apply Mum even after dressing. It never harms fabrics.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does *stop all odor!* With Mum, you'll never risk offending those you want for friends.

AFTER-BATH FRESHNESS SOON FADES WITHOUT MUM

Avoid embarrassment! *Thousands of women use Mum for* SANITARY NAPKINS *because Mum is gentle,* SURE. *Play safe—always use Mum this way, too.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Happy Hellion

(Continued from page 64)

know what I'm in for—and I'm glad. You're my kind of people."

He said, "From the usual standpoint, I'll probably make the worst husband a girl ever had. I've never been a responsible guy. Things will happen and I'll have no answer when you ask why they happened. If there's any need for economy I'll save on bread and butter to buy poker chips. We may get rich and we may have to live in hovels—I don't know. Only understand this. I'll always love you. And I'll be honest."

She raised her half-smiling, very shining eyes to his. "You dope," she murmured fiercely, "do you think I'd have you any other way?"

His arm tightened gratefully around her.

AMERICA celebrated the first moments of 1933 with a kind of desperate gaiety, born of the knowledge that nothing was safe and all was lost and that the world, if it had not already ended, was at least on its way. Don and Nora celebrated riotously, but because they were happy and this was a beginning of many things.

In late January, Nora discovered suddenly that she would have a baby, and simultaneously that motherhood would be an effort for her. Being Nora, she took this in stride. She couldn't make a successful job of eating, even of drinking a glass of water; but she could be fed intravenously at the hospital, with hollow glass needles. What was science for, anyway?

There was no need to worry Don about it, she felt—he was working from eight in the morning until midnight, as it was, catching his fun breathlessly in the early hours and snatching sleep in cabs as they carted him around the Loop from studio to studio.

Since he was still on the wagon, this pace must be sustained by sheer nervous energy; and he needed her help.

This was not sacrificial on her part. But it was their first year together and her viewpoint was simple: there will never be another year like this. Nothing on earth must spoil it. *Nothing.*

IN October they decided to move. Don spent a frantic afternoon searching, at last impatiently pointed to an address on the real estate man's list of rentals, wrote a check, signed a lease, and went dashing off to the rehearsal he was late for. He woke the next morning to find that he had taken a house miles from the center of town, and that it had fourteen rooms. "Well," he told Nora complacently, "it'll be a change, anyway."

They had imported Mary, Nora's sister, to help with the moving; but five minutes after the van drivers had dropped their trunks in the living room and departed, the child looked suddenly sick and crumpled into the nearest chair. "It was that tour of the town Don took me on last night," she explained miserably. "We were up all night."

Don clutched his head with both hands. "I'm not worth a darn, either," he admitted. "Nora, just let's everybody go to bed."

But she was staring hard at Mary. "I'm going to call a doctor," she said finally.

Mary had acute appendicitis. When the ambulance had taken her away Nora threw a comforter over her snoring husband and set to work. This trunk must be opened, this clo scrubbed . . . In the midst of the lat task she paused, a listening express on her face. Then stood up and w over to the sofa.

"Don," she said urgently. "Don, sr out of it. Call that doctor again!"

A moment later Don sat tensely, knuckles white with the pressure their hold on the telephone, hearing physician's strained voice saying: that's the way it is get her over h as soon as you can. I can't save baby. I'll try to save her. But *hurr*

Late that afternoon, as he sat resti eyes closed, in the hospital lobby, Nor mother came trotting wildly in, her askew, her hair in tendrils. Some o had wired her and she had taken train from Dubuque.

"Tell me," she whispered, shaki him. "Tell me the worst."

"You don't have to whisper," he sa "Everything's all right. Nora's fine a we've a little son. Only Mary has a pendicitis."

"Thank God," croaked Mrs. Pande gast. "I mean, oh God. And I'm whi pering because I must. I've got bro chitis."

THE next two years were, for t Ameches, a discovery period. If th had thought at first that adjustment marriage would come with patien and time, they found now that amount of time or patience could ev make their marriage anything but perpetual riot; so they stopped tryin Once they had decided this, an almo tangible aura of good humor settl over the fourteen-room barn.

There were the two years, then, syn thesized of separate incidents and sma memorable occurrences. These are i delible in Don's mind; the first fan le ters from women listeners, offering marry him; the oil burner that ex ploded religiously in icy weather, spray ing grease over assembled radio officia invited for dinner; the colored coupl leaving because of the fourteen room and anyway because they were goin crazy in this loony asylum; and Jul and the long delayed honeymoon Bermuda . . .

In the fall Don's fan mail increase and so did his salary. They bought sil ver foxes that year, and a new car, an raised the ante at the inevitable poke parties, and went to the Derby a Churchill Downs, where Don lost consistently until *Uncle Les* ran the las race.

Don came hiking back from the pa windows, grinning like a farmer, to report that he had made all their expenses and ten dollars; Nora sai breathlessly she was glad he'd won, because she'd just discovered she was going to increase the population again And in December of 1935 she did, by one male infant at seven pounds.

But before that another thing destined to distort his future and reshape the course of his life beyond reason, came about.

Bored at last with their house, they had taken a cottage at Wooster Lake, where Don did the cooking and, in spare time, acted as salesman for the place to prospective buyers. For this service the rent was halved, a godsend since the Ameche budget was taut again; and he was shrewd. Solemnly he offered all comers $50 if they could find the bathroom—and because this was an alcove hidden behind a wall panel, no one ever bought the cottage.

l here was always the danger that ra might suddenly emerge through all and spoil everything.

ws after one of these narrow es- e as the visitor went muttering k o his car, that Don pulled Nora th sofa beside him and began, for st time since their marriage, to t his career and the future of it. e always waited for things to hap- me," he told her, "and always y ave. Until now. For two years r hing's been coasting—and I can't e hat. Radio has its limitations. I n to get into the big time."

e eyes questioned his. "I thought— d Hollywood," he said in answer. h nodded. "But you don't know y go out and dig things up. You've d on your faith in love, in life, in r uck. What'll you do?"

J t go and ask for a test, I suppose." s rugged. "It's September—getting l. How'd you like a little trip to if nia?"

c shook her head. "Thanks. But 'l do better alone."

e was off, characteristically, within H ur, leaving the cottage in a sham- s rom packing and Nora standing m among the debris; but around m outh were lines from grinning er eyes were proud, for him.

M o-Goldwyn-Mayer had heard of e ecause of radio, made the test, u ed in courteous refusal; but be- e left Hollywood an agent named n e Frank looked him up . . . and, D ember, Frank flew East, stopping Chicago to pick up Don. "In w York," Frank said, "we'll make t r—for Twentieth-Century Fox s me. And it's going to be *good!*"

was. Don called Nora from his n attan hotel, and when he turned r the phone to face Frank his face r mingled laughter and triumph. h always has to be best," he said l "I told her I'd just signed a t ct to be a movie actor and do n know what she topped it with? e aid she'd just presented me with t er son."

'nk snorted. "You don't need an r" he said. "All you need is a rab- s oot."

T rest of his life, until now, is in r pect a legible, clearly remembered i l only because it is so close; surely r has been no time for sensations or r s to record themselves deeply in emory, no chance for analysis or t ht or even for detached inspection l s reactions. Later, when Holly- c is past, the years of 1936 and '37 d his first part of 1938 will be remote d unreal, because of the blinding c at which they were living—but w the pattern is bright, interwoven t fragmentary sensations, with im- s ilities made, by the magic of this a e Town, to seem plausible, con-

T re was coming West alone, in r March after the second baby was r—because that baby was ill and o must stay; and a suite in a Holly- c hotel, because you never knew c t these things, and the first feel of a -up again after so many years, and e pening scenes on the set with dis- a ng cameras whirring, and the s s, and *Mr. Ameche, we have de- d! you warrant a double rôle in this i plenty of plugging;* and the end of a h; and *Long Distance, get me Chi-*

ut I can't come now," Nora lisped im across two thousand miles of e. "I've got one tooth out and holes f teen others, on account of inlays. v got to be back at the dentist's in a an hour, and it's a two weeks' job." et temporary fillings," Don com- manded, "but anyway leave tonight." An exultant note crept into his voice. "The Ameches are moving to California . . ."

So she filled her teeth with wax, gathered up two baby beds and half a can opener, for some forgotten reason, and the children, and left that evening. And in two days and three nights she came into the Promised Land with her household intact, if meager; and that land was abundant with milk and honey and contracts. Ameche housed his flock in a Colonial Beverly Hills house and fed them and clothed them, and there—after offering up thanksgiving—they were content.

There was "Sins of Man," announcing Don's debut, which, if it did little for the studio coffers, at least did much for Don. "Ramona" followed it, and that was better: people went to see it, remarked the dark, appealing man who played the Indian, heard his voice on the "First Nighter" program which had conveniently moved to Hollywood for his sake, and began writing letters and more letters, until, in 1937, his fan mail was rivaling Shirley Temple's, and Darryl Zanuck had given him a new contract, and the die of his exciting future was irretrievably cast.

THE late sun, streaming past the breakers to touch the beach, was warm; it was February of 1938, California's dead-of-winter, but the Ameches were still tourists enough to believe the advertisements — wherefore they were alone, and the shore was empty. Don put one arm over his eyes to shut out the glare and murmured lazily to the sky, " 'Old Chicago' and 'Happy Landing' are cleaning up. I think 'Alexander's Ragtime Band' will be box-office, too. Things've turned out all right, haven't they?"

Nora pushed herself to her elbows and looked down at him. "I'm going to call you the Spirit of '29," she proclaimed. "There's something flamboyantly prosperous about you." Then she chuckled. "Can this be degenerating into an analytical discussion?"

He said, "You're happy, aren't you." It was a statement.

"You know that."

"I've changed a little, I think," Don added after a time. "Being twenty-nine has done it. I've got a sort of yen to build our house on that hilltop we own, and get the kids into school, and—well, stop batting around so much. Maybe after I get settled you won't have to keep holding yourself ready for anything to happen after six o'clock in the afternoon. After all, the Jazz Age is over. These are serious times, and we should respond by being responsible citizens."

"You're absolutely right," Nora said gravely.

"Tonight," he told her, getting up in a final sort of way, "I'm going to read a good book. Life has hit me in the face, and I am developing Judgment."

They walked slowly up the beach to their car.

At four o'clock the next morning Nora woke because the lights had gone suddenly on, saw Don standing beside the bed completely dressed; a familiar glint was in his eye. "Come on," he said. "It's a beautiful night. We can be in Palm Springs for sunrise—and there's going to be a big shindig at the Racquet Club tomorrow evening."

"But—responsible citizens—" Nora muttered wildly, "judgment—serious times . . ."

"What are you talking about?" Don stared at her, puzzled.

She jumped out of bed then, laughing happily. "All right," she said. "But you almost had me scared for a while this afternoon!"

MADELEINE CARROLL
starring in the Walter Wanger-United Artists picture "The Adventuress"

IT'S SOUND ADVICE from Hollywood, where women know new ways to beauty. Don't take a chance on misfit makeup... unrelated cosmetics that clash, that can't possibly look well together...or on you. To be *sure* you look your loveliest...wear Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. For here's...

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES . . . face powder, rouge, and lipstick... eye makeup, too... in color-harmonized sets. And it's makeup that matches *you*... for it's keyed to your true personality color, *the color of your eyes.*

NOW YOU CAN BE SURE your skin, your hair, your eyes look their loveliest, because you're following Nature's color plan *for you!* Stage and screen stars, beauty editors, fashion experts endorse Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. Thousands of women who have tried it agree it's the way to *immediate* new beauty.

THE PRICE IS LOW. Start now to build *your* matched set. Buy that lipstick...or rouge, face powder, eye shadow, or mascara... in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup... only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢). *Your* drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

If your eyes are
- **BLUE** . . . . *wear* **DRESDEN** *type*
- **GRAY** . . . *wear* **PATRICIAN** *type*
- **BROWN** . . *wear* **PARISIAN** *type*
- **HAZEL** . . . *wear* **CONTINENTAL** *type*

HOLLYWOOD'S RIGHT . . . men are annoyed by misfit makeup. Avoid it . . . tonight . . . with this makeup that *matches* . . . this makeup that matches *you!*

COPYRIGHT 1938 BY RICHARD HUDNUT

MARVELOUS EYE MATCHED MAKEUP by Richard Hudnut

Try it! Mail coupon NOW for Marvelous Makeup, keyed to *your* eyes! See how much lovelier you'll be with makeup that *matches* . . . and matches *you.*

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City — P 5-38

I enclose 10 cents to help cover mailing costs. Send *my* Tryout Kit of Marvelous Makeup.. harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick for my type, as checked below:

✓ *My eyes are*
☐ Blue ☐ Brown
☐ Gray ☐ Hazel

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

The Calendar said: "CALL IT OFF"

MIDOL *said:*

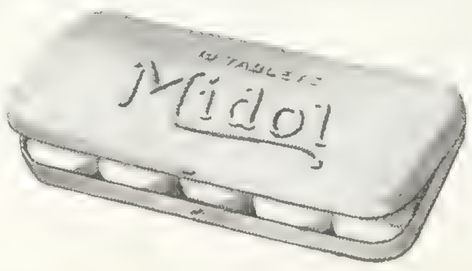
..... "LET THEM COME"

DO you still let pain take precedence to pleasure certain days each month? Do you still let the calendar regulate your life—giving up enjoyment and giving in to suffering which you think is unavoidable?

If you do, you should know that doctors have discovered severe or prolonged periodic functional pain is not natural to most women. And that thousands of women have discovered it is *not necessary*. For unless there is some organic disorder demanding a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol helps most women who try it.

Why not give Midol a chance to help *you*—to render those dreaded days of menstruation as carefree as any other? Midol is offered for this sole purpose. It acts quickly. In all but unusual instances it brings relief. Many women declare they have no pain at all, or even discomfort, since they learned to rely on Midol.

When the calendar says "quiet", let Midol help you "carry on". Instead of favoring yourself, let Midol take care of the pain. A few Midol tablets should see you comfortably through your worst day. Drugstores have Midol *on the counter* in convenient purse-size tins.



ON THE COUNTER AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

THIRD PRIZE—$5.00

O. K. VANDERBILT

Bouquets to a magazine that, regardless of the unpleasant comments and criticism it is subjected to, will publish articles such as Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., writes. Considering that a very large percent of the people depend almost entirely on what they read for their knowledge of Hollywood and its stars, it is only fair that they should have more plain unvarnished truth and less hooey. I sincerely believe you could pick men and women from the streets at random and, after a publicity man did his stuff, their biographies would be just as colorful and romantic as the most exciting stars of today.

There has been quite a lot written by Mr. Vanderbilt about Hollywood manners. As the stars are gathered from every walk of life, it stands to reason that a lot of them may not be tops in culture—but what of it? It's nothing to be ashamed of and surely nothing to get mad about.

I am not one of your Fifth Avenue Four Hundred but one of the millions you see each day going about his work, and, as there are not many of us who are able to visit Hollywood and see for ourselves what they do and what they don't do, please continue to give us the same good reading and a lot more writing from the pen of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

WALLACE REID WHATLEY,
Birmingham, Ala.

$1.00 PRIZE

REMEMBER THE NINETEENTH AMENDMENT

In the picture "Rosalie," two thirds of Eleanor Powell's tap dances were completely spoiled for me, because, in two of her three dance numbers, she appeared attired in trousers.

Now, any woman in masculine clothing is most "un"-charming to me. And, to have a feminine-looking woman like Eleanor Powell follow this disgusting fad, spoils her good dancing for me.

In the picture previous to "Rosalie," Eleanor danced *every one* of her numbers dressed in men's clothing. So I am still hopeful that the studio will see to it that Eleanor's next picture will show her as she really is—a truly feminine woman as well as a truly great dancer.

ELIZABETH J. MOORE,
Asheville, N. C.

$1.00 PRIZE

TWO MINKS, WE THINK

I have a great deal of wholesome and hearty respect for Robert Taylor—said admiration arising, conversely, from the fact that he is definitely *not* the Great Lover his publicity department would have us believe. At least, he doesn't work at it outside of office hours.

In a town whose inhabitants are noted for their penchant for changing partners with their moods, Bob has shown an amazing constancy and stability, despite numberless glamour girls who w give their best mink to be seen him. In his several years in Hollyw Bob's name has been linked roma cally with the name of only two g Irene Hervey, and, currently, Barl Stanwyck. And be it noted that nei of these ladies is famous or notor for glamour and ummph, but rather refinement and character. Woul that bespeak something for Bob's character?

Anent all this tommyrot regarding inadvisability of his marrying—li Bob: long after you're married, a fa and even a grandfather, I'll still b line before a box office waiting to your pictures, on account of I th you're a swell fella!

MRS. H. MCCLENDON,
Albuquerque, N. M

$1.00 PRIZE

"IN OLD CHICAGO"

Made thrilling by acute action, bellished with the arcanum of ac and imbued with strength, "In Old C cago" becomes an unforgettable scr event, and sets a high mark for fut films to shoot at.

The scenes of the burning city accompanying terror, tragedy and s den death are so realistic and comp ing that one actually forgot the sn ness of his comfortable theater s Most impressive is the fact that Alices step out of their usual in rôles and emerge as superlative st whose acting is ample prediction t their screen careers have really just gun. Alice Brady did not merely p tray a rôle, she created a characte *Mrs. O'Leary*—a feat seldom acco plished by a film actress. Alice Faye *Belle*, the glamorous dance-hall g proves she not only has trained t and a tantalizing voice, but the tal and vitality—the very soul of an actr

MRS. NILES EGGLESTAT,
Milford, N. Y

$1.00 PRIZE

WELCOME TO WEAVER

With the coming of spring, new scre personalities burst forth with all t freshness of the season. In this dr matic array of seasonal flourishme allow me to raise my voice in praise certain animated "twig snapping." Tl Marjorie Weaver is certainly a "sna ping twig." Never have I seen a rar bit of exhilarated acting on the scre than that executed by Miss Weaver "Second Honeymoon."

Into an atmosphere too heavi charged with sophistication (thanks Tyrone Power and Loretta Young came this charming, simple, living po trayal from Marjorie Weaver, thus gi ing perfect balance to a scene othe wise lacking in naturalness. I am r ferring, of course, to the dinner party which scene Miss Weaver made h vivacious appearance. My complimen to a good actress.

HAROLD S. ETTER,
Shippensburg, Pa.

NEXT MONTH!

A NEW DAY FOR BILL POWELL

BY RUTH WATERBURY

The author of this story knows William Powell well. She presents the actor in a new light—the changed code of a changed man

The Kid Speaks About Marriage

(Continued from page 23)

alahad has turned into a Don n. His name has been linked with ry young picture girl on the loose. ca hunch it wasn't all on the up u. He just isn't the type. But I at in the back of my head and ir ed my ears.

on't get married," began Wayne, ase I can't. I haven't the money. n't the security. I don't know n I'll have it, either. Maybe in ive years."

Morris Five-Year Plan," I inter- d "That right?"

said Wayne. "That's wrong. I t nake plans. Where would I be y if I'd had plans—and had fol- d them? I wouldn't be here eat- l ch in this studio, that's a cinch, e I certainly never had the mov- i my plans. So—no plans. But a this. I'd bet a tall stack of chips n still free, white and single five s rom now. That's almost in the s Look—

t," Wayne stacked some sugar e on the table cloth for emphasis, r s this business I'm in. Acting. a uncertain as the weather. How how I'll really click solidly as an r I might be just a flash in the might be a three or five-picture d then fade out like a light. I n't be the first one in Hollywood."

' I admitted.

right," warmed up Wayne, "when through in pictures, you're usu- rough. How do I know that I be wondering where my next coming from in a year or two? as a doctor, or lawyer, or busi- n, it might be different. I could n reasonably sure progress. But i—they're fickle.

' said Wayne, adding some more cubes, "I figure I'd have to have stake in the bank before I could think about marriage. Twenty or thousand dollars—maybe a little Something to bank on in case options miss the boat.

on't make much money now. I ere are plenty of young fellows the world who cash a lot bigger on Saturday night than I do. ad a great break, and I'm not g. But I'm not getting rich, either. t a long-term contract with sal- ises along the line. But I figure e some time before I'm really in ips—enough to get married and married. And that's another —"

NE knocked down the stack of cubes with a flick of his little He'd been smiling a little, off n, with that absolutely inimitable -canyon grin that pulls his eyes t shut. Now he ironed his face raight.

ybe I'm a little old-fashioned," he but I've got my ideas about mar- and they aren't what you'd call wood ideas, either. I mean, when married I want it to be for keeps; narriage, one girl—see? I want it right, I want about fifteen kids," e wrinkled his face again, "well, a anyway; and a home and all the that goes with the real thing. I'm too sentimental?"

ook my head.

lon't either," agreed Wayne. "But chance have I got for that now? wenty-three. Priscilla's nineteen. both in Hollywood—both in pic- —both just starting. We wouldn't time to work at being married. e both got careers on our minds.

"Things might be different if we were both established, if we had some foundation in this business. It isn't," Wayne hastened to add, "that I think either one of us is too young to get married. Although," he compromised, "there are a lot of things I'd like to do before I really settled down. I want to go to Europe, around the world. Not paying my way, but working in the boat crew. That," said Wayne, "is the only way to have any fun."

I said he couldn't do that now.

The Morris lower lip jutted out. "Why not? I went to Australia that way."

I said, "But you're famous now."

"Nuts!" replied Wayne Morris. "But as I was saying—I believe in young marriages. I believe in having kids early, so they can grow up with you and pal around while you're still young. My father was much older than I was and I think it's harder for kids and their dads to have fun together when they're too far apart in years."

One of his best pals, Wayne said, Johnny Davis, a young contract player at Warners', is married and very happy. Wayne hangs around at Johnny's house a lot with his other constant sidekick, Bill Parker. Bill has a term ticket at Warners', too. All three of them keep up on their golf, tennis, bowling and stuff together. At night, they go into frequent poker huddles at the home of Johnny and his wife. It's always dangerous stuff for bachelors to come in close contact with married bliss.

"But," Wayne hastened to point out, "Johnny and his wife knew each other almost all their lives before they got married. Johnny went with her eight years and spent four of them trying to get her to say, 'Yes.' People who get married ought to know each other for a long time."

WAYNE MORRIS and Priscilla Lane haven't known each other too long. They met first on the lot at Warner Brothers when Priscilla was making "Varsity Show." Later, Warners cast Wayne and Priscilla together in "Love, Honor and Behave." Wayne was assigned the delicate task of mopping up the floor with Priscilla. The scenario called for him to paste her around, sock her with a book, spank her with a steak and generally maul and maltreat her in one of those roughhouse boy-tames-naughty-girl sequences currently faddish on the screen.

Wayne did. He's built like an ox, you know, and sweeping tiny little Priscilla around the set was a left-handed cinch. The next thing he knew he had tumbled for her like a load of coal. And vice versa. Which just goes to show that love laughs at a lot of things besides locksmiths. Rough stuff, for instance.

It was a swell romantic setup—the kind Hollywood likes best—a set romance, blooming right underneath arc lights and booms and mikes, powder and grease paint.

They held hands between scenes and whispered in the corners of the sound stage. They tagged off together daily for lunch and sat toying with food in the commissary and gazing moonstruck into each other's eyes. They drove off the lot together, took motor trips on holidays and bought penny postcards for the cast.

They showed up some nights at the Trocadero and at the Beverly-Wilshire. They had cocktails at the Hollywood Knickerbocker. They teamed up at the

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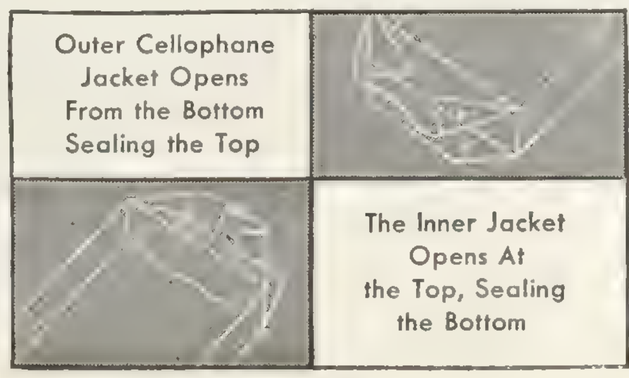

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Warner Club party. Wayne had it bad, and still has, for that matter.

This past Christmas he was fretting about what to give Priscilla. Somebody suggested a set of records.

"Oh, no," vetoed Wayne, "and have other guys sitting around playing 'em? Nothing doing!"

IT took Hollywood gossips a long time to comprehend that something was really going on there, because—well—Wayne, right after "Kid Galahad," had worked himself up a reputation for playing the field. The list of stars he'd been beauing around reached from Burbank to Culver City and back again by way of Westwood Hills and Hollywood. Nobody took the boy seriously.

Every day you seemed to read about a new cutie basking in the warmth of his seemingly wandering affections. Not that you could blame Wayne. Why shouldn't a big, handsome, wide-awake young twenty-three-year old have his share of fun in the flower garden of beautiful buds that is Hollywood when the gates are swung open? However—

"Are you sure," I ventured cautiously in this vein, "that one reason you won't get married isn't that you treasure your freedom with the—uh—ladies, I mean—"

Wayne Morris narrowed his eyelids and that piano-key grin split his wide face with crafty pleasure.

"I've been waiting for that one," he cracked. "What ladies? I'm a Lothario, you say—all right, go ahead and break my romances down. For instance—"

I mentioned Eleanor Powell.

"We went to the Troc once," confessed Wayne. "It was the first time I'd ever been there. It was Eleanor's birthday. We had two or three more dates. Never any romance. Next?"

I mentioned Lana Turner, Nan Grey, Jane Bryan and some others I'd read about.

"Me, too," said Wayne. "I read about Alice Faye and me, and, of course, I never took her out in my life. She was engaged; she's married now. I read about Jane Bryan right after 'Kid Galahad.' Same thing. I even read where I was rushing Leah Ray around—and I've never met her yet! That leaves Lana Turner and Nan Grey. Well, I went with Lana a long time ago, and I've just met Nan a couple of times. So—there's your ladies' man for you—"

"Where?" I said.

"You see," said Wayne, "it's not me—it's just Hollywood. I'm probably the most unspectacular guy in the world. I live with my folks, save my dough. I hardly ever go around to the night spots. I go over to the Elks Club every once in a while for a game with the boys—yeah, I'm an Elk. But most of the time I'm playing cards with some of my pals. In the daytime, whether I'm working or not, I'm usually hanging around the lot here, nosing around. I want to be a director some day. Why, I've only been here about a year, but I bet a guy who's been here ten years five bucks that I knew more people on the lot than he did—and I won it!"

He seemed prouder of that than of anything else he'd done.

"This Casanova stuff may be great publicity," decided Wayne Morris, "but it's strictly the bunk, if you want the real ticket."

"All right then," I said, "how about *this* romance? Are you sure it isn't all just publicity, too?"

THERE have been plenty of rumors around that Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane are that way for benefit of the press, their pictures and dear old Warner Brothers. Wayne, some say, really has never forgotten Lana Turner and Priscilla's heart is supposed to beat far, far away in the East. I reminded hi of all this.

Wayne looked like he might tear th tablecloth, and possibly me, too, in confetti. "Hey!" he yelped. "What this? Do I look like the kind of a gu who'd spend his nights, noon hours ar free afternoons with a girl just so th studio might make a few extra buck Do you think Priscilla would put u with a mugg like me unless she like me a little—for a few cracks in th papers?"

I said it had been done before.

"Sure," agreed Wayne, "but it's bee found out, too. But try and show th one up! I haven't been out with any body but Priscilla since we started go ing together. Neither has she. Look maybe the gossip columns got a few ex tra lines out of this business becau we happened to hit it off first, on th set. But that hasn't got anything to d with it, never did and never will." H big, wide face was as sober as a judge

"The whole thing is like this," sa Wayne. "I like Priscilla a lot; she's th first girl I've ever cared for that muc I think she likes me, too. We're bot young, we've been thrown together lot and we like it. But, just as I tol you, that's all there can be to it no for a lot of reasons, and you don't kno them all."

I KNEW one, though, that he hadn mentioned. Priscilla's folks are dea set against any sort of marriage—wit Wayne Morris or anyone else, righ now. In fact, they won't hear of it.

They're crazy about Wayne. The like him because he's clean and whole some and young and grand compan for Priscilla. They like him becaus he's no night-club hound, because h doesn't drink, because he doesn't kee Priscilla out late, because he likes t spend most of his time with her out d doors. In short, he's the tailor-mad boy friend for a girl who's just startin a tough career and wants eagerly t make a name for herself. All the Lan girls have spent long years preparin for their show world breaks. Nov they've got to make them count.

"I hope we can go on like this for long time," said Wayne, a little wist fully, and with as honest a face as I'v ever seen. "But I'm not kidding my self. I know what happens to thes drawn-out affairs when you can't d anything about it. The odds are al against them.

"Maybe this is just a kind of young love anyway," he conceded. "Maybe i isn't the real thing, even if it does seem like it now to me. A few months certainly ought to tell. Priscilla and I aren't making any more pictures together. She went right into 'Cowboy From Brooklyn' the day 'Men Are Such Fools' finished up. It looks like I'll start 'The Sucker' in a few days and after that they've got 'Kit Carson' lined up for me. There's no part for Priscilla in either of those, and they'll take some time to make.

"If," sighed Wayne, "absence on the lot makes the heart grow fonder, then I'll know about it pretty soon, won't I?

"If it means out of sight, out of mind, I guess I'll catch on quick, too. All I can say is that right now I'm still ringing that doorbell of nights and, believe me, I still like it!"

Whereupon Wayne Morris cracked his face wide open again and eased up out of his chair. "Of course," he said, over his shoulder, "that's just how *I* feel about it. I can't speak for Priscilla. Maybe you'd better double-check with her."

So I did.

She said as far as she was concerned she thought Wayne really had something there.

Can the Gable-Lombard Love Story Have a Happy Ending?

(Continued from page 18)

himself to be perfect in one rôle, in scene.

d he really love this woman, Jo-ine Dillon, Hollywood asks, and did really love him? Was there more ernal than wifely feeling in her?

ark was twenty-two when he mar-her. He was twenty-nine when obtained her divorce. Mrs. Gable in Los Angeles then. Clark was in York. He had arrived in that city a long tour of the south. He was ing in "Machinal," and he had met Langham, a wealthy divorcee from ucky, whose brother was in the of the play.

arce had Josephine divorced him Clark married Rhea Langham. Josephine, Rhea was much older her husband. They came west on honeymoon. Clark was playing a in "The Last Mile." Hollywood him a little more recognition on second visit. M-G-M gave him a n test. Eventually he appeared Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul."

s. Gable, who loves society, enter-d lavishly, did all in her power to mpany her husband into the hectic of Hollywood, and to keep pace him as he walked through the of the light that plays on movie . Hollywood has a way of lioniz-he star, and ignoring his family—cially if the family does not "be-" Yet Mrs. Gable attained the "in-circle" in her own right.

d, for a time, all seemed as merry wedding bell.

RK and Carole met in 1932 when were selected to play in "No Man er Own."

th were married then; and appar-happily married. There wasn't faintest suspicion of any romantic hment between the two, though clowned together continually.

ey were just having a lot of fun ther, and everybody who watched had fun with them. Either Clark arole always had some new gag, new joke to spring. Where either there was bound to be spontaneity, hter, honest enjoyment.

was not until Jock Whitney's "gag y," on Feb. 7, 1936, that Carole and k took any serious interest in each r.

well had become just a friend by time. Columbo was dead. Joseph-Dillon was gone into obscurity. And a Gable had left her husband and to New York.

e had left him once before, it was but later had come back to Holly-d. Everything had been well again a time in the home of the Gables. then everything was wrong again. k and his wife had definitely sep-ed. There had been some attempts ffect a property settlement, it was but the terms of the settlement in dispute.

e Whitney party was held at noon, the guests were requested to ap-in formal evening clothes. Carole herself carried into the Whitney ence on a stretcher.

e guests rushed to her, horror-ken, thinking she had been injured d found her laughing at them.

e gag appealed to Gable. It at-ted him to Carole more than any-g else had done. And, somehow, le felt the attraction as much as lid.

e following week, on St. Valentine's Day, she sent him the queerest valentine any man ever received.

It was nothing but a Model T Ford, dug up from a prehistoric burying ground, or enticed from a museum—a battered, shattered, tattered, and bespattered wreck of an auto.

It was horribly ancient, and terribly vulgar, and exquisitely unattractive. It had rheumatism in all its joints. It exhibited every symptom of St. Vitus' dance when it was in motion. Its glass was cracked, its fenders bent and gnarled and warped and torn and twisted into fantastic shapes. Its upholstery was mouldy and shredded. It had been patched and repatched, and the naked springs stuck through it here and there. Its paint had flaked off in places.

It was the most disreputable car in all the modern world. But it was covered with painted hearts, and so it was a valentine, unique and precious.

Much thought had gone into it, much bright laughter, and a great deal of tenderness. And Gable loved it.

He drove it over to Carole's home, and insisted on taking her out immediately for a ride. Carole consented gladly, and the two went bumping, galumphing, limping, jerking, wheezing, and blowing out great clouds of odorous vapors, down the principal thoroughfares of Hollywood to the immaculate Trocadero.

THAT'S a long time ago—two years and more—a very long time for lovers to wait. Thus far, time has held no threat to their romance. But, if the years pile up, and the hope of their marrying pales, may not their ardor and their passion languish and die?

Love never dies, says another old saw.

Many a super-epic in the films has preached the sermon of love's eternity; and one of the first love stories ever written deals with the timelessness of a man's affections. This is the story of Jacob who worked seven years for Laban, on the promise of winning his daughter Rachel. When the years were done Laban made a wedding feast. But the bride was not Rachel; she was Leah, Rachel's elder sister. Leah the tender-eyed, the cross-eyed. Jacob worked another week of years for the girl he loved.

Will Carole and Clark wait seven years if they must? And another seven thereafter if circumstances so compel them? Who can say?

Love never dies?

Stories in every newspaper every day indicate that love dies many deaths. Carole's love for William Powell died. Clark's love for Josephine died. His love for Rhea is dying, if it be not dead.

This story has never been written before. It isn't fully written now. Time is writing it. Time will furnish its climax and its end. It may be one of the deepest tragedies, one of the most poignant romances of Hollywood. The fans can only watch and wait, "with malice toward none; with charity for all" the principal characters.

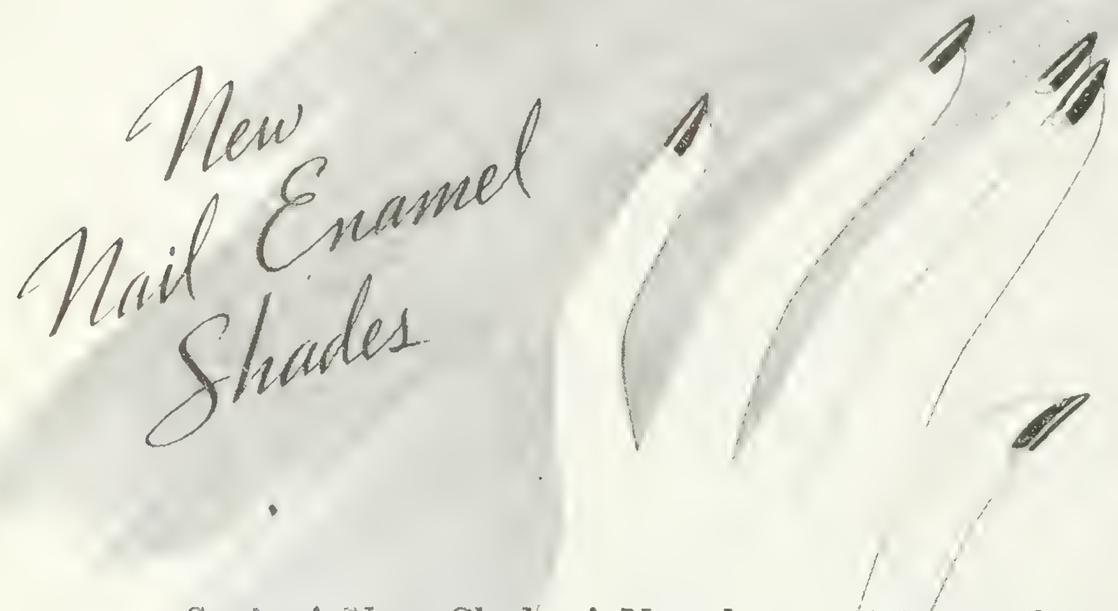
How will the drama end? Will one of the lovers forsake the other? Will they both, someday, regard the cold ashes of their love, and sigh a little? Or will they wait patiently, chins up, brave smiles painted on their faces, never flagging in their romance?

True love never runs smooth?

Perhaps it never does.

"TARTAR *for greys* — LANCER *for blues*"

says Hattie Carnegie



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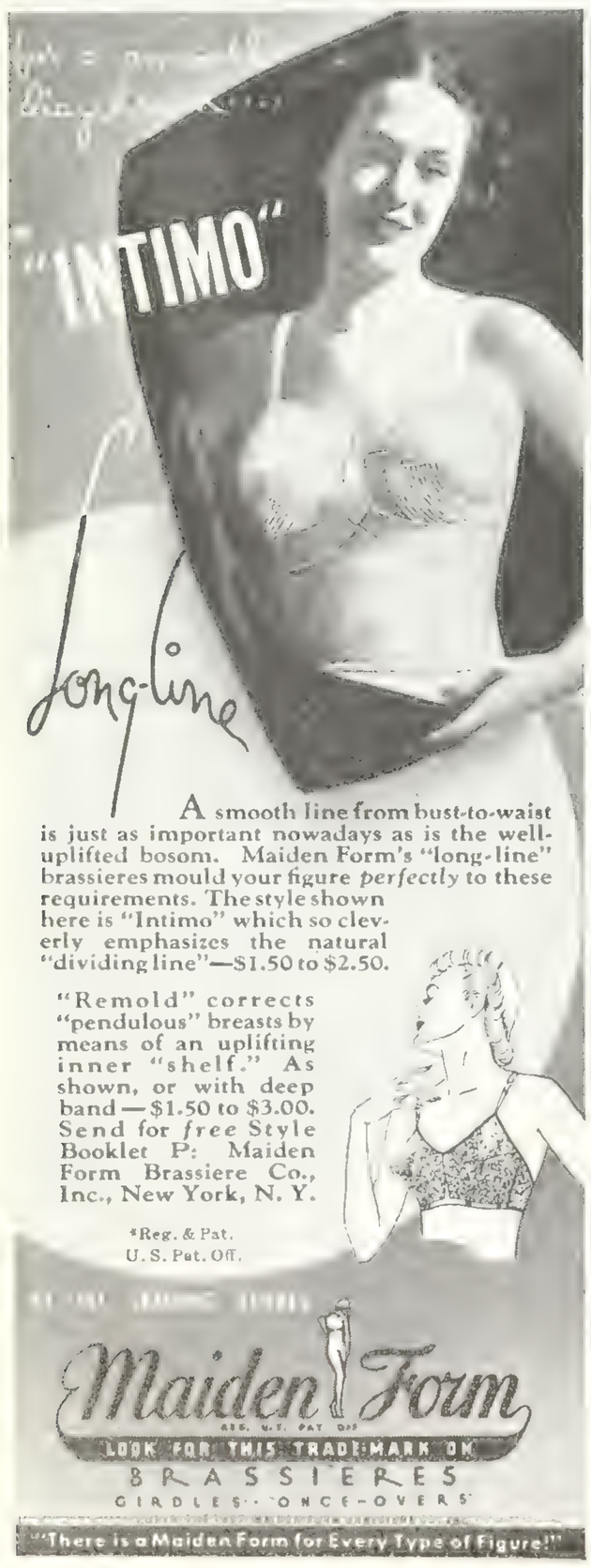

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Roundup of Characters

(Continued from page 21)

show world believes in faithfulness in marriage, honesty in relationship between husband and wife. She abides by her beliefs.

Her favorite expression at all times is, "Well, I'm on the Lord's side."

Arthur Treacher:

The old bromide of when is a butler not a butler can be answered in only one way—when he's Arthur Treacher ("Pip" Treacher to his friends).

Actually he began in movies playing a gentleman. But the six-foot-four Englishman in full evening regalia promptly bumped his head on the overhanging microphone and couldn't read his lines for the goose egg on his brow. So they demoted him to adenoidy, arch-nosed butlers. Which he doesn't mind playing at all.

A bachelor, he lives in an English-type annex to a rabbit warren in the country; plays a very tired game of tennis but simply goes to town on squash which he plays with Buck, the colored locker attendant at the Athletic Club.

The combination of Buck and Pip, waist-deep in a game of squash, is just one of those things, that's all.

After four years of service in the War, he gave way to those old choir boy's urges and became, of all outrageous things for Treacher, a chorus boy. But the trouble was if he kicked straight up he knocked over the props. If he kicked out, the little blonde in the row ahead landed flat on her face.

It was a dog's life really. So he became a stock player all over England and then on to New York and the stage —at long, in-between intervals. Tried out once for radio, reading a love scene. The sound man had to be carried from his box screaming with hysterics.

Pip's feelings were hurt.

Tested out for movies, too, but the director took one look and snarled, "Where did you get that Adam's apple?"

Pip's feelings were crushed.

And for weeks he practically strangled himself trying to swallow his Big Apple.

Landed in Hollywood and went into a co-operative theater project where everyone shared the profits, only there were seldom any profits. All six feet four of him seemed caved in at once. It was a fine how-do-you-do, indeed, until casting directors began noticing him (as if they could miss him) and business picked up.

He's considered Hollywood's A-1 gourmet. According to local restaurateurs, the lad knows how to order the perfect dinner. But he's definitely against veal loaf and gravy. Especially with gravy.

Had to sleep catty-corner in beds all his life until he built a house with beds long enough to lie in, with doors tall enough to get through without stooping and chairs high enough to sit in.

Pip once complained to a friend at a party that strange ladies were always loitering about, ". . . if you know what I mean." It was explained that, because of his height, ladies in crowded rooms would always say to their husbands, "Look—I'll meet you near Treacher."

He and Shirley Temple are that way. (Remember them in "Curly Top?") She admires every inch of him from the ground up. She comes to his knees.

But she isn't his only admirer. Ask the fans who saw him (or will see him soon) in "Mad About Music."

Oh, certainly, practically everyone says, "Well pip, pip," when they le him.

C. Aubrey Smith:

High on a California hill, where sky bounces off a mountain top into sea, lives one of Hollywood's b beloved actors, C. Aubrey Smith. loved not only by friends who k him intimately, but by fans everywh who look forward to glimpsing the feet one of him holding his own o motion-picture screen. At sever four, he's young and vital and al And, to the envy of his less-feathe friends, he has all his hair. Dowr the last iron-gray strand. He leaves toupee wearing to the youngsters thirty. C. Aubrey (he of "Little L Fauntleroy" and more recently " Hurricane" fame) sports his own.

On a clear day, Catalina can see wide-striped blazer worn by the a as a morning coat. Catalina can e spot it through a dash of fog. It's that loud. The trousers are alw tweed and his pipes are constantly riving at that enviable state known ripe.

English as Yorkshire pudding, house is his castle. Only it's reall dream come true. Passing by a c tain mountain spot on his daily tra from M-G-M studios (where he lost in the two-year vastness of Weissmuller "Tarzan" epic), he grew love that mountain. To look forw each morning and each evening to s ing it. To note how the sun dip over its humped crest or rose over peculiar edge that looked for all world like Sitting Bull in profile.

So he bought it. And scooped off top, scalping Sitting Bull for a fa thee-well.

To his home he brought his w three dogs, two canaries, two parake one alley cat—all in the best of hea and pleased as Punch.

On a plateau above the house he bu his cricket field. Most any day, a gro of English friends may be seen whoo ing it up on the Smiths' bit of green

Confidentially, his wife declares h plain batty over sports. Whooping a fandangoing around on the sidelin "like a spoilt boy or like a plain ma man," she says. "And as far as th goes," his wife says, "he's a luna about animals too, especially dogs."

Birdhouses he's mad for. And buil them all over creation. Even the bir are dumbfounded at the sudden buil ing boom. High up on a mountain t like that.

In 1890, when young Smith decid to leave his work on the London Sto Exchange to try the stage, his fath was outraged. "Think of your sister the old gentleman shouted, "how ou raged they would feel to have the brother an actor."

Tours with Ethel Terry brought hi to America. In 1915, he made his fir movie, and, off and on, has been makir them ever since.

His eyebrows are thick and bushy lil the shrubbery stubbornly clinging to h mountain side. His voice, he thinks, his best asset. Like all actors he wea suède shoes and a ring on his little fir ger. Slightly deaf, he cups his rigl hand gently over his ear.

His capacity for an overwhelming en joyment of life and the living of it his secret of perpetual youth. He ha one daughter, married to a British Nav officer in the West Indies. His eye

constant voyaging to her picture s desk.

C, yes, the C. is for Charles. With such a plain name, he felt Aubrey le more hottish. For an actor, he And along with the striped blazer, k he's got something there.

an Bing:

sby, a Barnum and Bailey ele-, and Herman, the only Bings on ovie horizon, are each unique in wn way. But somehow Herman slightly "uniquer" than the others. 's the matter of accents for in-. Herman has three.

1. His sauerkraut accent.
2. His gefülte-fish accent.
3. His blum-budding accent with the id touch.

are in constant demand by the s that first brought Herman from any as assistant to Director Mur-

handling of English became the f the town. "Well, Bing asked the men for empty horses today," the would go. Or, "Bing assured e O'Brien not to worry. If he ed in a scene they'd asphyxiate

team work between Bing and au also became food for meaty telling.

rnau would shout, "Bing, where ou?"

ng, here I am," Bing would an- thinking himself quite a card.

mother in Germany didn't raise by to be a comic. An opera singer f, she hoped her son would sing acci" for dear life one day. In- he gravitated to German movies. after Murnau's sudden death in ica, he left the mechanical end for omical end, rolling his "r's" and g his "snoodle zoup" all over the n.

s proud as Punch of his harem, sting of his mama, his daughter a senior in Hollywood High l, two sisters, two nieces, one cook ne woman manager, all living in me house.

wife, who died several years ago, isses deeply. His one hobby, ety- gy, grew from his habit of torment- e king's English. While other stars off to Palm Springs or tennis es or night clubs, Bing is home his verbs tracing the rascals right to their very roots. Actor Her- actually knows more verbs, their customs, habits and ancestors, than a casting director does actors.

Between pictures (his latest is "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife") he makes personal appearances, playing the piano, singing his German songs and going to town with his sauerkraut story telling. At home he spends his time away from the harem end of things—listening to music or fondling a dictionary.

Potato pancakes and dumplings (the dough not the blonde kind) he adores. And Gott in himmel, wiener schnitzel—iss dot someting?

Capitalizing on an impediment of speech, he has turned a liability into an asset. Exactly as he capitalizes by his satirical exaggeration on the screen. The ridiculous antics of pompous individuals who dramatize their job—the big blustering bluffer, the little executive with the Napoleonic complex, the dictator executive with the fearful soul, the meek hero and the arrogant coward, —all these are objects of Bing's curiosity, his scorn and his amusement.

And, oh, yes—he's even less pretty off the screen than on.

Alan Mowbray:

Butler, orchestra leader, opera singer, magician, and plain ham actor—how are you, Mr. Mowbray?

No matter the rôle played by Alan Mowbray (including all of the above), his friends always exclaim, "My dear, how perfectly you were cast!"

Sophistication—an overused, miscast word in Hollywood—fits him like a glove. A soft suède glove with a platinum horseshoe tucked inside. His remarks are gems of wit, lined and interlined with barbed steel shafts that find their mark in the most devastating and deflating portions of the anatomy.

There, now, is Alan Mowbray.

An Englishman who is nuts over the idea of becoming a papa to two American children.

Married to an American, he has two children, both born in California. A situation that intrigues the actor's English fancy no end. He calls them P.M. and A.M for short. Patricia is five. Alan, Jr., or "Butch" Mowbray in polite circles, is three.

For four years and three months, Mr. Mowbray shivered through the paroxysm of a world war and now, just think, he says, "There's actually a powder puff man in his life." Driving to the studio he'll think, "Down there at the studio there's a man with a powder puff wait-

etimes flash news misses fire! This shot of Bill Grady and the Spencer ys was taken at the Troc one Sunday night at 8:05. At 8:10 it was an- ced over the air that the Tracys had separated. We'd rather believe our than our ears any day. By the time you read this, Spencer and Louise e together in Honolulu on that vacation they have both been planning

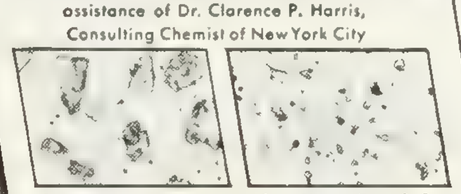
From Paris Comes the Idea

SKIN AFFINITY*

THE NEW EVENING IN PARIS FACE POWDER SENSATION

Let the microscope prove it to you

Photomicrographs made with the assistance of Dr. Clarence P. Harris, Consulting Chemist of New York City



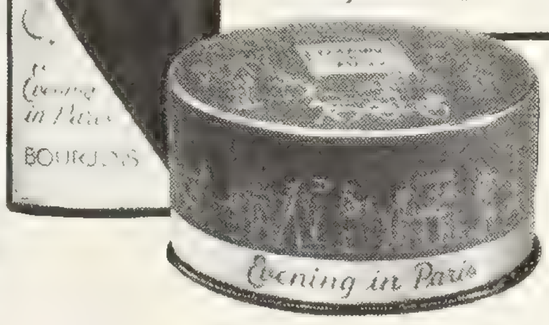
One of the largest selling face powders. Note comparatively large particles, uneven in size and shape.

The Skin Affinity* Evening in Paris Face Powder. Particles exceedingly small; more uniform in size, smoother in shape.

Now! In one face powder ...this amazing combination of beauty advantages

1. Exquisitely smooth, translucent.
2. Looks superbly natural.
3. Refines, softens features.
4. Covers the skin better.
5. Maintains loveliness longer.
6. Beautifies BOTH dry and oily skins.
7. Clearest, most flattering shades.

KEYED SCENTS—Evening in Paris Perfume, the "fragrance of romance" scents all the exquisite Evening in Paris Preparations. Use it with your other Evening in Paris preparations to avoid "clashing odeurs" ...Evening in Paris Perfume, 55c to $10.00.



Completely new!...At last the face powder that combines the best features of light and heavy textures!

TRY IT...and you'll exclaim: "I've been using only half a face powder until now!" For at last here's the face powder that gives you the most desirable qualities of *both* light and heavy powder textures! That's why beauty experts have named this new Evening in Paris Face Powder "*Skin Affinity**" ...Because it actually seems attracted to your skin, it goes on so smoothly, stays on so evenly and so long! Such superior staying and covering qualities usually have been associated with a "heavy" face powder, but this new Evening in Paris texture is super-fine, super-light! It is especially flattering, because Evening in Paris colors are vividly warm, clear and glowing. At drug and department stores everywhere. Generous, enlarged box, $1.10.

*Trade Mark

Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

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ON THE NEW DOLLAR-SAVING

El CAPITAN

THE ONLY 39¾ HOUR

all-chair-car

STREAMLINED TRAIN

between

Chicago·Los Angeles

● This new, gay little wind splitter is as swift as the finest luxury streamliners—*but you can't ride on it if you want to spend a lot of money . . . .*

Because this twice-a-week silver flash is dedicated *entirely* to economy travel, and for the exclusive use of chair-car passengers!

Your fare to California is only $5 more than the lowest cost coach fare—yet you save days and dollars! And the delicious meals, served in the cheery lunch-tavern car, are priced surprisingly low.

You'll like, too, the trim beauty and latest comforts of this unique train — including deeply-cushioned reclining chairs, all numbered and reserved; carpeted aisles; broad windows; fine lighting and attractive dressing rooms. One car is reserved for women and children — with a courier-nurse to help mothers with babies and children, and to assist all others who may require her free and friendly service.

So whiz to California on *El Capitan,* and see for yourself how far Santa Fe has really gone in lifting economy travel to a new plane of zest and pleasure.

El Capitan departs from Chicago every Tuesday and Saturday, 5:45 pm; from Los Angeles, Tuesdays and Fridays, 1:30 pm.

13 SUPERB STREAMLINERS

● El Capitan is only one of 13 magnificent new trains, streamlined in stainless steel, that Santa Fe presents for more enjoyable California and Southwestern journeys during 1938.

There are two superb Super Chiefs, extra-fare and *only solid-Pullman* 39¾-hour streamliners between Chicago and Los Angeles; six new streamlined Chiefs that further emphasize the distinction of this fastest and only first-class, extra-fare, Chicago-Los Angeles *daily* train; and new streamliners between San Diego and Los Angeles, and Kansas City and Chicago.

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1938 IS A SANTA FE YEAR

ing just for me—to powder my face. What a world," and he'll lean out and bow stiffly but pleasantly to men, women and children on the march.

It was while he was acting his rôle in George Bernard Shaw's "The Apple Cart" that movies grabbed him. He began by playing George Washington with a teddibly British twang and Valley Forge viewpoint. He was slightly terrific.

After twenty-nine pictures (the current one being Hal Roach's "Merrily We Live"), he's agreed, for the first time, to sign a contract. And only, as he warned Hal Roach, did he sign it because he learned do-nuts and coffee were served free on the Roach sets every day.

The do-nuts and coffee got him.

He reads widely and currently with a purpose other than enjoyment. One day he hopes to become a producer, either of pictures or stage plays, and so must know stories.

He's a playwright of some success. "Dinner is Served," his own play, was produced on Broadway. He has just completed another called "In the Spirit" which he hopes to have produced.

Englishmen whose accents grow more and more British the longer they remain in America bore him terrifically. Always prefers amiability to confusion. Figures life is too short for fussing.

Solidly educated, he's well informed. And his one luxury is cigarettes costing eight cents apiece.

"Have one?" he'll insist with a light of satisfaction in his eye, while his very own powder puff man lingering near makes it a bit of an all right world for Mr. Mowbray.

He's happy about the whole thing.

Eric Blore:

"He rambled, yes he rambled—he rambled all around—in and out of the town."

Remember the old college tune with freshmen in tiny caps hollering like mad?

Eric Blore says that song was written about him. Eric says back in the beginning he wasn't so much an actor as a rambler—not the rose variety. All over every stick and stone in every way station and hamlet in England, his native country, he rambled.

You should know what he did to Australia, Eric says. Why, they even played to the Bushmen; and once (of course, Eric says this, remember, not me) they even played to a bunch of overcurious kangaroos.

The play was "The Merry Makers." The kangaroos died off like fleas, Eric says.

A brilliant mind, a funny face with a funnier mouth that does a Susy Q. all of its own, Eric is another comic gone the way of all butlers.

His first great Hollywood success, however, was as a waiter in "The Gay Divorcee."

His mind is quick and alert. His perceptions keen. His head slightly bald on top. And positively anemic around the edges. His remarks, witty, intelligent, are usually satirical.

His father, Harry Blore, was an honor student at Trinity College, Dublin.

Eric wasn't.

His father is today a member of the Board of Education in London.

Eric isn't. Eric never will be.

But he *is* one of the finest comedians in all Hollywood.

"America has never appreciated the capabilities or artistry of Blore," English critics cry.

But Eric doesn't cry. He thinks he is doing all right. Thinks Hollywood a divine place to live. Calls it "a man's town." Claims he's Anglo-American by absorption. Eric absorbs like a sponge.

"Such a cozy unlonely feeling—having all my old friends around me here," he says. "Just think, I can telephone Bart Marshall any time I want to. He's right here. In the town with me. Before this I'd maybe see Bart fifteen minutes every four years between jumps at Chicago.

"Hollywood is like an excursion boat and all my friends are on it."

Blow the whistle, Captain. Here comes Blore around the bend.

There's something about treacle pudding that gets him. And something about Black Velvet, a combination of stout and champagne, that also gets him. Oh, definitely gets him.

English foods are still his favorite but he's learned to enjoy hot dogs and has discovered a secret concerning the overheated canines. They must be eaten at the beach to be enjoyed. Away from the salt air they lose their "ummph." No sea air—no ummph in hot dogs.

He wears a cute bow tie and high-waisted pants that almost meet the bow tie head on.

He's completely frustrated over the fact no one ever gives him a birthday present because his birthday comes on December 23. His friends wait till Christmas. It's done something to Blore's soul—this putting off like that.

During his early struggles he decided to become a singer. His first appearance was in a tough English music hall. He followed directly after Harry Lauder.

The audience encored Lauder all through Eric's song and finally grew to feel this interloper was somehow hindering Lauder's return to the stage.

Still Eric sang on, until one husky leaned over the balcony and cried, "Are you going to get out of there or shall I have to come down and throw you out?"

Eric took the hint.

About that time Herbert Marshall came along in a review and gathered up Eric. He's been hitting on high ever since.

Has been married twice. Is the amazed papa of an eight-year-old boy, Eric Blore, Jr.

He golfs. Reads Robert Benchley and Charles Dickens. His favorite of all actors is the late G. P. Huntley.

His latest picture is "The Joy of Living."

Edward Everett Horton:

Squire of Belly-acres, gentleman farmer extraordinary, scene stealer de luxe, bachelor and how, are just a few of the titles bestowed by Hollywood upon the perspiring brow of one Edward Everett Horton.

Perspiring because Eddie is generally in a first-class dither over one of his several projects.

Either Eddie's cow is having a calf just at dinner time, or one of his innumerable outhouses is burning its way to the ground, or, worse yet, one of his ranch buildings is reaching a state of completion. Each proving a major catastrophe all its own. Especially the one about the completed building.

You see, Horton has a theory about that ranch of his. A theory that pretty well characterizes the man himself.

He began with an acre and a house that has expanded (and how, is beyond him) into sixteen acres with sixteen buildings. A building for every acre. And now he feels if he stops building some dire thing will descend upon him.

He figures the constant building gives employment to the twenty men whom he can't bear to throw into sudden unemployment. Heaven wouldn't forgive him, Eddie feels. Besides, the financial outlay (with no help from the government) is so terrific it keeps him working fifty-two weeks of the year, which is a good thing all the way round. Ke him on the screen and working mad, at any rate.

When the barn received the last ishing touches, he was panicky for a an hour. And then he had an idea. merely turned the barn, hayloft and into a little theater and began a barn all over again.

You can't beat him. Except at ten Just six months ago he took up game. He was wearing a suit of flannels at the time, as sort of a red ing means. Everything, Horton cla shrunk but him. The underwear, tennis court, his partners—all, all minished. Eddie put on weight.

He has all the crotchety, set-in- way characteristics of the bachelor. has a fixed idea in his mind ev writer in town at some time has w ten a cooking story about him.

"I didn't like that cooking story wrote about me," he greets each sc accusingly. "I really can't boil an you know." (Business of dirty look confused writers who never in their tire existence wrote a cooking story Horton.)

He'll leave a writer stranded in middle of a sentence to take his p before a camera without so much "pardon me." "Now quote me ac rately," he'll scold. "Quote me ac rately."

He's been four times to Europe m ing pictures in England, and each t returns with crates of furniture require four new buildings as stor He moves furniture around on off d

Somewhere he picked up the idea erybody else's hats look better on than any he can buy.

It has him constantly eying o men's hats. And brooding secretly.

Once in the swing of a gay, bante conversation, he's tops, revealing a sense of the ridiculous.

Secretly, he's always yearned to b Beau Brummell. A knock-out wheels. But he never quite make Either his coat does nip-ups in the b or his vest button pops during a scene.

Snobs are his favorite people. The so pathetic, he states.

He'll grab up a pair of hair brushes the set between scenes and really g town. Brushing his plentiful head hair with strong sweeping backw motions.

Florida water lets loose the ragamu in him. Horton refreshing himself w Florida water on the set is a sight to be missed.

A graduate of Columbia Univers he began play-acting in school thea cals. And came on to California wh he became the reigning matinee ido the day.

He's never played on Broadway. S eral times he's almost done it and t backed out. He'd rather be tops in H lywood than flops in New York.

He wears reading glasses, and w about the set talking his lines to him —which is confusing, in a way, to itors, who think Horton has sudde gone bats.

He's up on modern things. Well r well informed, well versed. He's a b ter listener than a story teller only, adds, with that notorious twist of head, he gets off a good one now then.

He likes best of all his rôle w George Burns and Gracie Allen in th new film, "College Swing," because this one, he really gets the girl.

He gets the itch, too.

But the girl's worth the torture feels.

It seems they gave all the comedi in town to "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife Horton's in it, too!

Forbidden Great Loves of Hollywood

(Continued from page 27)

e way both men and women ad- little rugged, fine jaw, slashing s, a slightly crooked smile. e a Greek god. Also, he was a n—a fighter who could come hind—a leader—and clean as ne.

et Rosalie at a tea in Pasadena f his flights West and it was all far as he was concerned. He'd ne in much for girls, although nt in for him in a big way. He'd o busy, too shy, and besides, de up his mind in his own way until the One Girl came along— d of a guy.

he saw Rosalie, her face lumi- d radiant, he knew that she had igned by heaven to symbolize a arest dream and he went on his join the worshiping throngs. he had any real hope—not that ved she could ever be his own, —but she was so beautiful and ic that he knew he would love he rest of his life.

e was very sweet to him and t to dine with him several times danced together here and there ty soon it became well known Simons was in love with Ro- d that they were very good

of the newspapers mentioned it ce in a while and wondered if t air idol and the darling of the ouldn't make a romantic match. s, after all, no small conquest Rosalie. His fan mail was al- big as hers, although he never ed it. They photographed mag- y together. A couple of clean, l young Americans.

n the meantime Rosalie had love with Barry Hayes. No- en, knew that or even dreamed a thing.

ry difficult to put Barry on pa- now that because it has always ficult for me to know just how thought about him in my own

cts are part of Hollywood his- s an actor. He drank not wisely but too much. When he drank, he wanted to fight and his café brawls made headlines too often for comfort. He insulted the wrong people. He had been in jail several times—once for drunken driving, once for socking a policeman, once in a gambling raid. Twice, his contracts had been called off because he raised hell with the director, or forgot to show up for a week at a time, or got into some scrape.

He had been married three times. His first wife had divorced him with considerable scandal. His second wife had committed suicide when she found he was unfaithful to her and had left heartbreaking notes behind—heartbreaking because she had loved him and believed in him, and he had made her hate both love and life to the point where she wanted to leave them forever. He was separated from his third wife who refused to divorce him and who haled him into court when he forgot to pay his alimony, which was often.

Trouble was his middle name. Publicity exploded around him. His name gave producers heartache and heartburn. Moreover, he was always news because he gave great performances on the screen and nobody ever knew what he would do next, so the newspapers kept a close eye upon him at all times.

There you have the facts. They are totally inadequate. They do not convey Barry's gaiety, his courage, his wit, his personality, at all.

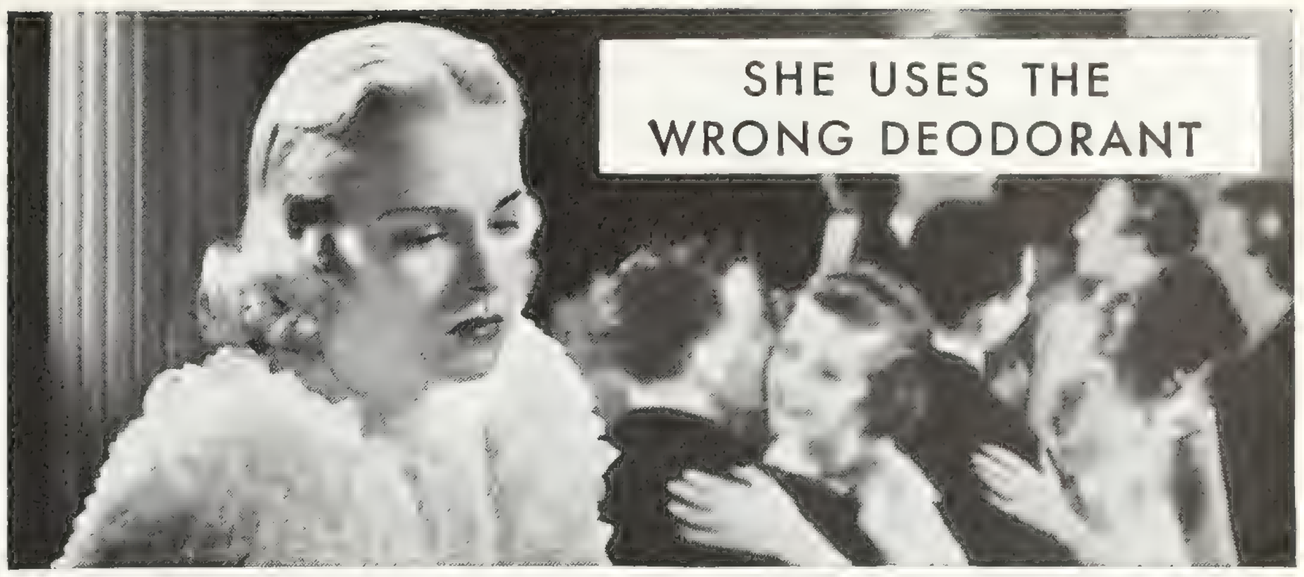
He wasn't, understand, a good bad man. Not at all. He was, as people said behind his back, a louse. Conceited, touchy, capable of any sort of chiseling or double-crossing, a little cruel; and he preferred a good lie to the truth when it would serve as well. But he had a touch of genius. He was ruled off the track over and over again and then called back because a part came along that no one else could play with exactly that Barry touch.

You got utterly furious with him, mad enough to kill him, swore you'd never speak to him again so long as you lived, and then you met him and forgot all about it in the interest and charm of his presence.

FAMOUS SONS AND DAUGHTERS

Here are the answers to the picture spread found on pages 42 and 43

1—Diana and Melinda, daughters of Joan Bennett
2—Rodion, son of Basil Rathbone
3—Tommy, son of Glenda Farrell
4—Tim, son of Jack Holt
5—Maria, daughter of Marlene Dietrich
6—Marylyn, daughter of Mary Astor
7—"Judy," daughter of Stuart Erwin
8—Mavourneen, daughter of Pat O'Brien
9—Gloria, and—
10—Peggy, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd
11—Gail, daughter of Irene Hervey
12—Carol Ann, daughter of Wallace Beery
13—Norman, son of Joan Blondell
14—Rex, Jr., son of Clara Bow
15—"Penny," daughter of Fredric March
16—"Manny," son of E. G. Robinson
17—Peter, son of Connie Bennett
18—William, Jr., son of William Powell
19—Ronald, son of Leslie Howard
20—"Ricky," son of Richard Arlen



Only one way to be SURE of not offending . . . Make the "Armhole Odor" Test Tonight

THE STAGE IS SET for a perfect evening! Your hair goes just right, your dress is perfect, you're dancing with the "catch" of the party. And then, before it's over, you find yourself on the edge of things—ignored, mortified!

Humiliating slights are inevitable when that little hollow under your arm is neglected. Looks, clothes, sophisticated repartee are wasted on any man if you're guilty of the one social crime that *can't* be overlooked.

Just deodorizing that small but oh-so-important area under your arm is *not enough*. It must be *dry* as well as sweet. That is, if you ever hope for romance to go beyond that first ecstatic meeting.

Prove it for yourself

Perhaps you think this couldn't possibly apply to *you*. You've always been so meticulous about keeping yourself dainty. If you doubt it, make this simple test on the dress you're wearing. When you take it off tonight, smell the fabric under the armhole. Since you are a fastidious person, you will probably be scandalized at its musty "armhole odor"! Yet that stale "armhole odor" you've been so blissfully unaware of has been painfully apparent to others all along!

Single-action preparations deodorize without stopping perspiration. Gradually, stale perspiration collects on your *dress*. Its telltale odor is intensified by the heat of your body. Its ghost returns to haunt you every time you wear that dress, feminine allure and wiles notwithstanding.

A minute or two and you're SURE

With *double*-action Liquid Odorono, *neither you nor your dress* can be guilty of "armhole odor"—because your underarm is kept DRY.

Odorono simply closes the pores of that tiny, closed-in underarm area, diverting the perspiration to other parts of the body where it can evaporate freely. In a few minutes it dries and you *know* you are safe from "armhole odor," from embarrassing perspiration stains and dresses smeared by grease.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use . . . daily or every other day.

Guard your charm and refinement—your friendships—by avoiding unforgivable "armhole odor" from now on. Buy a bottle of Liquid Odorono today and keep your underarm *always dry*. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

● "Safe and effective—cuts down clothing damage, when used according to directions," says The National Assn. of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.

College Girls Lead the Way

in discovering TAMPAX

It is natural that enlightened college women should lead in adopting Tampax, the new *internal absorbent* for monthly sanitary protection. It means new safety, comfort, assurance. Learn about this medically-endorsed, revolutionary product—and tell your friends!

● CURIOSITY IS AROUSED

"I've heard about this Tampax . . . It's so compact that a month's supply will go in your purse. Wonder how it works—"

● THE TRUTH DAWNS

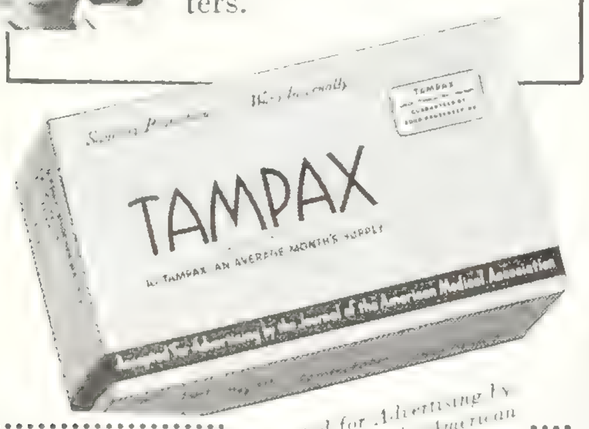
"Well, it's rather startling at first! . . . Perfected by a doctor. For use *internally!* . . . You're not aware of its presence."

● IT'S THE CIVILIZED WAY

"Why wasn't this invented *years* ago? Patented applicator. No belts, no pins, no pads, *no odor* . . . You can ride, golf, dance, bathe, swim . . ."

● ANY WOMAN CAN USE IT

". . . and feel at ease in any costume . . . 35¢ a month's supply . . . drug stores and notion counters."



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But he had a really dreadful reputation and only the fact that he played that kind of rôle on the screen made it possible for him to continue in pictures.

He had been in a rather nasty little scandal with a producer's wife and had gone to Honolulu when the part in Rosalie's picture came up. It was just one of those parts that nobody but Barry could play. So, again, the studio called him back. But, right from the beginning, it worried. Had it been a mistake to put Barry Hayes in one of Rosalie's pictures? He'd been drinking heavily in Honolulu and he had money, and when he had money he was hard to handle.

They worried plenty, as I will remember, but their worries never bent in the direction of Rosalie, herself.

But this time Rosalie wasn't as discreet as usual and rumor began to permeate the studio. Her romance with Barry began to be known among her friends, in her own intimate circle and it crept out and around Hollywood. Slowly, at first, to be met with complete incredulity. Rosalie and Barry Hayes? We laughed at the mere suggestion. Then little things happened and we had to take it seriously. They were seen here and there, they even came to the Cocoanut Grove on Tuesday evening, and when you watched them you couldn't help but see that here was a girl hopelessly, madly in love.

But all this took quite a while and when the studio actually faced it, the reverberations shook the very foundations. The powers-that-be were dazed—horrified—and then panic-stricken.

Rosalie was, for once, beyond reason. Her infatuation was complete and devastating. The world had ceased to exist. There was no one but Barry. She was in the grip of her first honest, undisciplined emotion and she didn't know what to do about it.

BARRY, on his part, regarded the frantic executives with lifted eyebrows and an ironic smile. He was, he said, very much in love and that, for the moment, was the important thing. He was enjoying it all hugely.

Now, there are some things that can be managed. With careful handling and proper publicity, many people have been steered through the rapids of scandal, trouble, disaster. Public opinion—always all-important—can be made to see some things and understand them. Often, the public forgives.

But there are other things, and people used to dealing with public opinion recognize them instantly, which are simply impossible.

Linking Rosalie's name with Barry's would destroy her instantly. She had been too long an idol. She had represented too definitely all that was sweet and pure and lovely. Even the *right* marriage wouldn't do her any good; a *wrong* one would be difficult; but a scandal with a man like Barry Hayes would simply spell the end of her career.

The climax came out of the blue.

Barry's wife, who sat back, as usual, watching his pay checks, got wind of the thing. It was inevitable. I remember thinking it was strange that she hadn't heard before. Perhaps she had—and was giving them rope enough to hang themselves. She threatened divorce—and she threatened to name Rosalie.

Up to that time there hadn't been anything in the newspapers. There were two reasons for that. First, the newspaper men were like the rest of us—they had difficulty believing it and so they were afraid to print it, even as a rumor. If it wasn't true, it was so libelous it sizzled. Secondly, it was a story the public would resent—and it should be printed only when they were absolutely sure it was news, not rumor. If they printed it as rumor, and it wasn't true, they'd look like fools. Moreover, even if it were true but not news, Rosalie's fans would take them apart. They'd never credit such a rumor.

So they watched and waited—they were watching and waiting when the threat of divorce from Barry's wife hit the studio like a hurricane.

Rosalie paid her price, then. Her ambition hadn't been altered. But she was so desperately in love that she had forgotten all about it. If his wife, whose existence she had also forgotten, divorced him they could be married.

Cruelly enough, it was Barry who explained it to her.

He let her see pretty quickly that if the divorce ruined her career he wouldn't be bothered with her. Also, it would be the end for him this time for sure. One more scandal, one of such magnitude as this, would exile him from Hollywood forever. Quite frankly he told her he wasn't prepared for that.

"Why," she said, "did you let us get into it, then?"

He shrugged. "Never thought my wife would cut up like that," was his answer. "She always swore she'd never divorce me no matter what I did—she'd just sit tight and wait for me to come back. Now—we're in for it. It seems she doesn't like you—and besides, she thinks she can get a lot of money out of a heartbalm suit or something."

ROSALIE broke down then. She wept bitterly. Everything was being swept away from her at once—her career, the man she loved, her position.

It was then that she thought of Mac. I told you that she was very clever.

And Mac still worshiped Rosalie. She was still his ideal and his dream, and he had not heard one word of the gossip about Barry. He wouldn't, probably, have believed it if he had.

"There doesn't seem to be any way out," Barry said furiously.

"Yes, there is," Rosalie said.

Three days later, while the newspaper men tried to break through and get the story of Barry's impending divorce, Rosalie announced her engagement to Mac Simons.

Of course it was the ideal romance. And she did it magnificently. She hadn't, she said, wanted to do it just at that time. But Mac didn't want to wait. They had, she said, been engaged for almost a year—but they had wanted to keep it a secret. Now, so many people knew about it anyway, she was afraid it would leak out and she wanted to do it properly, with dignity, with her family around her.

In the face of that, the ridiculous rumor about Barry Hayes died instantly. Nobody, it seemed, had ever believed it anyway. Probably just malice or blackmail, or something. They'd never thought it was true.

Barry's wife was a clever woman, too. She knew when she was licked. If she'd filed a divorce suit then she'd have been tarred and feathered. Rosalie's fans were in a rosy glow of romance and they didn't want their illusions shadowed in the smallest degree.

Now, all of it would have been all right if Mac had known. I have always thought that he would have gone through for Rosalie exactly as he did if she'd told him the truth. I'm sure he would.

But Rosalie was clever—she knew Mac couldn't act, couldn't lie, couldn't deceive to save his life.

If the thing were to be convincing, Mac, himself, had to believe it. His radiant joy had to be out there for everyone to see.

Rosalie could act, and did, with heart torturing her, with her soul body yearning for Barry. She gave best performance as a young girl re in love. Mac was great, too. But emotion was on the level and I sup Rosalie was right—it had to be.

I WISH this story had a happy end I wish I could say Rosalie had fa in love with Mac, and forgotten Ba That's the way it should have been. life crossed me up. Rosalie went r on being mad, utterly mad, about Ba who was worthless and cruel and good to anyone, and she somehow sented Mac, who adored her and se her and had saved her career wit knowing it. If Barry had only lo Rosalie like that!

In time, she broke the engagem She did that well, too. A movie she said, shouldn't marry. Her life given to her career and to her pu She couldn't be the kind of a wi man like Mac had a right to expect wasn't fair to him, nor to her work

"I shall never marry," she said, there were tears in her eyes and dimples quivered. "I shall never ma until I am ready to retire from screen and—people are so kind to I can't do that yet."

It broke Mac's heart—in a way. he had never really thought it was t It had always seemed like some w derful dream. Rosalie was too good him; she was an angel, far above mere mortal man. There were, you a great many very intelligent pe who felt that way about Rosalie. could, he said, keep his dream. couldn't ask her to give up everyth for him, it wouldn't be fair.

Nobody ever knew about Barry cause Barry got tired of worshipi he said it was a most uncomfort position. Rosalie wasn't, when the n elty had worn off, his kind of per at all. He really preferred his wife, was an amusing devil and never him, or anybody else, put anything on her. So he went back to her. Rosalie went back to her career. An as time went on, she appeared a li hard and a little bitter and someti tortured and tormented with longing the only man who had ever stirred heart, the angelic face concealed it.

But, you see, when Mac married told his wife all about Rosalie. M wife was a fine girl, worth a mil Rosalies. But Mac explained to that he would always love Rosalie, different way, that she was an angel that he wasn't worthy of her, but had to be honest and explain that could never love anyone in quite same way because Rosalie was his id

And Mac's wife, who had seen salie on the screen many times, agr with him and has spent her married believing that she wasn't good eno for Mac, that it was too bad he coul have married Rosalie instead. She's ways felt, I suppose, it wasn't much trying to live up to anything as wond ful as Rosalie and she's done her not to disturb Mac's ideal.

But maybe if she realizes that M ideal was pretty thoroughly stuffed w sawdust and that she's a million ti better woman and a million times b ter wife than Rosalie ever could h been, it will convince her that she beat Rosalie's time and make Mac f get her—particularly since they ne go to see her pictures any more a way. Neither does anybody else. P ple on the screen today have to *real*—have you noticed that?

Watch for the third in this fascinating series of Hollywood's secret l stories. The next will appear in an ea issue of Photoplay.

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 52)

iver miles out at sea and saying, e me Hollywood 1251'!" That's the ner studio number.

riscilla Lane says it feels almost a divorce, not working with Wayne ris this picture. She knows, too, by , that when a gal works for Dear Warners, she works. She started one the day "Men Are Such Fools" ed.

our way to Paramount, we take a k peek at RKO-Radio's "This Mar- e Business," with Victor Moore, ki Lester and Allan Lane. We find tor stealing the whole scene as usual. s time he's a marrying justice who himself thoroughly scandalized.

's only a routine close-up, though, we crave excitement. So on to amount and "Tropic Holiday," Ray land, Dotty Lamour, Bob Burns and attagal Martha Raye.

efore we know it, we're right in the dle of Old Mexico with señoritas caballeros as thick as flies around a ry stable. Dorothy has swapped *sarong* for a *serape* in this pleasant i-musical tale of a Hollywood een writer who goes to Mexico hunt- story material and finds Dotty, ich is fair enough, we'd say. Ray land, of course, is the writing gent.

ou're going to see Bob Burns in this a senator from Oklahoma, "the In- ns' choice," which sounds like trea- to us, considering how much dough 's made kidding Arkansas. There's 's usual chase of Martha Raye, ich is almost a Paramount picture uirement by now. But Martha goes a bull fighter.

he day we see her she's worried. a comedy scene, they're trying to her into fighting the bull. Martha s, "They play too rough!"

a Raye really doesn't look so well— ttle thin and peaked in places. When ask her if it's love, she says no— t alkali, which doesn't make sense. explains that she's allergic to alkali, know, like some people are to thers, or carrots.

Tropic Holiday," Paramount hopes, will be another "Waikiki Wedding," which made their biggest score at the box office last semester. If they don't ring the bell with it, they've got another ace in "Cocoanut Grove."

Before this one's over, they'll be scaring the papier-mâché monkeys half to death with cameras down at Hollywood's famous dance spot. But the day we take it, Fred MacMurray and Harriet Hilliard emote their big scene in a trailer camp over some broiling frankfurters. It's pretty tender stuff and in one shot La Hilliard is supposed to lean off her perch and swoon delightfully into Fred's brawny arms. Her line is, "Darling!" Only she slips off for a bump and yells, "Ouch!" Not so romantic.

All the works Paramount can muster is slated for "Cocoanut Grove." The Yacht Club Boys, Ben Blue, and Rufe Davis. Harry (Sweet Leilani) Owens, the Hawaiian twanger guy, serves the music with some special dreamy ditties to make it lush and lovely.

Fred tells us his wife, the former Lillian Lamont, who has been under the weather entirely too long, is much, much better. They've just been away on a desert vacation to celebrate that and her birthday. And what do you think Fred gave his wife for a birthday present? A shotgun! He's teaching her to shoot skeet.

As for himself, he's been spending his spare hours practicing up on the clarinet. It used to be his racket but he hasn't played one since "Champagne Waltz" and he's lost his "lip," as we musician fellers say.

They were supposed to do a clinch scene today, Fred explains, but it's out because he played the squeal-pipe so long he cracked his lip right in two.

"So I can't kiss Harriet," he says.

Harriet herself steps up at this point, her arms akimbo and her eyebrows pinched.

"A fine thing!" she complains. "My big romantic movie moment arrives and the guy turns out to be just another musician with a cracked lip! I'm going back to my husband, Ozzie!"

ter Joan Bennett makes "The Texans," her next picture for Walter Wanger ll be "Personal History." Adding fuel to those romance rumors, here are the ungest Bennett and her producer getting personal over martinis at the Troc

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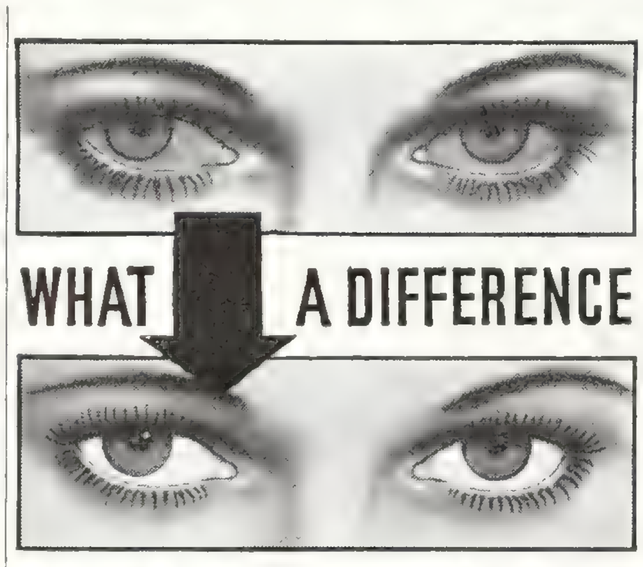

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WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT DUBBIN(

BY EUGEN SCHARIN

Hollywood sent Katharine Hepbu (in a can) to Germany as "Mary Scotland." But Katharine's voi stayed home, thereby giving a Co tinental "Miss Anonymous" her b screen chance. Left: Anton W brook has a different syste

LET'S take a look at that well-known American citizen, John P. (for Preposterous) Public who has been and still is bringing his dimes and quarters to his favorite neighborhood movie house, week in and week out, ever so faithfully. What would he say if, all of a sudden, producers began to engage actors and actresses he knows and likes, and then endowed these images with voices which in real life never have and never could have belonged to the actors and actresses?

Well, no doubt John Public wouldn't like it. Would he let them know about it, out there in Hollywood? You bet your last couple of free passes that he would. Yet, this situation is exactly what European audiences all over the Continent contend with year in and year out. What is more—they like it! And what is still more—they asked for it!

It all started with the advent of dialogue. Hollywood was very busy at that time, what with former stars toppling over like straw dummies and a whole set of new troubles popping up right there at home. No wonder nobody in Hollywood had the time to pay much attention to the foreign field. Let Continental audiences take care of themselves was the slogan of the day.

Unhappily enough, they did so. As soon as they found out that their idols of the silver screen had merely become actors speaking in an alien tongue (said to be English but incomprehensible, whatever its name), well, within a very short time, French, German and Italian producers were offering a brand-new set of European stars, speaking the European public's own language and doing their best to replace the fallen go Hollywood.

Rather unexpectedly, and, for H wood, more than just fortunately, not work out. The European p liked the local lads and gals but still yearned for the more finished lywood product and its more glitt dazzling stars. And as Hollywood still too busy to take care of her ful but neglected foreign public, distributors in Europe took thin their own hands and the "dubbing dustry was born.

AT the beginning it was a rather ble child, but today dubbing, or the stitution for the original dialogue lish) of voices speaking another or local) tongue, is prescribed b in three European countries.

The procedure is somewhat inv but interesting. First, the original sion, meaning the picture as ma America, is shown in one of the sp ized houses in Paris or Berlin, there still is a limited public of fo picture fans. If the picture is su ful and the critics do not pan it too it is ordered to be dubbed. Six to weeks later it is available for neig hood and provincial houses in its form, the dubbed version.

This is the process. The dia must be translated first and tran well. In the early days, this used a rather crude job but today it is in a satisfactory manner by highl cialized writers who are well pa their efforts. For not only do they to include the action and wise contained in the original script- must also make their words co

the lip movements of the players screen, a rather tedious business y language! When a man in a up starts a word with an "m", for ce, it better be an "m" in French rman, too, or the public will im- tely notice the slip-up and boo.

refore, the dialogue is also consid- by the translator according to the s in which the speakers appear. spoken off stage naturally present cally no difficulties. A long shot l easy to handle but the dubbing ss becomes harder and harder the r the player is brought to the audi- Sometimes there is no remedy cut the close-up out altogether; ver, a proud dubbing expert will erything before he allows such an ge. Generally, European dubbing s have arrived at an almost unbe- le degree of perfect synchroniza- f dialogue and lip movements.

on as the dialogue is completed arch for the right players to im- nate the voices of the original ac- the new language begins. To find stitute for Shirley Temple more sixty girls were tested in Germany he end a girl of eight was chosen laced under contract by Fox. She o good that with her first picture, , Take a Bow," people came out of eaters betting that the voice be- d to the real Shirley and that she perfect German!

—there is always a but—this girl, Richter by name, could not sing. Shirley's singing another actress to be employed—Trude Moos, a y talented girl and a specialist for voices, although Miss Moos is ac- twenty-one.

t as with Shirley, other American have their constant dubbers. These e are as carefully handled by the distributing companies as are the al stars in Hollywood—even if respective salaries are far from the same.

the early days of dubbing, which some four or five years ago, it was ncommon to hear the same French speak for Garbo, Crawford and urn. Since then, however, the public has become more discerning and such practices have had to cease.

Nowadays, the average stock company needs about ten days of rehearsal for a picture. Before they begin, the picture is taken apart and divided into 100 to 130 "takes" of varying length. The average length of a take is about 100 feet. It is continuously being run off: first in the rehearsal hall and then in the studio. The "actors" act the lines into microphones placed exactly as during the original shooting.

After four or five days of "shooting" the dubbed version is "in the can." Final correction is left to the cutter, and in dubbing the business of cutting is often the most important job on hand. It also takes a long time. All in all, it takes about six weeks to have a dubbed version ready for general consumption.

As yet, dubbing artists receive no fan mail, but in some countries their names appear on the programs and on the main title alongside those of the original actors. There is also one lonely case on record where dubbing led to another career, considered more legitimate: Lisl Huebl, a Viennese girl and a pupil of Max Reinhardt's famous dramatic school, obtained her first theatrical engagement after it became known that she was the final choice for the German dubbing of Katharine Hepburn's "Mary of Scotland."

Funny situations arise when well-known stars have to be dubbed into their native tongue—many of them, Anton Walbrook for instance, prefer to do this work themselves rather than have somebody else speak for them.

An interesting situation will arise when Walt Disney starts his search for an international cast for the characters in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." It is planned to dub this picture into more than a dozen languages, including Swedish, Polish and Greek. But maybe be we shouldn't call this work dubbing. After all, we'll have to admit that Mickey Mouse is the only star who is shown "dubbed" even in America—for there might have been mice who chirped into a radio mike, but there are still none to speak their own lines on the screen.

Fashion Letter

(Continued from page 66)

were prevalent in the desert n picture. (See page 56.)

n Bennett accented a basic frock hite sharkskin with a sleeveless of turquoise suède with match- elt and bag (a handsome set cre- by Alma Duffil of Los Angeles, can also be worn as accessory sheath dinner gown).

deleine Carroll's "basic" frock was eer white woolen with a hand- d sleeveless sweater of light n brown angora.

nan-striped linen fashioned a -sleeved bolero and girdle for Kay is' frock of white silk linen. l be fashion-wise if your summer robe includes one of these "basic" s to which you can so smartly add f a dozen accessory jackets and to transform it into half a dozen ent costumes.

TION of accessories reminds me I have news from Hollywood to about too, for I want to tell you chat I had with Gwenn Wakeling, is designing Alice Faye's ward- for "Alexander's Ragtime Band." ss Wakeling feels that "Alexander's me Band," which stresses the pre- influence, will make a marked im- ion on 1938 accessory trends.

She predicts we will see an abundance of lapel watches, pumps that lace and tie around the ankle, beaded bags imitative of fine tapestries. So, watch for these whimsies that make life more amusing for the fashion-minded.

To complete the accessory picture, I want to write you about an interview I had with La Valle (creator of the famous Fenton last) who recently visited Hollywood to talk with the stars about their footwear.

La Valle predicts that the open heel and toe are here to stay in every version of footwear except the strictly tailored walking shoe. His creations, which do not include sports or play shoes, reveal an individualized shoe for every costume.

Now a word about hats. I can't omit last minute news from John Frederics, who is in Hollywood to design hats for Madeleine Carroll and Katie Hepburn. Mr. Frederics' emphasis is on the importance of natural straws. He believes in the revival of the turban and intriguingly creates them of printed silks, with scarfs or bags to match. We'll feature some of his outstanding chapeaux on the fashion pages in a future issue.

That's all for now. Be with you again next month.

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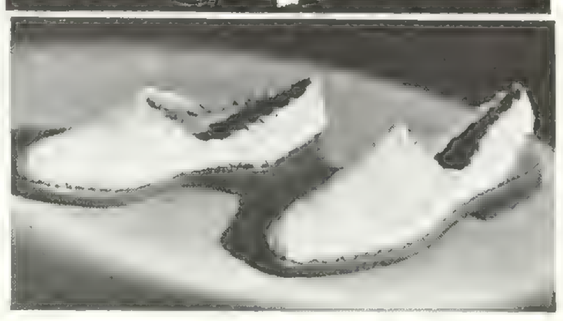

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The Revealing True Story of Myrna Loy

(Continued from page 17)

Then the panic of joy when at last she heard voices, knew that men and horses were breaking through the wheat; knew that it was her father . . . that at last he heard her call!

And after another eternity she was riding home in his arms, shadowy men and horses ahead and behind, lantern light fitfully streaking the dark, her mother waiting at the lane gate . . .

The wheat fields never looked silken or beautiful after that. And she felt just a little triumphant when the great revolving knives of the reapers and binders reduced to shocks and stacks this siren sea! She felt a particular comradeship too, with the men who, having felled the wheat, came up from the field at noon and night to eat at the long table in the ranch house kitchen.

She loved the horses, her mother remembers, the bay and sorrel aristocrats of the corrals, particularly since she was forbidden that territory. The gates between house and barns were kept carefully closed, but tirelessly, three-year-old Myrna watched from the back porch, waiting her chance. And came the day! The open gate! And blue hair bow, blue pinafore, trotted down the lane. Her father called her. She kept right on going. He called again. She trotted still a little faster. He strode out of the house, reached up to a cottonwood tree, and provided himself with a healthy switch! She had never been punished, but evidently had somehow absorbed the general idea, for now a streak of blue gingham was on its way back to the house and in at the back door! Time, nothing flat!

"I can see her now," laughs handsome, white-haired Mrs. Williams, "those little feet of hers tearing for the door! I remember hoping that, for the sake of discipline, she didn't see her father's face, nor hear the roars of laughter that came up from the corral."

WHEN winter snow and wind swept coldly about shivering doors and windows, Myrna remembers two gray kittens, Timothy and Alfalfa. Behind the cook stove was a particularly pleasant space which the three of them shared. There she kept her slate, her picture books, her small red chair, and here, for one little girl and two gray kittens, life was complete, and very satisfactory.

Then with the warm "Chinook" winds, she and her Dad would go hunting. Encircling the Valley were the foothills, rising to rugged mountains, dark patches of scrub forest below, purple and steel-blue shadows above. And in the foothills, growing close to the ground, showing brightly through the snow, grew kinnie-ka-nik, scarlet berries and waxen leaves. So they would go hunting, little Myrna and her tall Dad, for jack rabbits and kinnie-ka-nik.

She remembers the sharp, startling spit of the gun, the bounding track of the echo against the mountains, down the canyons, her strange, half-frightened consciousness of the little mound in her father's hunting sack which she knew to be a dead rabbit.

Then they would fill *her* hunting sack with green leaves and red berries; and what comfortable expectation, the trip home at dusk, the ranch house in the valley, lights in the windows, a thread of curling chimney smoke, the first pale stars. Later, safe in bed, she would listen with new awareness, to the wail of coyotes and wolves, knowing that with their wild yellow eyes, they were now following the footprints she and her Dad had made in the snow!

With springtime came the unbelieve able loveliness of the orchards. Wi summer, the long, cool, shady, swee smelling lanes between the trees. Th basketfuls of apples trundled to t sheds to be graded and packed. A through the miles of trees, from spri to fall, small Myrna, side by side wi her Dad, would look seriously f oyster-shell or blight on the trees, quick to discover it as if she were fif instead of going-on-five.

Far out over the range wandered t cattle and horses wearing the brand the "W 3" ("W" for Williams, "3" f David, Della and Myrna), but in t barns were the milk cows, and alwa on the kitchen tables at night were shi ing pans of milk, on those left from ye terday the satin cream ready to be lift in the skimmer.

And every night before bedtime, car the best hour of the day. In the kitche perched on a particular high sto Myrna was served a particular bl china bowl full of milk and crisp crac ers; served with her mother's comple attention, this the one hour of eve day when the little girl and her bu mother belonged to each other, this t memory Myrna Loy cherishes m of all.

After crackers and milk came goo night to the kittens, the trip upstai preparation for bed, prayers, the lig blown out; then by previous arrang ment with Mother, the stair door wou be left open, and drifting up from t parlor would come the gentle harmo of piano and violin.

One of the ranch hands was a Germ count, a violinist. With a love of mus a hatred of war, he had run away fro conscription in the German army.

Mryna would listen to Grieg, Goda Chopin, till the notes grew so faint s could no longer follow them.

But to a drowsy little girl the realiz tion never came that sleep was steali over her. Instead there was always very certain feeling that the stairs we growing higher and higher, the hall b tween the stairs and her room growi longer and longer, the music by th conjury, taken farther and farther awa

Every morning, in nightie and ba feet, she would run to look at the stai perfectly convinced, that *this* time it h really happened!

In later years she heard the gre Pablo Casals play the "Berceuse."

"I have a funny feeling about th music," she said to her mother. "I fe as though I have always known it."

Her mother smiled a little, thinking a trundle bed, a sleepy little girl, t quiet lamplit parlor of a lonely farm house.

"Perhaps you *have* always known it she said.

IN Myrna's sixth year it was decide that the family should move into Helen which was fifty miles away. Cattl horses, Montana blue-joint hay woul still be Dave Williams' business, h would still like his father before hin accumulate land (at one time the owned five thousand acres), but for h wife and baby daughter, "home" woul be the city.

Here were completely new thrills fo the little girl from Crow Creek Valle But without knowing why, with lif closer to her than ever before, she wa lonely!

She remembered sometimes the wid look of the range, the open sky, the dis tant road, but not until the summer sh was nine, and went back, a barefoo

in overalls, red-gold hair blowing in the wind, a pony to ride, all the world for her playground, not until she began sitting on the rail fence of the corral watching the cowboys bring in wild horses from the range, did she begin to know how much a part of her this was. She had inherited more than beauty from the Grandmother she had never known, the Grandmother who had not lived to see this small copy of herself.

Helena, however, a few blocks from the house which was now home to her, lived Grandmother Johnson, who gave the city a particular value all. And time had provided three magnificent slices of life!

The first was a baby brother whose gurgle and smile and tiny finger adored.

The second was Mount Ascension hill in winter. In Helena are two pretty sized mountains, the town built side of "Ascension," down which sleds travel with such abandon, such gaiety, such flying of red muffs, shouts of laughter, jangling of bells, flashing breathless fun, that could imagine no higher heart

She didn't know it then, but a certain cowboy with a red stocking cap and homemade toboggan, used to watch vacious little redhead and used often to consider offering her a He didn't make the suggestion, ever, until a trifle too late. In fact until they were both guests at the Hollywood wedding of Miss Jeanette MacDonald. Then said the important Gary Cooper to the glamorous Miss Myrna Loy . . . "Wish I hadn't been so bashful."

And the third joy began to light those which now spell her name from and to Zanzibar! She was sent to boarding school. After a few weeks of Saturday mornings, she began to exhibit talent! And then came the day she was taken by her grandmother her first play, a matinée of Maeterlinck's "Bluebird." Grandmother had her to countless recitals and concerts, Myrna being allowed to spend week end at her grandmother's but never had there been a play! The occasion of "The Bluebird" was double thrill; not only the matinée but dress, pale blue china silk, infinite tucks and hemstitching, huge ribbon bows for the red hair now in pig-tails. And climax of climax a blue feather fan! That little grown up, remembers still the excited rustle and murmur of Helena's select audience, the darkened theater, the curtain rising on the quaint scene of Mytil and Tytil. And suddenly was a new world! Music, dancing, full of a new meaning! She never danced again, never again looked to a morning or drifted into at night, without the definite sense of dancing on the stage. This day best-loved recollection of those week ends. Though every visit grandmother's was intriguing.

The elegant setting of colored glass in front door made streaks of red and and purple across the stairs. There were tall carved beds. There was baby's cradle and a staring blue-eyed doll named "Hepsie."

And of course Grandmother was typical laughed Miss Loy, telling me about I mean as far as the pantry was concerned, cookie boxes and all that. She was very domestic but with a great sense of dignity, always a black silk dress lacy white collars and cuffs, her as delicate as egg shell, her bonnet rimmed with violets and pansies." A little smile gathered in Miss Loy's face as she remembered.

"Everything about her," she said, "was amazing . . . really charming.

"At Grandmother's there was always a big shiny apple for me at bedtime," she said, her voice so soft I had to listen well to hear it, "and she'd tell me stories about Scotland. She'd left her little sister Mary there. A family named Kennedy had brought Grandmother to America. When they went to Glasgow again they wanted Mary. But the answer was . . . 'You took one of the bairns and she never came back. You can't take Mary!' "

MYRNA LOY'S first grief was the death of this grandmother of the quiet house and the bright bonnets. She turned for particular companionship, then, to her Dad, finding him usually at his special desk, with his special pipe, usually discussing with some rancher a plan for experimental farming, irrigation, improvement of the soil, or preservation of the grazing lands. Here at his desk Myrna remembers him best, always kind, understanding, ready to listen to problems, always tolerant, helpful and generous.

"He had a real talent for living," she told me with affectionate pride. "And he did it so well! Ours was such a gay house, always good times, always guests at our table, Dad a perfect host. As I remember it, it seems like holiday festivities only that we had it all the time! Tall cakes on high dishes, lots of puddings and roasts, my father making everybody glad to be there."

But there were quiet times too, just "family," Myrna's father at his desk, her Mother with the mending basket in the sunny dining-room window which was a garden of potted flowers, her roly-poly little brother tumbling on the floor.

WITH the advent of "The Bluebird," Myrna began instigating and directing neighborhood performances which she also authored from her fairy books. Considering herself far from a beauty, she modestly allotted herself only those rôles requiring the least looks, playing therefore, in "The Sleeping Beauty," not the heroine but the Witch of Act One, the Prince of Act Two.

Her costume for the latter impersonation was a pair of black bloomers, her mother's willow-plumed hat and silk stockings, with, for a collar, the accordion-pleated paper lamp shade. But upon her appearance in this entirely appropriate disguise, a relative in Row 1, afforded himself a giggle! Myrna's response was instant, a one-line speech delivered with a prompt closing of the curtains.

"If that's how you feel about it," said she, "there won't be any show!"

SHE doesn't remember much about school. She never could see much reason for it. Her memory of lessons and teachers is only that she missed most of the answers she was supposed to supply.

She found great joy in dreaming, little in learning, and during her eleventh year, heard with as keen triumph as she ever recalls, the family decision that during her father's next term in the Legislature, school might be forgotten while she, her mother and David Jr., traveled to La Jolla, California.

A village by the sea, rugged coast line, barren rocks, tawny shore, restless tide. Myrna's first acquaintance with the great Pacific!

A strange new distance here, white sails against the sky, gray gulls, the scurrying sandpipers on the silk, wet sand her only playmates, for there were no children.

But here Myrna found a companion whose friendship she immediately accepted as a smile of Providence. A fisherman, as rugged as the coast itself, a "Dan Peggotty" of So'wester and oil-

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skins, a gentleman whose name, so Myrna reported to her mother, was Cap'n Mr. Klein. He had built a house on the rocks where the surf fairly beat against his door. Two rooms. In one he ate, lived and slept, the other was an aquarium of everything he could bring in from the sea; plants, eels, lobsters, octopus. . .

"He was a great pal," Myrna Loy told me. "Every night we went fishing when the tide would go out. I can still feel the swing and the swell of that little boat, the sideways roll of it as the Cap'n would pull in the nets. He was fishing to make enough money," she said, "to buy a *new* boat. And he did buy it. We pushed it into the tide together, as new as a shiny penny! It was very thrilling. All day I used to wander around the rocks and the quiet little pools, waiting for him. Then I'd go and hunt him up in his house and always find him making me jewelry of polished shells. I left that village with more rings and necklaces and bracelets than I have possessed before or since!"

IT was a tearful parting when Myrna, eleven years old, bedecked with necklaces of shells, had said good-by to that new dory, to the rocky shore, to her good friend Cap'n Mr. Klein.

She wasn't however, on her way to Helena, but to Los Angeles, where they visited for several weeks; and during which time, instead of school, she studied dancing with Ruth St. Dennis. And again with pronounced signs of talent. And this time so much of it that when the family was once more together at home, her father began to be disturbed about it! He had wanted her to study dancing. He wanted her to have everything. But his was an old-fashioned family. He was an old-fashioned Dad. He had never dreamed of such a thing as "professional ideas," or that in a dress of pale chiffon, spring flowers in her hair, little Myrna Williams should be publicly presented, as had happened last week, at a bazar! There had been encore after encore. A flushed and radiant little girl had gone to bed that night with a more vivid dream than ever. And the next day her Dad had come home from town, had hung his hat on the hall post, had come into the sitting room behaving just as he did when there was a big project afoot in the valley!

"Mother," he had said seriously, "everybody in town is talking about Myrna!"

"You mean . . . they liked her dancing?" Mrs. Williams had asked him.

"Yes," he had nodded. "I don't know what to do about it!"

"You can't do *anything* about it, David," Mrs. Williams had told him quietly. "Myrna dances well. She loves to do it. People are asking her to dance everywhere, and what *would* you do about it?"

"She's my daughter! She's a Williams," her Dad had said. "Nobody in our family has ever done such a thing! I can't understand it!"

"But in a trunk in the attic is a pink satin dress," Myrna's mother had smiled, "it once was made for a concert tour! After all, David, she's my daughter *too!*"

SO Myrna kept on dancing, loving it more and more, having only one dream, to dance in the theater, never forgetting that she was to be an actress, but certain now that dancing would be the beginning.

In dancing school she worked early and late, learned everything anyone could teach her. In the Public Library she read all the theatrical information she could find, absorbed all she could about costumes, stage mechanics, successes, failures, try outs, opportunities.

She felt a kindred spirit in her mother. Though she had not yet talked all this over with her, she was sure of a champion here. But her ingenuity was completely stumped by the attitude of her Dad. They had always been pals. No misunderstanding had ever come between them. She couldn't bear that it should. She didn't want to hurt him, or displease him or disobey him, but she was as sure that she was meant to dance her way into the future, as she was sure of tomorrow's sunrise!

NOW, at thirteen, she wore a coronet of braids like her Grandmother Ann. There was an elusive, whimsical beauty about her . . . something you could feel but couldn't quite define. She was tall for thirteen, serious for thirteen, talented for thirteen.

And one day she was invited to dance at the yearly Elks' show, the theatrical event of the season. So here again was something to dream about. And it was a dream filled with joy until a day which brought the surprise and heartbreak of her Dad's announcement that . . . he wouldn't be there!

"Have you heard what old Mr. Fliegelmann's going to do?" he said to Myrna's mother, and as though he wished he were not so personally concerned with the news. . . "Nobody in town has ever done such a thing before! Even though the show's on Saturday night, he's going to close his department store because Myrna's dancing . . . I'm afraid she's headed for a career . . . I don't want any part of it. Saturday night I . . . I won't be in town."

And he wasn't. But his daughter danced and stopped the show. She took bow after bow. She received round upon round of applause . . . and at the finish discovered that a generous portion of it had come from the wings where stood the comedian of the Broadway act which had been imported for the evening.

Dressed to "work" in the next number Mr. Eddie Stevens took a good look at the breathless little girl just out of the spotlight. He put his hand on her arm and detained her.

"Kid, you're all right," he said warmly. "With that pair a' feet you ought to hit the big time! Look . . . why don't you go back with me? I'll show you where they hide the contracts!"

He winked broadly. He and three partners did singing and step dancing. He was easy to talk to . . . and interested. *Very* interested!

Another member of the act came out of the dressing room.

"Nice little dancer they've got here, Bootsy," said Eddie. "She could step into a row a' Broadway ponies so fast she wouldn't have time to unpack her trunk!"

IN the wings everyone was crowding around, waiting for little Myrna Williams, but still Eddie detained her. Her number, by odd coincidence, had been "The Bluebird." She wore brief bright blue accordion pleats, gauzy feathered wings, blue shoes, a tiny blue mask. On the stage the show was going on, a line of high-school girls in top hats and checked minstrel suits, stepping breezily along to the music of "Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee," Eddie Stevens ready to follow, a sunflower in his orange lapel. He pulled on white kid gloves.

"Look," he said, "I mean it about you. Why should anybody dance like this . . . in Montana. We've got a good act. Plenty booking. We're leaving town at 2:40 tonight after the show and Maudie's blowing, to jump into Hollywood. The other girl in the act is my wife. We can take you East on Maudie's ticket. We've got a week in Chicago at the Hippodrome and you can step into Mau's spot. I know you're just a kid . . . there's a couple of kid dancers . . . Omaha on the same bill . . . what's . . . names . . . Fred and Adele Astaire . . . and you can give 'm cards and sp . . . If you want to go . . . see me at . . . train."

He picked up the rhythm of the m . . .

"Think it over," he said, and gr . . . vined out past the footlights.

LITTLE Myrna Williams was t . . . home in a bewilderment of emot . . . Her mother was very proud of her. . . . Dad's chair was conspicuously va . . . The telephone rang . . . rang . . . . . to congratulate her . . . to congr . . . late her mother and her dad.

In the gay little wings which . . . borne her so lightly to success, she . . . upstairs. . . .

Mr. Eddie Stevens! Chicago! The . . . podrome! Maudie's spot! Her drea . . . close she had only to reach out . . . take it! A Broadway contract so . . . she wouldn't have time to unpack . . . trunk!—

. . . but she wouldn't need a tr . . . Just the little suitcase in which she . . . taken her Bluebird costume to the . . . ater. Tonight even the suitcase, al . . . kept in the storeroom, was here r . . . to pack! And there was no use wai . . . for her father to change his mind. . . . that he had gone away rather than . . . her dance . . . she knew there wa . . . use. . . Of course he would unders . . . in the end. He always did. But . .

David Jr. who had been allowe . . . stay up, was getting sleepily into . . . Mother latching the front door, con . . . upstairs . . . putting out the hall ligh . . .

"Now hurry to bed, dear," she s . . . and stopped for a quick good-night . . . and to unfasten the bright dress. . . . to go right to sleep. Mother was . . . proud of you."

The "Bluebird" dropped her d . . . around her feet, then carefully pic . . . it up again. . . . Better take it . . . m . . . be she'd need it . . . in Chicago. . . . opened the suitcase, held the strap . . . they wouldn't click on the floor. . . . wondered if Mr. Eddie Stevens w . . . be surprised to see her, or did he . . . pect it. She'd wear her dark serge . . . her Scotch cap. She'd take her br . . . Sunday dress and her brown shoes . . . her Peter Thompson sailor.

With guarded movements she . . . paper and pencil out of her desk . . . the desk which bore Grandfather Jo . . . son's carving of oak leaves.

"Dearest Mother," she wrote, "I'm . . . ing away with the act that came h . . . for the show. Don't worry. I'm tak . . . the $5.00 you gave me for my birthd . . . It's all I'll need till I begin dancing . . . Chicago and New York. . ."

The clock downstairs struck . . . Outside on the corner the street li . . . was out now. Down the street, bl . . . after block, all the lights were out, e . . . the light in Mother's room . . .

Little Myrna Williams dropped . . . Bluebird dress into the open suitc . . . And from her closet quietly . . . quietly . . . brought out the Sund . . . brown . . . the sailor suit . . . the b . . . serge . . . and the little Scotch cap.

Does Eddie Stevens change My . . . Loy's career? Her strange heritage a . . . the real truth about her early days . . . Hollywood—and then she meets Rudo . . . Valentino—all this Dixie Willson tells . . . the brilliant second instalment of My . . . Loy's story—next month in PHOTOPL . . . *Don't miss it.*

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

HI(FLYERS—RKO-Radio

Veeler and Woolsey's farewell performance as nvie team is one of their gayest pictures. The oyset off in a seaplane to capture jewel thieves nd eir mad antics in the air furnish the laughs. u Velez sings several peppy songs. It's fun for e hole family. (*Feb.*)

★ ITTING A NEW HIGH—RKO-Radio

I Pons lifts this none too brilliant comedy to a ig level of entertainment. As a cabaret singer it operatic ambitions she coaxes E. E. Horton t inking she's a bird girl from Africa. This setup lo Miss Pons to wear exotic costumes, sing both vi songs and classical arias with delicious s. John Howard is her heart trouble. Jack al is around for laughs. (*Feb.*)

★ OLLYWOOD HOTEL—Warners

Ts is a potpourri of music and buffoonery put ve with abundant, but not too brilliant enthusi- n by Dick Powell, the Lane Sisters, Lola and nary, Louella Parsons and her radio clan, in- ug Frances Langford. The happiest contribu- are Bennie Goodman's swing band, and ond Paige's arrangement of "Black Eyes." o fun. (*March*)

URRICANE, THE — Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

h a wind machine for a star and the Pacific r et, Director John Ford has concocted a stun- m picture of adventure and love among the s of the South Seas. Newcomer Jon Hall o ability as well as most of his excellent a my; Dorothy Lamour is beautiful as his l princess; the star-studded cast includes ond Massey, Mary Astor and C. Aubrey n . The hurricane is awe-inspiring. You u't miss it. (*Jan.*)

LL TAKE ROMANCE—Columbia

ce Moore's new romantic film with opera l is her best since "One Night of Love." u d by her domineering aunt, Helen Westley, r tries monkey business to get out of a con- a falls in love instead with impresario Melvyn o las. Miss Moore sings both popular and c tic airs with vocal and physical appeal. (*Mch*)

★ OLD CHICAGO—20th Century-Fox

e legend of Mrs. O'Leary's cow is God's gift to l Zanuck who has here achieved a vivid c e of Chicago's early days before the famous r f 1871. The whole fighting clan of O'Learys, l er Alice Brady, sons Don Ameche, Tyrone o r and Tom Brown, live, love and learn in the i of many colorful figures. The holocaust itself h ath-taking, and the huge cast, including Alice a and Andy Devine, superlative. Save your e es and go. (*March*)

RNATIONAL SETTLEMENT — 20th Cen- ty-Fox

anghai, during the air raids, is the breath- a g backdrop for speedy action and sinister in- ri e. George Sanders finds himself a pistol target o pies; Dolores Del Rio finally foils the villains. D Baldwin and June Lang furnish the secondary o nce. (*April*)

AY BEHAVE—Republic

mewhere between the newsreel and the main c re you will watch Sally Eilers getting into w trouble—and romance—because of her sister. T one, already married to Joseph Schildkraut, e ight, marries Neil Hamilton. Sally does a good o dy job and Marcia Mae Jones is really very u y. (*March*)

CK OUT FOR LOVE—GB

illio Carminati's many admirers will welcome i back as the hero of this complicated tale v eby Anna (*Queen Victoria*) Neagle rises from a t singer to world-renowned dancer through T o's sacrificial efforts. Robert Douglas is a r n and handsome villain. There are some w ish singable songs. (*Feb.*)

★ OVE AND HISSES—20th Century-Fox

alter Winchell and Ben Bernie return with g to another battle of wits and half-wits and n c and gags, built around a foreign star, Simone S n, whose abilities each takes credits for. Much i ity goes on; the new Gordon and Revel tunes r a delight; and Simone Simon shoplifts the i re with her exceptional singing. Elegant. (*Mrch*)

★ OVE IS A HEADACHE—M-G-M

o longer forced to be an artificially wrinkled h a lovely Gladys George finally comes to light. P ing an actress bitten by the publicity bug, her a tion of Mickey Rooney and Virginia Weidler c es her best friend (Franchot Tone) to become h everest critic. The acting is superfine. (*April*)

★ ANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND — Republic

hen a gangster buys a recording company and is rn between his passion for jazz and his mother's l for opera, amusing and exciting things should h en—and do. Leo Carrillo, Tamara Geva, Phil R an, Ann Dvorak and four big-name bands go to t in rollicking rhythm. A-1 sauce for your g ms. (*Feb.*)

★ MANNEQUIN—M-G-M

Again Joan Crawford is magnificently the shop girl, who by beauty and brains overcomes a hideous environment and an unfortunate marriage to blackmailer Alan Curtis, to emerge chin high to happiness with Spencer Tracy. Joan looks stunning, does some nice singing; Tracy is staunch support. (*March*)

★ MAN-PROOF—M-G-M

Without the delicious humor of Myrna Loy this would be a dull conversation piece about a young emotionally uninvolved girl in love with a young rake (Walter Pidgeon). When he marries Rosalind Russell, Myrna sets out to get him back—with astonishing results. Franchot Tone lurks in the background. A lulu because of Loy. (*March*)

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME—Monogram

The sole reason for seeing this setup south of the Mason Dixon is the Hall Johnson Choir of colored singers. There's a to-do over the centennial of the founding of a molasses factory and a domineering matriarch's attempts to run the love life of Evelyn Venable. Molasses from start to finish. (*April*)

★ NOTHING SACRED—Selznick-United Artists

Aided by color, a Ben Hecht script and the deft direction of Bill Wyler, Carole Lombard and Freddie March have turned in a comedy drama that beats the best results of the nitwit schools, so far. The story revolves around a reporter who is in the doghouse with his editor, and his schemes to get out of same by developing the season's biggest front-page news out of a girl ostensibly at death's door. Satirical, sophisticated and screwy, it is among the ranking laugh films of all time. (*Feb.*)

★ OF HUMAN HEARTS—M-G-M

Beautifully directed by Clarence Brown, this gentle, sincere picture is serious cinema at its best. Against a Civil War background, it tells the story of the heroic sacrifices of a poverty-stricken pioneer minister's family to subsidize their son who becomes a famous surgeon. Beulah Bondi, Walter Huston, Jimmy Stewart, the whole cast deserve enormous credit. Don't fail to see this. (*April*)

★ PARADISE FOR THREE—M-G-M

Frank Morgan, Mary Astor, Edna May Oliver, Florence Rice and Robert Young are the funmakers in this hilarious tale of a wealthy old duck with a roving eye who goes vacationing incognito in the Alps. You'd better see this picture to find out what happens then. The direction is as smart as the dialogue. (*April*)

PENROD AND HIS TWIN BROTHER—Warners

Again the classic American brat returns to delight the children and amuse their elders. This time, there are two of them, the Mauch Twins who organize as young G-men, tangle with real gangsters. Preposterous and sentimental, but peanuts for small-town audiences. (*April*)

PRESCRIPTION FOR ROMANCE—Universal

A slow-moving story of romance on the run. Henry Hunter, embezzler, deserts his sweetheart, flees to Wendy Barrie, a young doctor in Budapest, for protection from Detective Robert Kent, out to get his man. Guess who falls in love with whom? You're right. (*March*)

QUICK MONEY—RKO-Radio

For those who like homespun movies woven with sincere and familiar threads, this story wil be entertaining. Fred Stone and Berton Churchill battle for acting honors; the former defending small-town rights against a chiseling big-time promoter. A number of clever youngsters are in support. (*Feb.*)

★ ROSALIE—M-G-M

Metro spent almost $2,000,000 on this and it ought to be pretty special. You get Nelson Eddy singing Cole Porter songs, Eleanor Powell's dancing and Frank Morgan's funny speech. If the garbled story of a West Pointer in love with a princess doesn't throw you for a loop, the colossal sets probably will. Better go anyway. (*March*)

SH! THE OCTUPUS!—Warners]

Screwball detectives Allen Jenkins and Hugh Herbert escort you through rapid and chill adventure in their search for the mysterious head of a spy combine. Most of the action is in a deserted lighthouse full of monsters, but the persistent comedy saves you from heart failure. Marsha Hunt and John Eldredge are around—just for instance. (*Feb.*)

★ SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER, A—Warners

Belonging to the addlepated cycle of pictures started by "Nothing Sacred," a morbid humor is here squeezed from murder. The story concerns the plight of a gangster (Edward G. Robinson) and his low-brow wife (Ruth Donnelly) who try to go straight after Repeal. They fail in a mad, shocking, but outrageously funny way. (*April*)

★ SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS —Disney-RKO-Radio

Walt Disney at long last brings his million-dollar fantasy to the screen, and his loving labor of three years is not lost. Mingling real characters (*Snow White, The Prince* and the *Witch Queen*) with delightful dwarfs and animals, he succeeds as marvelously in giving you great entertainment as he did with *Mickey Mouse* or *Donald Duck*. The color reproduction and the symphonic score are truly distinguished. We know you wouldn't miss it for worlds. (*Feb.*)

SPY RING, THE—Universal

William Hall is the army hero of this fast melodrama on how to catch an enemy spy with a polo mallet. Jane Wyman aids Hall and Leon Ames and Ben Alexander are tossed an occasional scene. There is a timely entente with current headlines in the subplot. (*April*)

STORM IN A TEACUP—Korda-United Artists

This is an extremely funny, oftentimes hilarious piece about the deflation in ego of a pompous Scotch politician brought about by a young newsman in love with the Scot's daughter. Rex Harrison, Vivien Leigh, Sara Algood, in fact, the entire cast is perfection. Do go and see it. (*Feb.*)

★ SUBMARINE D-1—Warners

An accurate revelation of the dramatic thrills of the navy's undersea service, plus an elaborate production, plus the splendid acting of Pat O'Brien, Wayne Morris and George Brent and the whole Pacific fleet, add up to the best Navy picture on record. The masculine contingent will eat it up. (*Feb.*)

SWING YOUR LADY—Warners

A picture with an idea, even if it disappoints as a musical. Nat Pendleton, as a moron wrestler matched with Amazonian Louise Fazenda, will keep you in stitches; there is some good hillbilly music and a dandy "Big Apple" sequence. Add it up—and you have fun. (*April*)

THANK YOU, MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox

This twisted tale of intrigue in an Oriental locale fails to daunt the imperturbable *Moto*, who, aided by Thomas Beck, tracks down stolen Chinese scrolls, finishes off Sidney Blackmer in fine style. Pauline Frederick as a Chinese princess stands out. (*Feb.*)

THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY—M-G-M

Three youngsters with entirely different viewpoints meet in a jockey's boardinghouse and later find their experiences fit them for the years ahead. Mickey Rooney steals the show that was intended to introduce Ronald Sinclair, a newcomer. Judy Garland and Sophie Tucker take care of the feminine interest and the music. One of the better B's. (*Feb.*)

★ TOVARICH—Warners

Brilliantly devised from the famous play, brilliantly played by Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert, this depicts an incident in the lives of two titled Russians living in Paris after the Revolution. They hire out as butler and cook to a wild family, each member of which proceeds to fall variously in love with the new domestics. The suavest sort of drama combined with the new padded-cell variety of comedy makes this the best laugh bet of the month. (*Feb.*)

★ WELLS FARGO—Paramount

Magnificently staged against a panoramic background of American history—the growth of communications in the wild and early West—this is a human story of a young married couple's battle for happiness against the dangers of a growing nation. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee couldn't have been more superlatively cast. Bob Burns, Porter Hall and a large cast of superior actors support. For sheer adventure, definitely a hit. (*Feb.*)

★ WISE GIRL—RKO-Radio

Crisp Miriam Hopkins gives an electric performance here—aided by a fine story, Leigh Jason's direction and a cast that immensely enjoys itself. Two orphaned children are adopted by struggling artist Ray Milland. Miriam resents his interference —and how. Milland was born for his rôle, and Henry Stephenson and the children are delicious. Catch this quick. (*March*)

★ YANK AT OXFORD, A—M-G-M

In this picture made in England, Robert Taylor emerges less the dandy, more the male. As the son of a small-town editor (Lionel Barrymore—can *he* act!) Taylor wins a scholarship, wins and loses Maureen O'Sullivan, takes a beating from his classmates, generally does a fine job. Credits to the entire cast. (*April*)

★ YOU'RE A SWEETHEART—Universal

A Broadway show in the making is the background of this story and fortunately provides the most important elements in the plot. George Murphy really comes into his own as a dancer and singer, and Alice Faye also sings song hits as only she can. Ken Murray and Oswald of radio fame lend support. It's a nifty. (*March*)

YOU'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE—M-G-M

There is something in these homely little dramas dealing with simple human emotions. Here you have father Lewis Stone, mother Fay Holden, son Mickey Rooney and daughter Cecilia Parker setting off for a vacation at Catalina. Laughs and tears abound. Mickey, as usual, walks off with acting honors. (*Feb.*)

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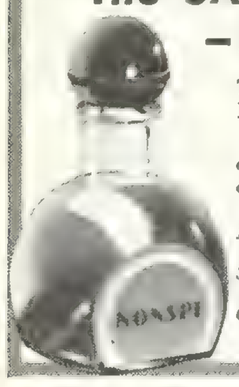

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P55

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PHOTOPLAY'S RETAIL STORE DIRECTOR

PHOTOPLAY fashions on pages 58 and 59 of the Fashion Section in this issue are available to readers at these sto

ALABAMA
Tennessee Coal & Iron....Ensley
The Fashion Shop....Montgomery

ARKANSAS
Lide's Inc....Camden
Gus Blass Co....Little Rock

CALIFORNIA
J. H. Hink & Son, Inc....Berkeley
Biway Dept. Store....Los Angeles
C. O. Bowen & Co....Pomona
Wallens....San Diego
The Emporium....San Francisco
Mortons Dept. Store....Ventura

COLORADO
Walmsley-Loupe Inc....Pueblo

CONNECTICUT
Meigs....Bridgeport
Imperial Clothing Co....Danbury
Feister & Raucher....Norwich
G. Fox....Hartford
Morris Birnbaum....New Britain
Worths....Waterbury
H. C. Murray Co....Willimantic

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Lansburgh Bros., Inc....Washington

FLORIDA
Yowell Drew Co....Daytona Beach
Quality Shop....Jacksonville
Louis Ladies' Ready-to-Wear....Orlando
Rutland Bros. Dept. Store....St. Petersburg

IDAHO
Style Shop....Pocatello
Cummings....Twin Falls
Cummings....Boise
Frock & Bonnet....Idaho Falls
Fashion Shop....Moscow

ILLINOIS
Youngs Dry Goods Co....Alton
W. S. Moore....Canton
Johnson's....Carbondale
Levines....Centralia
Dress Well Shop....Charleston
Marshall Field & Co....Chicago
Hechts....Decatur
Seidel Apparel Co....E. St. Louis
Hechts....Freeport
O. T. Johnson Co....Galesburg
Raffe (The Fair)....Harvard
Ed. Goldstein (The Emporium)....Jacksonville
Chicago Store....Kankakee
Kewanee Dry Goods Co....Kewanee
Rose Marie....La Grange
Hechts....La Salle
Lesters....Mattoon
The Rose Frock Shop....Moline
Mortons Apparel Shop....Mt. Vernon
Hechts....Ottawa
The Fashion Shop....Paris
Hechts....Peoria
Wendlands....Pontiac
McCabe Dry Goods Co....Rock Island
W. H. Apparel Co....Sterling
A. H. Greenfield....Streator
Dress Well Shops....Taylorville
The Hanson Co....Watseka

INDIANA
Golden Rule Store....Crawfordsville
Chas. S. Drake Co....Elkhart
Broadway Style Shop, Inc....Gary
Levenstein D. G. Co....Greensburg
Rinks Cloak House....Indianapolis
Adlers....Lafayette
Isidore Eichman....Lebanon
Cushing & Co....Linton
Frances Folks....Loogootee
Rozelle Shop....Marion
The Goodman Co....Monticello
Mortons Apparel Shops, Inc....New Castle
Robertson Bros. Co....So. Bend
Palais Royal....Richmond
Silvers Specialty Shop....Terre Haute
Dotty Lee Shop....Vincennes

IOWA
Christensen Bros. Co....Algona
Davis D. G. Co....Bloomfield
The Style Shop....Carroll
M. J. Frankel Co....Cedar Rapids
John Beno Co....Council Bluffs
Menzers, Inc....Creston
Weigles....Davenport
Decorah Coat & Suit Store....Decorah
Wolfs....Des Moines
Roshek Bros. Co....Dubuque
L. M. Christensen....Estherville
Ladies' Fashion Shop....Fairfield
R. R. Jacobs....Forest City
Yetters....Iowa City
Brintnall & Brintnall....Marshalltown
Damons, Inc....Mason City
Batterson Store....Muscatine
Gottners....Newton
Marie Jackson & Co....Osage
T. J. Madden....Ottumwa
Poole's Fashion Shop....Spencer
The Hanson Co....Washington
New York Fashion Shop....Waterloo
Hale & Sons....Waukon
Seymour Eichman....Webster City

KANSAS
Youngs Dry Goods Co....Kansas City
Berkson Bros....Topeka

KENTUCKY
H. C. Shipp....Lexington
Beston & Langdan....Louisville

MAINE
Senter Bros....Bath
Chernowskys....Augusta
Freeses....Bangor
Polakewich....Biddeford
Unobskeys Store....Calais
The Pattee Co....Cartboro
Guy Campbell....Farmington
S. H. Cramer....Eastport
Canters....Gardiner
Ellis Green....St. Fairfield
G. W. Richards Co....Houlton
B. Peck & Co....Lewiston
Smileys....Portland
B. S. Greene....Presque Isle
Senter Crane Co....Rockland
E. K. Day....Rumford
J. Papas....Sanford
Kennedy Crane Jr....Skowhegan

MARYLAND
May Co....Baltimore
J. G. Carton....Cambridge
Rosenbaum Bros....Cumberland
Fox Bros....Easton
Henricksons....Frederick
R. E. Powell & Co....Salisbury

MASSACHUSETTS
New York Cloak Store....Amesbury
Bishop-Dodge Co....Athol
Porters....Brockton
Harry A. Freedman....Fitchburg
Rayfields....Framingham
W. L. Goodnow....Greenfield
Mitchell & Co....Haverhill
The Vogue Shop....Leominster
Empire....Lawrence
Bon Marche D. G. Co....Lowell
Goddard Bros....Lynn
C. F. Wing Co....New Bedford
Louis Fashion....Milford
McCallums....Northampton
Orange Clothing Co....Orange
Buttner Co....Plymouth
Sheridans....Quincy
Empire Clothing Co., Inc....Salem
Robbins....So. Bridge
Forbes & Wallace....Springfield
Goldstein & Antene....Taunton
Grover Cronin, Inc....Waltham
Block's Women's Shop....Westfield
Sol & S. Marcus....Worcester

MICHIGAN
Maurices....Adrian
Harry J. Beckert Co....Alma
Zva Cohen....Alpena
H. G. Wendland & Co....Bay City
C. W. Spaulding....Caro
Fred A. Richy Co....Charlotte
Davy's, Inc....Clare
J. L. Hudson Co....Detroit
Alma Gaufin....Escanaba
The Rolland Co....Fenton
Houseman's....Grand Rapids
Almas Ready-to-Wear....Greenville
R. N. Stevenson....Ionia
Goldes Smart Shop....Ironwood
Levine Bros....Ishpeming
Louis Persitz....Marquette
Jos. Ruwitch & Sons, Inc....Norway
The O. M. Christian Co....Owosso
Ballentine D. G. Co....Port Huron
Royal Vogue....Royal Oak
Esther, Inc....Saginaw
H. C. Corbeshley....Sandusky
De Bruyn Co....Zeeland

MINNESOTA
Paul Belan....Blue Earth
J. P. Bouqutt....Caledonia
J. R. Raattama & Son....Chisholm
A. Goldberg....Eveleth
Smart Shop (Flora Wessel)....Fairmont
Sapero Bros....Hibbing
Stevensons....International Falls
Powers Dry Goods Co....Minneapolis
Stevensons....Mankato
Stevensons....Red Wing
Sapero Bros....Virginia
Stevensons....Rochester
Herter's....Waseca
Stevensons....St. Cloud
Husch Bros....St. Paul
Stevensons....Winona

MISSISSIPPI
Elite Shop....Gulfport

MISSOURI
Louise Hecht....Cape Girardeau
Ellis....Chillicothe
The Emporium....Hannibal
Klines....Kansas City
Sonnenfelds....St. Louis
Ellis....Trenton

MONTANA
A. A. Braten....Bozeman
C. E. Priess....Missoula
John Kaplan Co....Glendive
Paris Fligman Co....Great Falls
A. W. Miles & Co....Livingston

NEBRASKA
Famous Merc. Co....Lincoln
H. C. Clapp....McCook
Herzbergs, Inc....Omaha

NEW HAMPSHIRE
H. Levine....Concord
Stahl Clark Co....Berlin
Max Solomon....Franklin
MacLeod's Dept. Store....Littleton
T. Pariseau....Manchester
Smart Shop....Nashua
Schwartz Apparel Shop....Portsmouth
Luddens Fashion....Rochester

NEW JERSEY
M. E. Blatt....Atlantic City
Fishmans....Elizabeth
The Orchid Shoppe....Mt. Holly
P. J. Young Dry Goods....New Brunswick
Geo. Gelber....Newton
Harry Jacobs (Montauk Shop)....Passaic
Quackenbush....Paterson
Shores, Inc....Vineland
Wilk Co....Perth Amboy
Rosenbaum Bros....Plainfield
Gaston, Inc....Summerville
Lillian Charms....Trenton

NEW YORK
L. C. Carr Co....Batavia
Hills McLeans & Haskins....Binghamton
J. N. Adam & Co....Buffalo
The Norma Shop....Canandaigua
Karch....Geneva
Sidney's....Dunkirk
Logan's....Elmira
Hoffmans Smart Shop....Glens Falls
H. H. Whiting....Gowanda
Tuttle-Rockwell Co....Hornell
Geo. W. Reynolds....Granville
The Abrahamson-Bigelow Co....Jamestown
Hally's....Ithaca
Williams Bros. Co....Lockport
P. H. Pender & Son....Mechanicsville
Bellevue Dress Shop....Niagara Falls
John Schoonmacher & Sons....Newburgh
Mack Friedman....Niagara Falls
Nathan Frank & Sons....Ogdensburg
M. J. McDonald Co....Oswego
Sidney Lindsey & Curr....Rochester
Fitzgerald Bros....Salamanca
Marks Fashion Shop....Rome
The Wallace Co....Schenectady
The Addis Co....Syracuse
J. B. Wells & Son Co....Utica
Reed & Reed....Saugerties
H. Ellis Co....Watertown
Rosalyn Shop....Sidney
Rockwell Bros. & Co....Wellsville
Simon Bros....Springville
Bertha Merrill....Yonkers
B. Wienberg....Troy

NORTH CAROLINA
Harry Harris (Chic Dress Shop)....Albermarle
W. G. Penry Co....Lexington
J. G. Harrison....Mt. Airy
Graham's Inc....Reidsville

NORTH DAKOTA
A. W. Lucas Co....Bismarck
Mann's Dept. Store....Devil Lake
The Store Without a Name....Fargo
Rodenberg & Schwobel....New Rockford
Lieber's Ready to Wear....Wahpeton

OHIO
C. C. Crawford Co....Alliance
Preis Inc....Ashland
Wessler D. G. Co....Bellefontaine
Stein D. G. Co....E. Liverpool
H. O. Ahlenius & Co....Fostoria
Ralph C. Smith Co....Minerva
The Dowds-Rudin Co....Mt. Vernon
The Charles Co....Napoleon
Lippy's....Niles
Daniel's Inc....Painesville
Hansell's....Salem
The Ed. Wren Co....Springfield
Rucklos Spec. Co....Van Wert
The Steen D. G. Co....Washington Court House
Lacey's....Wilmington
Strouss-Hirshberg Co....Youngstown
The A. E. Starr Co....Zanesville

OKLAHOMA
A. Thelma Johnson....Wewoka

OREGON
Sternberg's Ladies' Shop....Albany
Kaufman Bros....Eugene
Adrienne's....Klamath Falls
Adrienne's....Medford
Meier & Frank Co....Portland

PENNSYLVANIA
Bretts Inc....Altoona
Hess Bros....Allentown
H. B. Sigel & Sons....Bethlehem
Maurice's Dept. Store....Bedford
Yampolski Bros....Bradford
Weiss....Butler
Globe Fashion Shop....Carbondale
Bowman & Co....Carlisle
J. S. Miller....Charleroi
Nathan's Inc....Chambersburg
Leitzinger Bros. Dept....Clearfield
Bon Ton....Coatesville
Levenson's....Clymer
G. C. Davidson....Connellsville
Grollman....Easton
T. Flynn Co....Ford City
Trask, Prescott & Richardson....Erie
A. Lazovik....Frederickstown
La Rose Shop....Greensburg
Friedman's....Greenville
The Leader Store....Hanover
Feller & Co....Harrisburg
New York Sample Shop....Hazelton
Robbins' Shop....Homestead
Hollywood Shop....Huntington
Molly Ann Shop....Indiana
A. Weiner....Jeannette
Andrew Foster Est....Johnstown
The Leader (S. W. Reisberg)....Kitanning
Watt & Shand Inc....Lancaster
J. C. Bright Co....Lansford
Rose Style Shop....Latrobe
Louis Samler (Bon Ton)....Lebanon
Danks & Co....Lewiston
Leo Coploff....Lock Haven
Cox's....McKeesport
Mollie Smith....Milton
Mrs. Rose Cramer (Central Store)....Monesson
Silverman's Dept. Store....New Kensington
Edwards Bros....Oil City
Frank & Seder....Pittsburgh
Harry Gillman....Reading
Gimbel Bros....Philadelphia
Alex Kay (Ladies' Bazaar)....Ridgeway
Smith Bros....St. Mary's
Kalin's Dress Shop....State College
Phil Fahr....Sunbury
Bennett Davis....Titusville
W. J. Ruggles....Towanda
Scheid's....Tomaque
Lugg & Edmonds....Tyrone
Russell L. Shepler....Vandergrift
S. C. Work & Sons....Washington
Metzger Wright....Warren
Shermans' Inc....Waynesboro
Mosteller's....Westchester
Fowler-Dick & Walker....Wilkes Barre
L. L. Stearns & Sons....Williamsport

RHODE ISLAND
The Outlet Co....Providence

SOUTH CAROLINA
R. Israel....Andrews
Ben E. Ness....Sumter

SOUTH DAKOTA
The Fashion....Watertown
Chase's....Lead

TEXAS
White & Kirk....Ama
Goodfriend's....A
Warth's....Beau
A. Harris....D
W. J. Stripling....Ft. W
McBride's....Galve
Sakowitz....Hou

UTAH
The Nadine....O
Christensen's....
Christensen's....Ric
Boston Store....Salt Lake

VERMONT
J. E. Mann, Inc....Brattl
Abernathy-Clarkson-Wright....Burlin
Wolk's Style Shop....Ru
Berry Ball, Inc....St. John

VIRGINIA
Dan. B. Waugh Co....
Jos. Ney & Sons Co....Harrison
Franklin Finke....Newport
A. Greenburg & Co....Onan
Franklin Finke....Peter
Thalheimer Bros....Rich
Kann's, Inc....Ro
R. L. Saunders Co....Sta

WASHINGTON
D. Brower....Abe
Rumbaugh's....E
Bremer's Dept. Store....Brem
Frederick & Nelson....S
Goldstein & Lubin....Sp
Wenatchee Dept. Store....Wena

WEST VIRGINIA
N. Rahalt....Be
Goodwin's....Blu
Watts-Sartor-Lear Co....Clark
Frances Dress....Far
Hulmes Reliable Store....H
Geo. Katz & Son....Martin
Fashion Shop....Morgan
Winer's Dept. Store....New Martin
E. Efron (Nelson's Ladies' Shop)....Prin
The Leader Store....Rich
Geo. R. Taylor Co....Whe

WISCONSIN
Gloudeman & Gage Co....App
F. F. May....As
Chaimson's Dept. Store....Black River
F. H. Manser....Clinto
Wm. A. O'Brien Co....Fond d
Richards Inc....Green
Hagen's....Jane
I. Segal....Ke
E. R. Barron Co....La C
Woldenberg's....Ma
Berk's Apparel Shop....Mani
Sol Friedstein & Sons Co....Mar
McCain Johnson Co....Mars
A. W. Hosig Co....Ma
Ed. Schuster & Co., Inc....Milw
Roy Lovelace....M
Henderson Hoyt Co....Os
Otto Isberner....P
The Avenue Shoppe....F
Schweke & Fuchs....Reed
Chaimson Bros. (The Fair)....Rice
Dodge & Davis....S
Bay Style Shop, Inc....Sturgeo
Tomah Cash Merc. Co....T
McCoy's Dept. Store....Wau
Heinemann Bros. Co....W
Whitewater Dept. Store....White
Heilman's Dept. Store....Wisconsin

WYOMING
Kassis D. G. Co....C
Kassis D. Goods Co....Che
Kassis D. G. Co....La

PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS

BYRON HOLLYWOOD MODES—1

ARIZONA
Exclusive Milly....D
Gertude Rubin Shop....T

CALIFORNIA
The May Co....Los A
Hastings....Oa
O'Connor Moffatt Co....San Fra

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Raleigh Haberdasher....Washi

FLORIDA
The Mark Store....I

ILLINOIS
Wieboldt's Stores Inc....(63rd & Green) Cl
Wieboldt's Stores Inc....(Lincoln & School) Cl
Wieboldt's Stores, Inc....Eva
Wieboldt's Stores, Inc....Oak

INDIANA
Helman's....New A

IOWA
Dawson's....Fort
The James Black Dry Goods Co....Wa

LOUISIANA
Hearne Dry Goods Co....Shre

MINNESOTA
Steele's....D

MISSISSIPPI
Nelms & Blum....Gree

MISSOURI
Stix, Baer & Fuller Co....St.

NEW JERSEY
J. B. Wilson Co....Tr

NORTH DAKOTA
Rose Shop....

OHIO
The May Company....Clev
Ferris Millinery....Young

OKLAHOMA
Durnil Dry Goods Company....Mu

OREGON
The Hub, Inc....Mars

PENNSYLVANIA
Brett's....Al
Patsy-Anne Shop....E
Leinbach....Lan

SOUTH CAROLINA
Gallant Belk Co....An
Cabaniss Co....Col

TENNESSEE
Kate Rice Hat Shop....Chatta
Anderson Bros. & Foster....Col
B. Lowenstein Co....Me
Cain Sloan....Nas
Ethel Greer Shop....Unio

TEXAS
Kitty Kerrigan's Mill'y....Am
Bettis & Sturges....Bal
Albert M. Fisher Co....Big
Powder Puff Women's Shop....Chi
Lichtenstein Sons....Corpus
Mrs. Kate Smalley....Cor
Battelstein's....H
Bando Dress Shop....Jacks
Parisian Hat Shop....
The Vogue....San A
The Fashion Bazaar....

VIRGINIA
Belk Leggett Co....Da
Rice's....N

WASHINGTON
Bon Marche....S

WEST VIRGINIA
Grayce Shop....Char

RKFORD HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS—1938

ALABAMA
Odu Bowers & White....Birmingham
ARKANSAS
Jack Applebaum....Blytheville
H. Cooper....Helena
CALIFORNIA
The White House....San Francisco
COLORADO
Mar een Shop....Lamar
CONNECTICUT
Sag Allen....Hartford
Dor y's Millinery....Stamford
DELAWARE
Gra stein's....Wilmington
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
The echt Company....Washington
FLORIDA
Nor l's....Miami
The mart Shop....Panama City
Goo yn Mitchell....St. Petersburg
The port Shop....Sarasota
lenry, Inc....Tampa
GEORGIA
A. Cobb Co....Cedartown
n Smith & Co....Macon
ce's, Inc....Marietta
z Shop....Savannah
Varnedoe & Co....Valdosta
INDIANA
ol & Dessauer....Fort Wayne
ee Shop....New Castle
ILLINOIS
ood Shops....Benton
Style Shop....Centralia
an's....Champaign
ium....Jacksonville
's Apparel Shop....Mt. Vernon
Barker Co....Springfield
IOWA
ilden Store....Ames
ll's....Sioux City
KANSAS
's....Hutchinson
's....Independence
's....Junction City
nan's....Lawrence
Kile....Neodosha
er's....Salina
W. Hinkel....Wichita
KENTUCKY
d's....Louisville
mart Shop....Winchester
LOUISIANA
field, D. G....Baton Rouge
ella Shop....Jennings
Company....Lake Charles
Hat Shop....Shreveport
MAINE
owski's....Augusta
Moore Co....Portland
Brown....Waterville
MARYLAND
er's....Hagerstown
MASSACHUSETTS
arcus Co....Worcester
MICHIGAN
ear's....Ann Arbor
MINNESOTA
n's....Brainard
o's Style Shop....Hibbing
son's Store....Mankato
son's Store....Rochester
o's Style Shop....Virginia
son's Store....Winona
MISSISSIPPI
mart Shop....Brookhaven
ez Dept. Store....Natchez
MISSOURI
's....Cape Girardeau
gs, Vandervoort & Barney....St. Louis
MONTANA
Hat Shop....Miles City
NEBRASKA
ska Clo. Co....Omaha
NEW HAMPSHIRE
Leavitt Co....Manchester
NEW JERSEY
ey Milly....Hackensack
NEW YORK
ette Shop....Auburn
r, Dick & Walker....Binghamton
& Kent....Buffalo
Cornish Shop....Elmira
Hat Shoppe, Inc....Freeport
ey Milly....Oneonta
el Shop....Poughkeepsie
Herbert Co....Troy
NORTH CAROLINA
Ivey Co....Charlotte
e Shop....Morgantown
NORTH DAKOTA
Shop....Bismarck
nson's Store....Fargo
Shop....Grand Forks
n's....Minot
OHIO
Bros....Canton
Bros....Cleveland
ey & Carew....Cincinnati
Hub....Steubenville
OKLAHOMA
e's....Wewoka
OREGON
Paris....The Dalles
PENNSYLVANIA
ty Fair Hat Shop....Bethlehem
ung-Conrad Hat Shop....Butler
berg's....Chester
an's, Inc....Chambersburg
Hat Shop....Ellwood City
man & Co....Harrisburg
el Bros....Philadelphia
e Clark....Scranton
Jane Shop....Somerset
tol Hat Shoppe....Washington
SOUTH CAROLINA
I. Bailes Co....Anderson
wanger's....Columbia
SOUTH DAKOTA
e O. Simmons....Aberdeen
on Bros....Mitchell
n's Hat Shop....Pierre
on Bros....Rapid City
TENNESSEE
A. Halle Co....Memphis
jan Verhine....Union City
TEXAS
st Grissom's....Abilene
orium Milly....Corpus Christi
Berman's Dept. Store....Colorado
fuss Co....Dallas
er Bros....Dallas
Mode Shop....Kilgore
n Swank Shop....Longview
Mode Dress Shop....Mt. Pleasant
e Bros....San Antonio
t's Ready to Wear....Sulphur Springs
VERMONT
nathy, Clarkson, Wright....Burlington
Grey Shoppe....St. Johnsbury
VIRGINIA
s Brownley....Norfolk
T. Horne Co....Roanoke
WASHINGTON
ham Milly....Tacoma
WEST VIRGINIA
y V. Conway....Beckley
WISCONSIN
Model....Beaver Dam
enson's Store....Eau Claire
n V. Butzler....Fond du Lac
midt's....Wausau
WYOMING
Stuart Shop....Casper
yce Allen....Sheridan

How Grant Took Hollywood

(Continued from page 22)

he traded the car in. The difference in money he sent—anonymously—to a relief bureau.

At the moment, Cary and Randy Scott are renting Constance Talmadge's beach home in Santa Monica. A rambling place with a gym and Ping-pong tables and the ocean literally pounding in its front yard.

The life these two live down there is as full of surprises as an English plum pudding, for Cary follows no schedule, knows no routine. If he's not tired, he stays up all night. "Sure. Why not? You have a lot more fun that way. Sleep when you are tired. Twelve hours, if you have to, the next night."

If he's not actually hungry, he won't eat, regardless of the hour. Regular mealtimes have no place on Cary's calendar. "I suppose I got that way from the old times when I didn't know where my next meal was coming from," is the way he explains it, screwing up that left eyebrow of his.

Naturally, it drives Mary a little wild. She and Henry, both ebony-hued and hefty, run the Grant-Scott household and threaten to leave three times a week and twice on Sundays. As a matter of fact, you couldn't bribe them away. A scenario writer tried it once because what Mary can do with beaten biscuits and chicken is something to dream about. But Mary only shrugged. "Ah'd be thinkin' all the time of what ah was missin'."

"Of course," Mary admits, "he's the most forgettin'est man what is!"

Yesterday, for instance, he invited twelve people to dinner. And did he remember to tell Mary about it? He did not.

Around eight, the guests, in formal attire, began to arrive. Cary was still at the studio. When he arrived home he found them milling about, eating all the nuts and candy in the house—and Mary on the point of apoplexy.

"What the heck," said Cary. "You have to eat 365 days in the year. *Where* you eat isn't so important as long as you *do*." And he bustled the crowd over to a restaurant. For once he had his checkbook along.

CARY never has cash with him. It's always in his other trousers. You know that No. 1 Embarrassing Moment when Young-Man-Out-On-a-Date dives into his pants' pockets and pulls out—nothing. Mr. Grant has learned to meet that situation with an amazing amount of aplomb. It happens to him so often. As a rule, he simply reaches for a cigarette and signals the head waiter. But sometimes the signals won't work.

At that little Russian café, for example, where he went with Phyllis Brooks a short time ago, the h.w. didn't know him. He looked like Car-ie Gr-rant, yes, but impostors, they are too *theek* in Hollywood.

The man weighed 280 and he had the fiercest black mustache in captivity. Cary didn't argue long. He telephoned Randy—but he wasn't home. He frantically dialed his stand-in, Mal Merrighue, only to find that he'd gone to the fights.

"No more!" shouted the mustachioed one. "You run up the telephone bill on top the check."

"For the sake of the Volga boatman, just one more call," pleaded Cary. This time he got the prop man on his picture. "Jim," said the strangely humble voice of Mr. Grant (who has to worry considerably about his income tax), "could you lend me four bucks?"

Among his pals Cary's known as "the professor." Not, however, for any academic reasons. It all dates back to that time aboard the *Arabic*, when he was crossing the Atlantic . . . when he appeared at the costume ball as the Absent-minded Professor. Things had been a bit stiffish on the ship and he decided to liven them up. His idea was to go in full evening dress minus his shirt. Then Cary got to thinking of a new vaudeville skit . . .

When he entered the ballroom he saw the eyebrows shoot up, the startled glances. A chill premonition swept over him. He looked down. It wasn't his shirt he was minus. It was his pants!

JUST the other evening, Cary showed up at the Countess di Frasso's swank party in faultless Fifth Avenue tails, top hat—and no tie. It's a gift.

Irresponsible young blade. Delightful but quite mad. Yes, indeed. That's one view of Cary. But don't let it fool you. He drives the shrewdest bargain with the studios of any actor in Hollywood. As one producer put it, "Grant won't sign anything longer than a two or three-picture contract, but he gets everything into that contract but the kitchen stove. The man should be a lawyer yet!"

He has earned his own living since he was thirteen years old. He's learned, through the hard way of hard knocks, that life is too serious to take seriously. It needs to be flavored with nonsense. Cary stirs up his own brand.

He has no memory for important things, but how he can remember details—details like sending flowers to his secretary's mother on her birthday; collecting the funny papers each Sunday to mail to a kid brother back in England (he hasn't forgotten that once in all the time he's been in the United States); planning a circus party for the children of all the crew on his picture.

He worked out this circus party to the last item with Mal, his stand-in. "I can't get off, but could your wife dig up a couple of friends to go along with her and look after the kids?"

He hired a couple of buses, figured out a schedule for them. They had to pick up youngsters all the way from Highland Park to Southgate and he wanted those kids deposited at the circus in time to take in every side show. About three o'clock he got worried. "Look Mal, I'll do my own standing-in. You go to the circus and see that everything is all right."

But he just can't remember important things . . .

The day before Mal was to take his first screen test over at Universal, Cary and Phyllis Brooks spent three hours coaching him, going over lines, putting him through the business. They're a remarkable pair, Cary and Phil. She is the Twentieth Century-Fox starlet, as blond and tiny as Cary is dark and tall. Some say they'll marry. They say nothing. They don't have to. All you have to do is look at their eyes when they're together.

"He's the most sudden sort of person I've ever known," Phyllis told a friend. "Maybe that's why I like him so well. I'll never be sure of what he's going to say or do next."

It's like that remark of Mae West's after she had been talking to Cary. "There's only one mistake a gal can make about that man now," opined Mae. "She can't take him for Grant-ed!"

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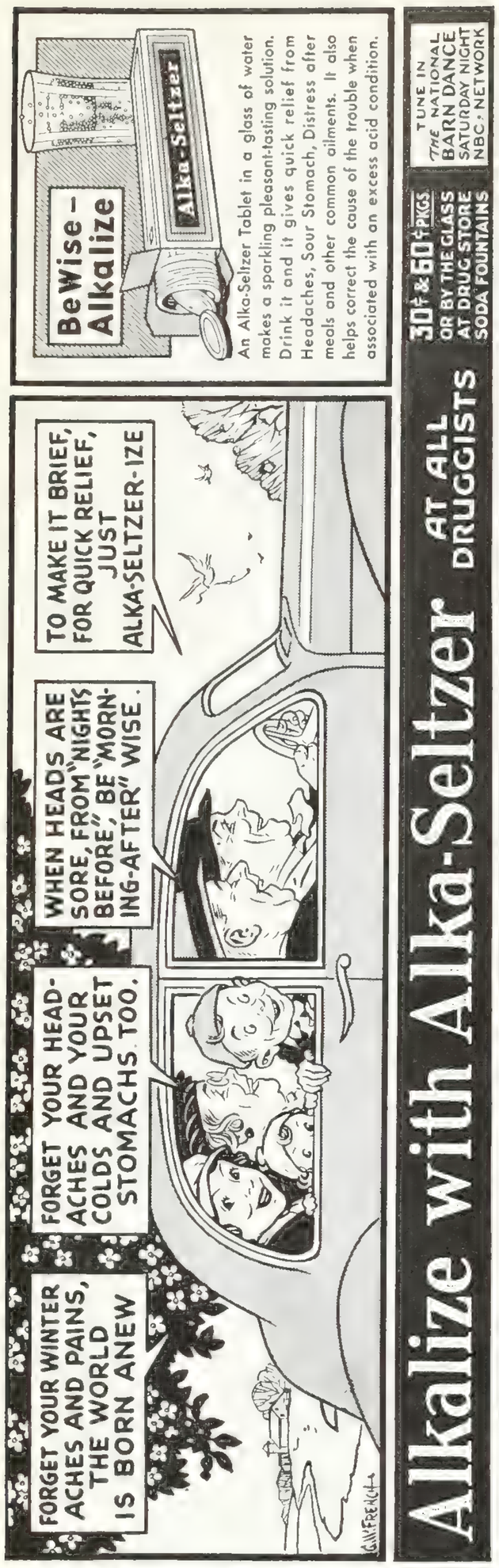

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 49)

THE JURY'S SECRET—Universal

A COURTROOM trial furnishes the basis for this mild little effort at providing drama plus entertainment. There is little drama and less entertainment. When juror Kent Taylor refuses to find a prisoner guilty in the face of overwhelming evidence, Fay Wray, his sweetheart, grows suspicious and uncovers some surprising facts. Nan Grey, Samuel Hinds and Jane Darwell complete a fairly competent cast. Don't break any blood vessels getting to this.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR—Monogram

YOU'LL find this a neat package of entertainment dealing with the inside workings of a telephone exchange. Judith Allen and Alice White are two telephone operators who risk their lives to remain at their posts when the dam breaks. Grant Withers and Warren Hymer, two linemen who are constantly feuding, help out when disaster threatens. Not exciting, but it's adequate "B" material.

START CHEERING—Columbia

BRIGHT as a new penny, this novel collegiate musical tells the story of a movie star, Charles Starrett, who gives up fame and wealth to attend a university. His manager, Walter Connolly, and stooge, Jimmy Durante, make every effort to lure Starrett back to the movies, but without avail. When the other college lads, who resent the handsome actor, succeed in driving him away, it takes Joan Perry, the dean's lovely daughter, to bring him back. Hal LeRoy dances, Gertrude Niesen sings.

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox

BE advised not to believe a word of this dismal pseudo-portrait of Broadway. It pictures the careers of six chorines who come to New York; two die miserably, one goes to jail, one runs away with a crook. When, at last, Claire Trevor survives and also gets Michael Whalen you are too depressed to care. Loose scripting and very casual direction are to blame. Leah Ray sings "Goodbye, My Heart," an added musical unhappiness.

THE RANGERS ROUNDUP—Stan Laurel Productions

ANOTHER singing cowboy, a troubador of the plains, rides into the public's eye in an unpretentious but clever little Western. Fred Scott, the warbling cowhand, shares honors with Christine McIntyre, who looks lovely and sings delightfully. The threadbare plot, of good men tracking down bad ones, with several blood and thunder battles thrown in, is incidental to the music. Interesting that funny man Stan Laurel turns producer in this one. Al St. John offers several comical turns.

★ RADIO CITY REVELS—RKO-Radio

HOLLYWOOD has put out another musical, and this is it. It has a lot of music and some gags, and a good deal of dancing, and no story; but you will pay your money, laugh a bit, hum the tunes afterward, and then forget the whole thing within ten minutes. Kenny Baker croons; Bob Burns makes noises on his bazooka; Jack Oakie romps airily about, chubby, breathless and funny. The id is that there's a washed-out compos who steals songs from a hillbilly wl makes them up while sleeping. Hel Broderick does her usual busine trouping gallantly. Ann Miller, Kenny's girl friend, is nice and innoc ous. There's really nothing new to s about noisy vacuum on celluloid

HER JUNGLE LOVE—Paramount

THE jungle in Technicolor is Par mount's excuse for this latest meande ing of Dorothy Lamour into the com adventure strip field. With regret, v must add that only Technicolor can adduced as a reason to see it.

There is small semblance of sense the plot, the dialogue is unbelievab gauche, the actors, one and all (wi the exception of a trained ape), emba rassed beyond words at their own a tions. The story has to do with t aviators searching for a missing thi who are wrecked on an uninhabited i land in the Pacific. At least, they thi it is uninhabited, but who should appe but Dorothy Lamour, sarong and a From there on it's your money if y bet what will happen. Ray Milla teaches her English, and how to ki and lo! she is really the white godde of a fierce tribe of ghouls who worsh alligators. The alligators don't get th man, or woman—Ray gets Doroth Lynne Overman is around for may two laughs. The jungle *is* pretty Technicolor and Miss Lamour sings t songs nicely.

HAWAII CALLS—RKO-Radio

THE reedy, sweet voice of small, b rapidly growing, Bobby Breen dom nates this saccharine travelogue to t Islands. He's a waif who smuggles hi self into Hawaii, goes native, a thwarts the villains who want Offic Warren Hull's naval plans. Ned Spark sourpuss with heart of gold, is som times amusing; you will like "Do Where the Trade Winds Blow" and t title song.

PENITENTIARY—Columbia

ANOTHER somber drama of prison li this, nevertheless, is a vivid commenta on convict psychology. When Distri Attorney Walter Connolly sends Jo Howard to prison and later, as warde attempts to set the boy free, he discove Howard prefers to live by a new-fou prison code. Jean Parker, as Connolly daughter, and Robert Barrat are sple did. Top trouping is done by Connoll

LOVE, HONOR AND BEHAVE—Warners

WITH the exception of Priscilla Lan enthusiastic portrait of a modern you girl out to make a man of her husban this is uninspiring. Wayne Morris is t youngster taught to be a "good spor about life by his mother and who is th unprepared for the rigors of 1938's pro lems. Cheap production overbalanc several good performances, amo which Mona Barrie's is the most spirite

THE BELOVED BRAT—Warners

A SADLY unconvincing story of ho Bonita Granville is transformed from spoiled, rebellious brat into a sweet an normal child by the kindness of Dolor Costello, reform school superintende Natalie Moorhead and Donald Cri play Bonita's wealthy parents, who a too busy to give her any attention. T picture is a yawn.

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Casts of Current Pictures

ERONESS AND THE BUTLER, THE"—CENTURY-FOX. — Play by Ladislaus-Bus- Screen play by Sam Hellman, Lamar and Kathryn Scola. Directed by Walter The Cast: *Johann Porok*, William Powell; *s Katrina*, Annabella; *Countess Sandor*, Westley; *Count Albert Sandor*, Henry son; *Baron Georg Marissey*, Joseph Schild- *Zorda*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Klari*, Lynn *nnouncer*, Maurice Cass; *Count Dorno*, Ivan n; *President*, Alphonse Ethier; *Secretary*, DuBrey; *Members of Parliament*, Wilfred Sidney Bracy, Frank Baker; *Housekeeper*, Wesselhoeft; *Radio Technician*, George *Countess Olga*, Margaret Irving.

LOVED BRAT, THE" — WARNERS. — play by Lawrence Kimble. From an original y Jean Negulesco. Directed by Arthur The Cast: *Helen Cosgrove*, Dolores Costello; Bonita Granville; *Mr. Morgan*, Donald *Williams*, Donald Briggs; *Miss Brewster*, Gleason; *Mrs. Morgan*, Natalie Moorhead; Emmett Vogan; *Anna*, Ellen Lowe; *Miss* Mary Doyle; *Mrs. White*, Bernice Pilot; Meredith White; *Sylvia*, Priscilla Lyon; loria Fischer; *Mrs. Jenkins*, Lois Cheaney; *arris*, Paul Everton; *Pinkie*, Stymie Beard; Carmencita Johnson; *Betty Mae*, Patsy l; *Jackie*, Doris Brenn.

BROADCAST OF 1938, THE"—PARA- —Screen play by Walter de Leon, Francis and Ken Englund. Based on an adaptation ard Lindsay and Russel Crouse of a story by k Hazlitt Brennan. Directed by Mitchell The Cast: *George T. Bellows*, W. C. Fields; *Bellows*, Martha Raye; *Dorothy Wyndham*, Lamour; *Mike*, Ben Blue; *Buzz Fielding*, pe; *Cleo Fielding*, Shirley Ross; *Bob Hayes*, kson; *Scoops McPhail*, Lynne Overman; *ielding*, Grace Bradley; *Turnkey*, Rufe *Chauffeur*, Stanley King; *Caddy*, Rex *Caddy*, Bernard Punsley; *Caddy*, Don *Joan Fielding*, Dorothy Howe; *Specialties* ten Flagstad, Tito Guizar and Shep Fields orchestra.

JEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE"—PARA- —Screen play by Charles Brackett and Billy Based on a play by Alfred Savoir. Directed t Lubitsch. The Cast: *Nicole DeLoiselle*, te Colbert; *Michael Brandon*, Gary Cooper; *DeLoiselle*, E. Everett Horton; *Monsieur d*, Herman Bing; *Albert DeRegnier*, David

NGING UP BABY" — RKO-RADIO. — play by Dudley Nichols and Hagar Wilde. d by Howard Hawks. The Cast: *Susan*, ne Hepburn; *David*, Cary Grant; *Major te*, Charlie Ruggles; *Mr. Gogarty*, Barry ld; *Aunt Elizabeth*, May Robson; *Slocum*, Catlett; *Dr. Digby*, Fritz Feld; *Mrs.* Leona Roberts; *Mr. Peabody*, George *Mrs. Digby*, Tala Birell; *Alice Swallow*, Walker; *Elmer*, John Kelly; *George, the dog*, *Baby, the leopard*, "Nissa."

WAII CALLS"—PRINCIPAL-RKO-RADIO. play by Wanda Tuchock. Directed by F. Cline. The Cast: *Billy Coulter*, Bobby *Strings*, Ned Sparks; *Captain O'Hare*, Irvin ; *Commander Milburn*, Warren Hull; *Mrs.*, Gloria Holden; *Doris Milburn*, Juanita ; *Hina*, Mamo Clark; *Pua*, Pua Lani; *Ray- Paige*, Raymond Paige; *Harlow*, Herbert on; *Mrs. Harlow*, Dora Clement; *Julius*, hn.

R JUNGLE LOVE" — PARAMOUNT. — play by Joseph Moncure March, Lillie Hay- d Eddie Walsh. Based on a story by Gerald y and Kurt Siodmak. Directed by George baud. The Cast: *Tura*, Dorothy Lamour; ay Milland; *Jimmy*, Lynne Overman; J. Carrol Naish; *Eleanor Martin*, Dorothy *Ray Atkins*, Archie Twitchell.

EBEL"—WARNERS.—Play by Owen Davis reen play by Clements Ripley and Abem Directed by William Wyler. The Cast: ette Davis; *Preston Dillard*, Henry Fonda; *antrell*, George Brent; *Amy*, Margaret ; *Aunt Belle*, Fay Bainter; *Ted*, Richard ll; *General Bogardus*, Henry O'Neill; *Dr. one*, Donald Crisp; *Dick Allen*, Gordon *Jean LaCour*, John Litel; *Mrs. Kendrick*, Byington; *Stephanie Kendrick*, Margaret *Molly Allen*, Janet Shaw; *Mrs. Petion*, Caine; *Uncle Cato*, Lou Payton; *Mme.*, Ann Codee; *Gros Bat*, Eddie Anderson; Stymie Beard; *Zette*, Theresa Harris; *1st Director*, Edward McWade; *2nd Bank*, Frederick Burton; *Huger*, Irving Pichel; red Lawrence; *Errata*, Dolores Hurlic; *us*, Phillip Hurlic; *Jenkins*, John Harron.

RY'S SECRET, THE" — UNIVERSAL. — y Lester Cole. Screen play by Lester Cole wman Levy. Directed by Edward Sloman. st: *Russell*, Kent Taylor; *Linda*, Fay Wray; *heldon*, Jane Darwell; *Mary Norris*, Nan *heldon*, Larry Blake; *Marrow*, Fritz Leiber; *Attorney*, Leonard Mudie; *Williams*, Samuel *Judge*, Granville Bates; *John*, Halliwell *Butler*, Edward Broadly; *Page*, William n.

VE, HONOR AND BEHAVE"—WARNERS. n play by Clements Ripley and Michel Robert Buckner and Lawrence Kimble. on a Saturday Evening Post story by Vincent Benét. Directed by Stanley The Cast: *Ted Painter*, Wayne Morris; *Blake*, Priscilla Lane; *Jim Blake*, John *ete Martin*, Dick Foran; *Lisa Blake*, Mona *Yale Tennis Coach*, Donald Briggs; *Count t*, Gregory Gaye; *Barbara (child)*, Audrey d; *Dan Painter*, Thomas Mitchell; *Sally*, Barbara O'Neill; *Dr. MacConaghey*, Minor ; *Nan Bowleigh*, Margaret Irving; *Ted* Dickie Moore; *Announcer*, Crauford Kent.

AD ABOUT MUSIC" — UNIVERSAL. — l story by Frederick Kohner and Marcella Burke. Screen play by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson. Directed by Norman Taurog. The Cast: *Gloria Harkinson*, Deanna Durbin; *Richard Todd*, Herbert Marshall; *Tripps*, Arthur Treacher; *Gwen Taylor*, Gail Patrick; *Dusty Rhodes*, William Frawley; *Tommy*, Jackie Moran; *Felice*, Helen Parrish; *Olga*, Marcia Mae Jones; *Pierre*, Christian Rub; *Henry*, Charles Peck; *Annette Fusenot*, Nana Bryant; *Louise Fusenot*, Elizabeth Risdon; *Patricia*, Joan Tree; *Grauman*, Sid Grauman; *Hotel Manager*, Franklyn Pangborn; *Conductor*, Charles Judels.

"MERRILY WE LIVE"—HAL ROACH-M-G-M. —Screen play by Eddie Moran and Jack Jevne. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. The Cast: *Jerry Kilbourne*, Constance Bennett; *Wade Rawlins*, Brian Aherne; *Mrs. Emily Kilbourne*, Billie Burke; *Grosvenor*, Alan Mowbray; *Rosa (Cook)*, Patsy Kelly; *Minerva Harlan*, Ann Dvorak; *Kane Kilbourne*, Tom Brown; *Marion Kilbourne*, Bonita Granville; *Senator's Wife*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Herbert Wheeler*, Phillip Reed; *Mr. Kilbourne*, Clarence Kolb; *Maid "Rosa,"* Marjorie Kane; *Senator*, Paul Everton; *George Washington Jones*, Willie Best.

"PENITENTIARY" — COLUMBIA. — Story by Martin Flavin. Screen play by Seton I. Miller and Fred Niblo, Jr. Directed by John Brahm. The Cast: *Thomas Mathews*, Walter Connolly; *William Jordon*, John Howard; *Elizabeth Mathews*, Jean Parker; *Captain Grady*, Robert Barrat; *Jack Hawkins*, Marc Lawrence; *Finch*, Arthur Hohl; *Tex*, Dick Curtis; *Runch*, Paul Fix; *Katie Mathews*, Marjorie Main; *States Attorney*, John Gallaudet; *Dr. Rinewulf*, Edward Van Sloan; *Blanche Williams*, Ann Doran; *McNaulty*, Richard Elliott; *Leonard Nettleford*, Charles Halton.

"RADIO CITY REVELS" — RKO-RADIO. — Screen play by Matt Brooks, Eddie Davis, Anthony Veiller and Mortimer Offner. Story by Matt Brooks. Directed by Ben Stoloff. The Cast: *Lester*, Bob Burns; *Harry*, Jack Oakie; *Kenny*, Kenny Baker; *Billie*, Ann Miller; *Plummer*, Victor Moore; *Teddy*, Milton Berle; *Gertie*, Helen Broderick; *Squenchy*, Buster West; *Jane*, Jane Frohman; *Lisa*, Melissa Mason; *Crane*, Richard Lane; *Delia*, Marilyn Vernon and Hal Kemp and his orchestra.

"REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger. Suggested by the Kate Douglas Wiggin story. Directed by Allan Dwan. The Cast: *Rebecca Winstead*, Shirley Temple; *Anthony Kent*, Randolph Scott; *Orville Smithers*, Jack Haley; *Gwenn Warren*, Gloria Stuart; *Lola Lee*, Phyllis Brooks; *Aunt Miranda Wilkins*, Helen Westley; *Homer Busby*, Slim Summerville; *Aloysius*, Bill Robinson; *Raymond Scott Quintet*, Themselves; *Purvis*, Alan Dinehart; *Dr. Hill*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Receptionist*, Dixie Dunbar; *Mug*, Paul Hurst; *Henry Kipper*, William Demarest; *Melba*, Ruth Gillette; *Cyrus Bartlett*, Paul Harvey; *Jake Singer*, Clarence Hummel Wilson; *Radio Announcers*, Sam Hayes, Gary Breckner, Carroll Nye; *Hamilton Montmarcy*, Franklin Pangborn; *Reverend Turner*, William Wagner; *Mrs. Turner*, Eily Malyon; *Florabelle*, Mary McCarty.

"ROMANCE IN THE DARK"—PARAMOUNT. —Screen play by Frank Partos and Anne Morrison Chapin. Based on the play "The Yellow Nightingale" by Herman Bahr. Directed by H. C. Potter. The Cast: *Ilona Boros*, Gladys Swarthout; *Antol Kovach*, John Boles; *Jason*, John Barrymore; *Countess Monica Foldessy*, Claire Dodd; *Barber*, Eddie Conrad; *Von Hemisch*, Curt Bois; *Fritz*, Fritz Feld; *Pianist*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Girl Singer*, Janet Elsie Clark; *Girl Singer*, Lois Verner; *Professor Jacobson*, Torben Meyer; *Doorman*, Alexander Schoenberg; *Girl at Theater*, Beth Hartman; *Girl*, Sheila Darcy; *Ballet Dancer*, Elizabeth Hocker; *Maid*, Ann Morgan; *Dancers*, Wanda Stevenson, Jeanne Francis, Marguerite Franz, Loy Tilton, Maxine Armour, Mary Manners, Flower Hugir, Jacqueline Kopt, Nita James, Jeanette Bates, Florence Nelson, Marion March.

"SALLY, IRENE AND MARY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger. Suggested by the stage play by Edward Dowling and Cyrus Wood. Directed by William A. Seiter. The Cast: *Sally Day*, Alice Faye; *Tommy Reynolds*, Tony Martin; *Jefferson Twitchell*, Jimmy Durante; *Baron Zorka*, Gregory Ratoff; *Irene Keene*, Joan Davis; *Mary Stevens*, Marjorie Weaver; *Joyce Taylor*, Louise Hovick; *Oscar*, Barnett Parker; *Gabriel Green*, Fred Allen; *Raymond Scott Quintet*, Themselves; *Specialty*, Brian Sisters; *Judge*, Andrew Tombes; *Captain*, Eddie Collins; *Cafe Manager*, Charles Wilson; *Miss Barkow*, Mary Treen.

"START CHEERING" — COLUMBIA. — Story by Corey Ford. Screen play by Eugene Solow, Richard E. Wormser and Philip Rapp. Directed by Albert S. Rogell. The Cast: *Willie Gumbatz*, Jimmy Durante; *Sam Lewis*, Walter Connolly; *Jean Worthington*, Joan Perry; *Ted Crosley*, Charles Starrett; *Professor Quiz*, Dr. Craig E. Earle; *Sarah*, Gertrude Niesen; *Dean Worthington*, Raymond Walburn; *The Three Stooges*, Themselves; *Biff Gordon*, Broderick Crawford; *"Tarzan" Biddle*, Hal LeRoy; *Blodgett*, Ernest Truex; *Mabel*, Virginia Dale; *Shorty*, Chaz. Chase; *Announcer*, Jimmy Wallington; *Fatso*, Romo Vincent; *Coach Burns*, Gene Morgan; *Flo*, Louise Stanley; *Librarian*, Arthur Loft; *Dr. Fosdick*, Howard Hickman; *Miss Grimley*, Minerva Urecal; *Joe Green*, Arthur Loft; *Nick Lukats*, Himself; and Louis Prima and his band and Johnny Green and his orchestra.

"TELEPHONE OPERATOR"—MONOGRAM.—Screen play by Scott Darling from an original by John Krafft. Directed by Scott Pembroke. The Cast: *Helen*, Judith Allen; *Red*, Grant Withers; *Shorty*, Warren Hymer; *Dottie*, Alice White; *Sommers*, Pat Flaherty; *Sylvia*, Greta Granstedt; *Heaver*, William Haade; *Ted*, Ronnie Cosbey; *Mrs. Malloy*, Dorothy Vaughn; *Pat Campbell*, Cornelius Keefe.

"WALKING DOWN BROADWAY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Robert Chapin and Karen De Wolf. Directed by Norman Foster. The Cast: *Joan Bradley*, Claire Trevor; *Vicki Stone*, Phyllis Brooks; *Linda Martin*, Leah Ray; *Tiny Bronson*, Dixie Dunbar; *Sandra De Voe*, Lynn Bari; *Jerry Lane*, Jayne Regan; *Peter Claybourne*, Michael Whalen; *Tom Douglas*, Thomas Beck; *Dutch Wagner*, Douglas Fowley; *Jeff Hoffman*, Walter Woolf King; *F. R. Randall*, Jed Prouty; *Bob Randall*, Robert Kellard; *Sunny*, Joan Carol; *Frank Griano*, Leon Ames; *Eddie*, William Benedict; *Mr. Wentwhistle*, Maurice Cass.

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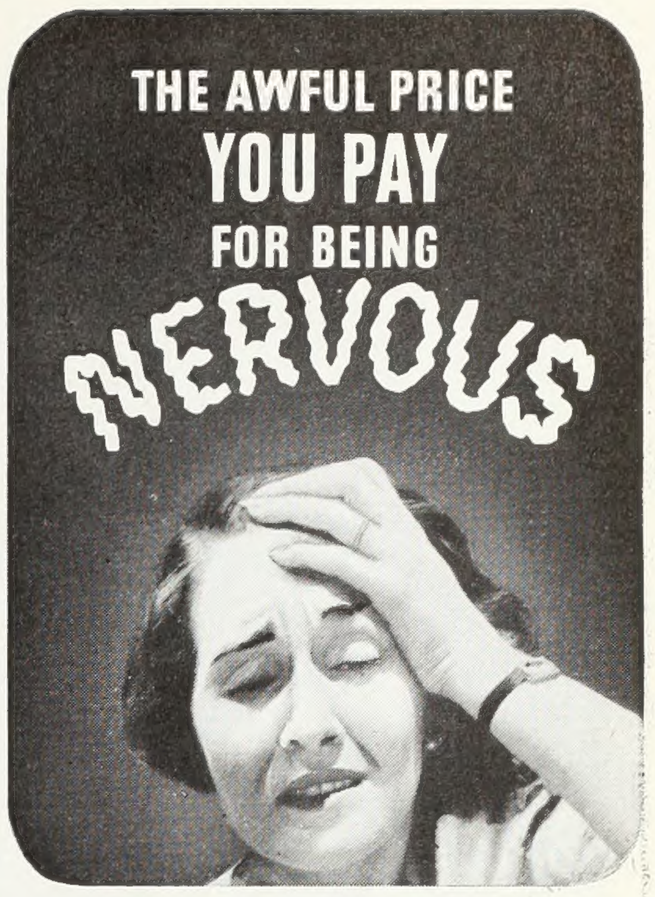

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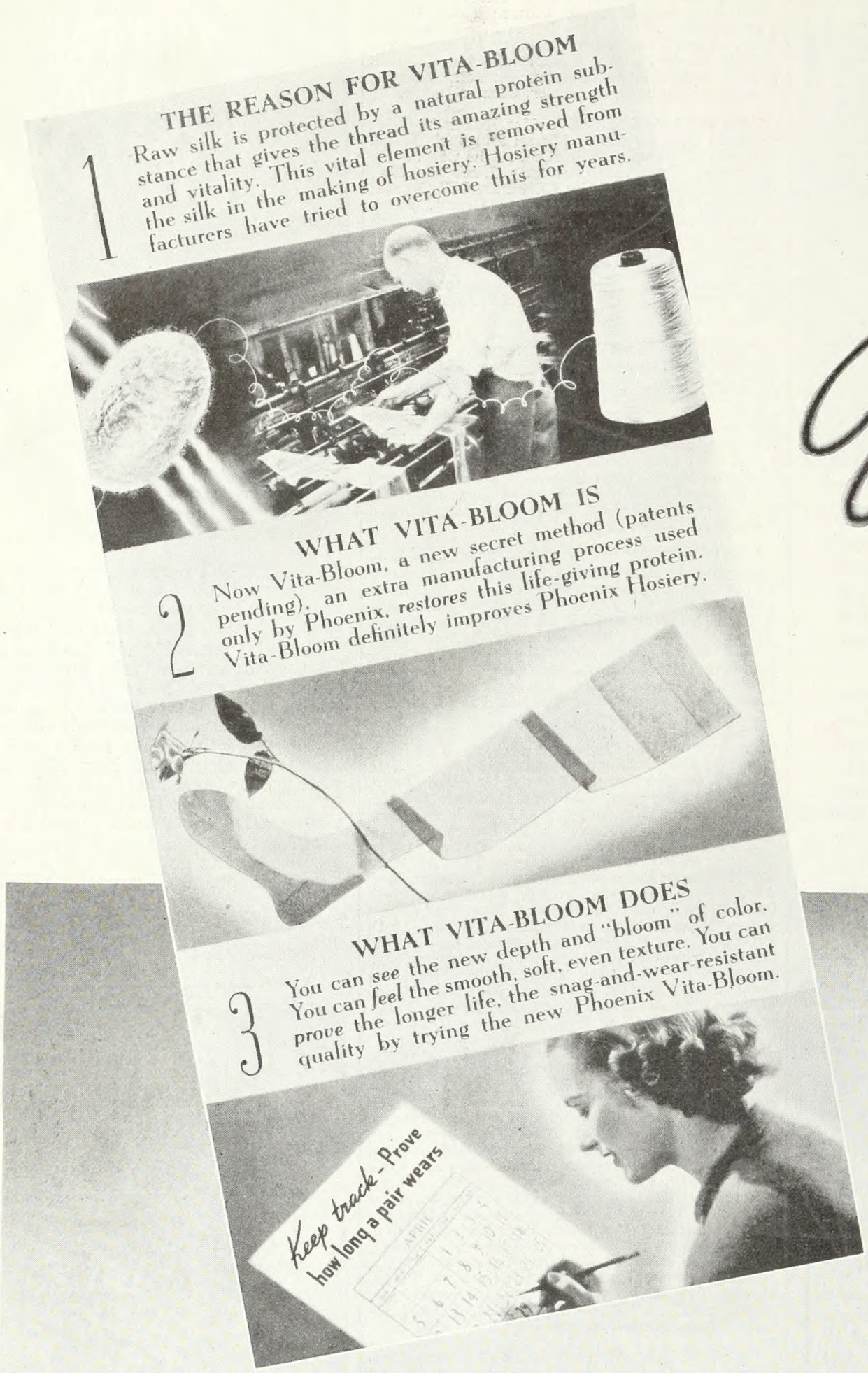

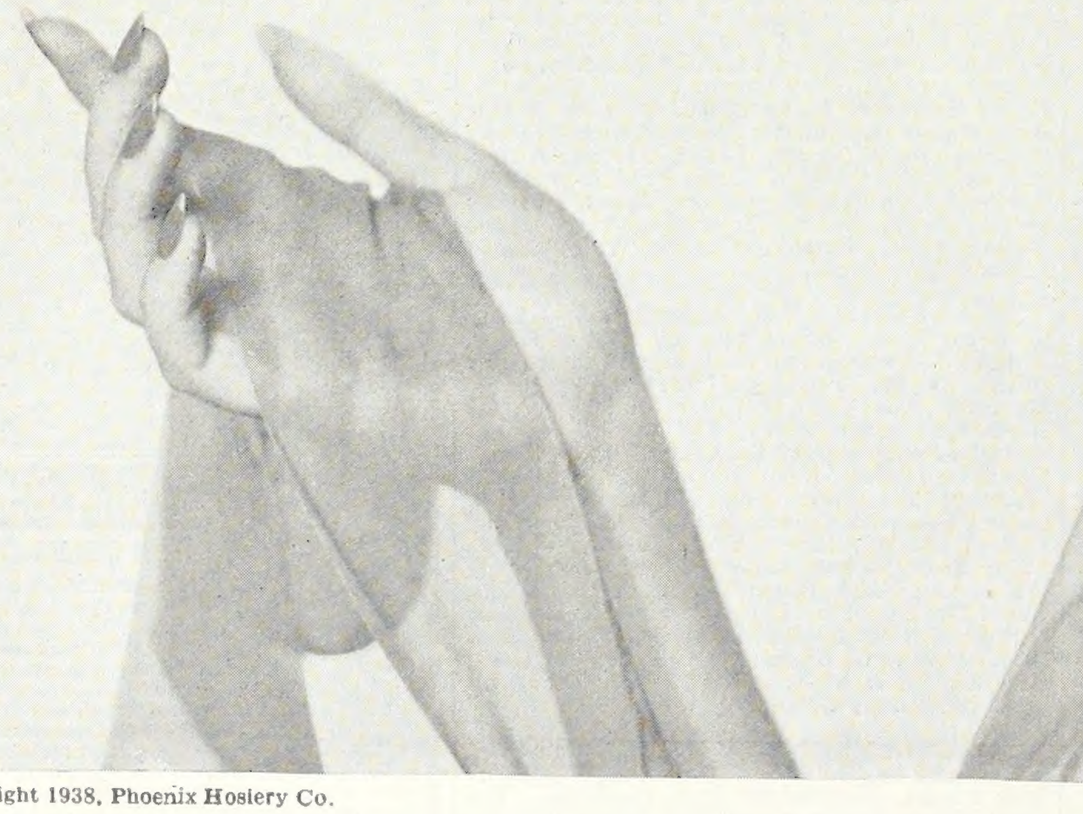

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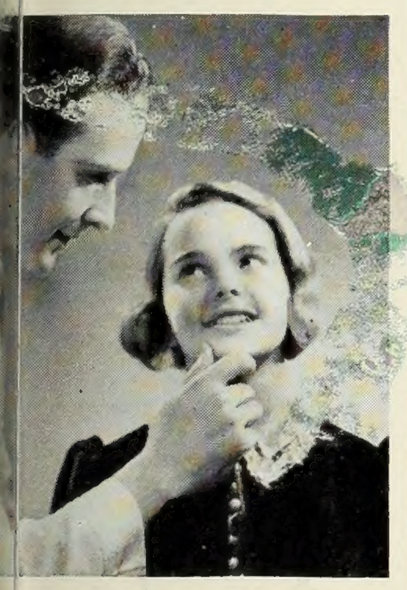

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